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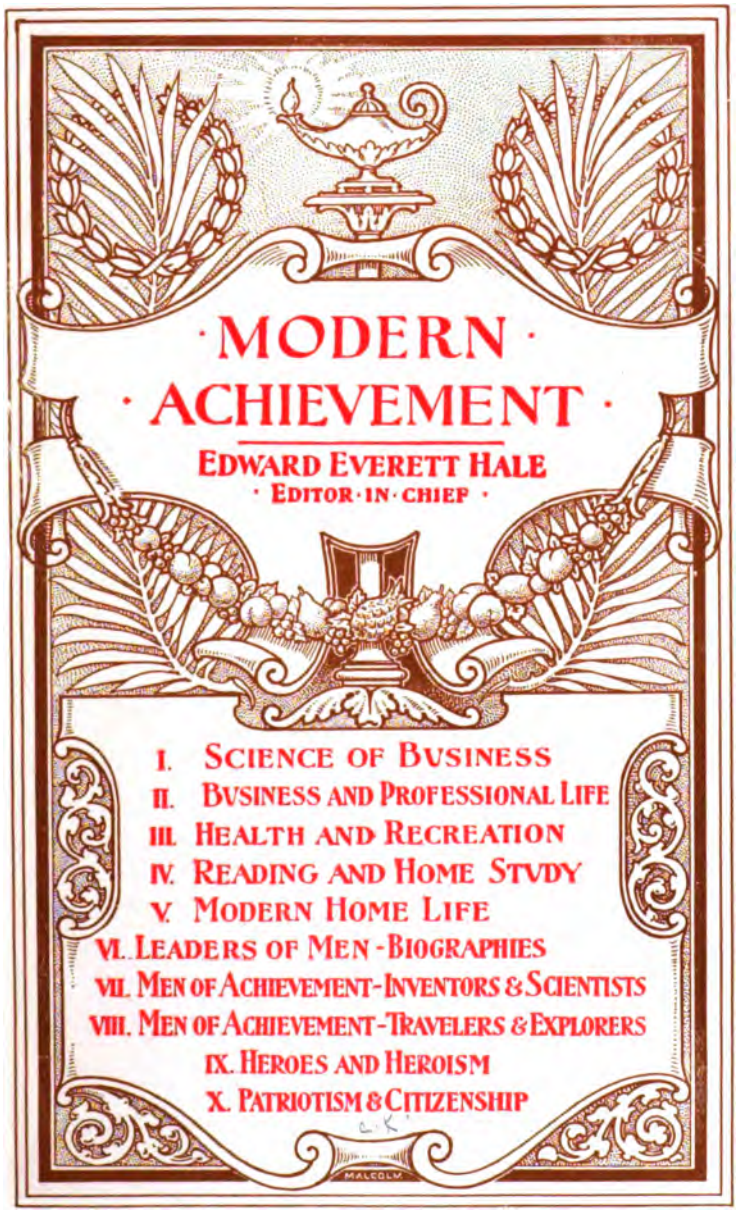
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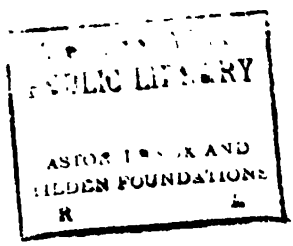
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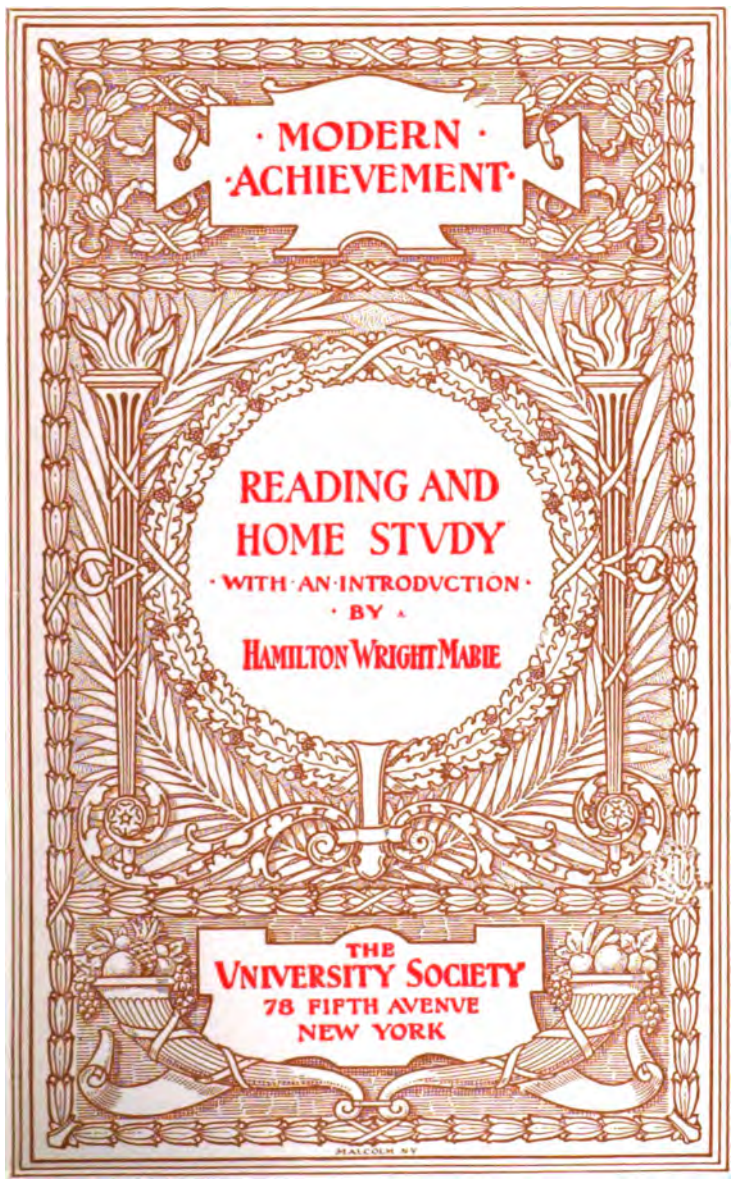

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INTRODUCTION

By HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

THE great majority of men are compelled to be self-supporting; lack of early understanding of the value of education, or circumstances, deprive them of the opportunities of the higher school and college training; in the earlier years of business life they are absorbed in their work, and when the later years bring financial independence and leisure they have formed no habits of study and have no taste for recreation. Long drudgery, unrelieved by broad interests and by variety of occupation, has made the man a business machine instead of a free, resourceful human spirit, living a full, harmonious life. Such a man is a mere fragment of what he ought to have been; and his success is a mere fragment of the fortune which he might have secured.

A man's occupation is not his only business; his recreation and the free use of all his faculties are also his business; for a man's real business is not only to make a living but to make a life. The chief importance of making a living lies in the fact that it is the first step toward making a life; and the man who makes the most ample living but fails to make a life achieves the shell of success but misses its kernel. There is no real success which does not include the man; to accumulate a great fortune and remain untrained, unintelligent, untouched by the higher pleasures and resources, is to pile up wealth about one and continue to be poor in the midst of riches. The only man who succeeds is he who builds his life on a larger scale than his fortunes; the man who is smaller than his prosperity is a failure no matter how high his credit may be.

In this great business of making a living and a life at

the same time and as the result of continuous effort the reading of books is of prime importance. Every man is eager to become financially independent, not because he cares solely or chiefly for money, but because a competence means opportunities of all sorts for his children, freedom from anxiety about the future, and the ability to gratify his tastes. The desire to succeed in a substantial way is entirely laudable; because success, in the long run and in spite of many exceptions, is the best evidence of the possession of character, force, foresight, and ability. Some men like the successful man and make much of him simply because his success may be of some use in pushing their own fortunes; but other men like the successful man because, as a rule, he is interesting; he has the qualities which give life movement, zest, variety. The man who knows how to use his tools and to work his material to the best advantage is, as a rule, a man whose companionship is stimulating and interesting.

It is true, some of the finest men fail to attain success in dealing with practical affairs through excess of some noble quality or lack of skill in using conditions and circumstances. Sometimes immediate failure is the first step toward ultimate success, and out of what appears to be overwhelming defeat the noblest of victories is won. But, as a rule, men fail because they are ineffective and succeed because they have adequate ability; and it is entirely legitimate to work for success.

The measure of success in making a living depends on a man's grasp of the conditions which surround him, his ability to forecast the immediate future, the intelligence which he puts into his work from day to day. A man may keep a store in a remote country town for half a century and make a scant living without adding a single idea to the limited stock with which he went into business; but no man can steadily expand his business until he becomes a great merchant or banker unless he constantly enlarges his stock of knowledge and broadens his view. The great financiers of the day are men of unusual mental power and energy;

they are familiar with trade conditions the world over; they are compelled to study the markets in all countries because these markets are rapidly becoming one market. There are no chances for ignorant men in the modern business world; a great man of business must be as intelligent and as well trained as a great lawyer or physician. The whole trend of business to-day is toward a more scientific organization and handling of all enterprises. Every manufactory of any standing in certain departments must keep a high-class chemist. It is the alliance of the university with the factory which has given Germany its striking prominence in commerce and trade.

Every man, therefore, who intends to be anything more than a small dealer, dependent on local custom and conditions, and eking out a bare living, must educate himself. He must take a long look ahead and fit himself in advance for important positions. He will do this, in part, by making the best use of his present opportunities, familiarizing himself with all the details of the business in which he is engaged instead of contenting himself with getting his own particular work done; but he will do it more rapidly and thoroughly by wise, regular, systematic reading. He will educate himself ahead of his work with the assurance that nothing brings the larger opportunity so surely as getting ready for it. The young man settles in advance the importance of the work he is to do and the reach and interest of his career. The young lawyer may take his business as it comes from day to day, do it well, and be content; or he may steadily deepen and broaden his knowledge of law by independent study. If he pursues the first course he may become a successful practitioner; if he pursues the second he may become a great jurist. In like manner the young man of business may do well such business as comes in his way and practice industry and thrift; or he may steadily add to his knowledge of business affairs and his grasp of financial conditions. If he follows the first course he may become a respected but small dealer; if he follows the second he may become a financial leader.

There are books which deal with every department of trade and finance, with every phase of economics and commerce, with industrial conditions in every age and in all parts of the world. These books are the text-books of the science of business, and no young man who hopes for anything more than rudimentary success can leave them unread. By the aid of these books he can master the principles, the history, and the present conditions of the business in which he is engaged, and he can go on to make himself familiar with the wider range of trades of which it forms a part. This kind of book knowledge will help him to make the most of the practical experience he is gaining day by day.

It is a fatal mistake to make a living first, with the idea of making a life afterwards. No man can work thirty years and then begin to play; by that time he will have lost the power of playing. Work and play must go together. A man cannot be a business drudge through a long series of years and suddenly develop into a man of broad intelligence and interests at the word. Faculties which are disused wither; capacities which are too long neglected can never be thoroughly developed. A man must live *while* he makes a living; when the living is made it is generally too late. Making a life means simply living as a whole man and not as a fragment of a man: living in thought, in feeling, in imagination as well as in activity; living as a son, a husband, a father, a lover of nature, of art, of men, as well as a man of business.

There is no collision of interests between making a living and making a life; they are not two interests, two occupations; they are one interest, one occupation. The man who makes a living without making a life does not know what to do with his living after he has made it. He has sacrificed the best things which a man can gain in the journey of life for something which he does not know what to do with after he has secured it.

Books are preeminently the records of life; they are the work exclusively of men who have made a life. They are the best interpreters of the meaning of life; they bring it to

us in the largest measure, and they make it intensely interesting. The man who is making a living has little chance to know how other people in other parts of the world are doing their work; his books tell him. He does not know how other men have lived and worked in other times; his books inform him. He does not know what is in life; his books reveal it to him. He does not know how vast, how interesting, how varied human experience may be; his books disclose it. He does not know how the mystery, uncertainty, sorrow, and labor of life have been borne by other men; his books inform him. He does not know what great spirits have lived, what has happened to them, how they have explained their experience and the world them; his books are the mirror of the life of the world. He does not understand himself; his books enable him to look into his own soul.

These books free him from the limitations of his age, his country, his personal experience; they give him access to all ages, to all countries, to all experience. They take him out of the village in which he lives and make him a citizen of the world; they offer him the companionship of the most interesting and influential men and women who have ever lived; they make it possible for him to travel without leaving home, and to have vacations without taking time from his shop, his store, or his office. They offer him friends, travel, the knowledge of life, education, the means of making a life.

It is to aid busy men and women to make a life while they make a living that this volume has been prepared.

Hamilton W. Mabie

CONTENTS

WHY TO READ

PAGE

Hints for People that do Not Read 1
By Lyman Abbott.

Reading with a Purpose 6
By Austin Bierbower.

The Feeling for Literature 8
By Hamilton Wright Mabie.

Forming Opinions of Books 13
By Matthew Browne.

Books that have Helped Me 19
By Andrew Lang.

The Reading Habit 26
By Charles F. Richardson.

The Society of Books 32
By W. M. Thayer.

WHAT TO READ

Reading for Girls 37
By Mrs. Chester.

Hints for Young Women 43
By C. M. Sedgwick.

The Young Man and His Library 46
By James H. Canfield.

PAGE

Books in the Home 55
By Frank A. De Puy.

Fiction and Its Uses 61

On Reading Old Books 65
By William Hazlitt.

On Reading New Books 67
By William Hazlitt.

Books as Friends 70
By Frederic Harrison.

Telling Good Books from Bad 73
By Augustine Birrell.

The Choice of Books 79
By Leslie Stephen.

What Books to Read 83
By Charles F. Richardson.

How to Read Periodicals 88
By Charles F. Richardson.

The Newspaper 91
By Frederick Denison Maurice.

HOW TO READ

The Art of Reading 94
By Hamilton W. Mabie.

Beecher's Plan of Reading 98

Children and Books 104
By John Dennis.

Inducing Dull Boys to Read 114
By Joseph Cook.

How to Read 119
By Edward Everett Hale.

PAGE

How Much to Read 124
By Charles F. Richardson.

The Best Time to Read 129
By Charles F. Richardson.

The Art of Skipping 132
By Charles F. Richardson.

How to Use Books 136
By Brother Azarias.

Seeing into a Book 141
By Thomas Carlyle.

Reading by Notes 144
By John Todd.

Reading Aloud 153
By Charles F. Richardson.

Reading Aloud in Our Homes 157
By Mrs. James Farley Cox.

Readers and Books 161
By Henry Van Dyke.

WHY TO STUDY

Home Study 165
By W. R. Harper.

Of Studies 175
By Francis Bacon.

Study Strengthens 176
By Julius Charles Hare.

Five Evidences of an Education 178
By Nicholas Murray Butler.

Our Criticisms of Books 189
By Frederick Denison Maurice.

PAGE

The Cultivation of Taste 192
By Charles F. Richardson.

The Educational Quality of Criticism . . . 198
By Hamilton W. Mabie.

WHAT TO STUDY

The Serious Reading of Books 202
By John Morley.

Plans of Study 206
By Frederic B. Perkins.

What Poetry Is 212
By William Hazlitt.

The Essay 218

Selecting Books 222
By Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Buying Books 225
By Henry Ward Beecher.

American Literature 229
By Frederick A. King.

English Literature 239
By Frederick A. King.

French Literature 249
By Frederick A. King.

German Literature 254
By Frederick A. King.

The Use of Translations 261
By Charles F. Richardson.

HOW TO STUDY

Forming a Study Circle 266
By George J. Bryan.

PAGE

How to Work up a Subject 279
By Edward Everett Hale.

How Shall We Learn to Observe? 294
By Mrs. Chester.

How Shall We Learn to Remember? 301
By Mrs. Chester.

How Shall We Learn to Think? 308
By Mrs. Chester.

Word-by-Word "Reading" 315
By John Ruskin.

The Study of Poetry 323
By Francis Hovey Stoddard.

Poetry 335
By Charles F. Richardson.

Why Young Men Should Study Shakespeare . . . 339
By C. Alphonso Smith.

How to Study Shakespeare 346
By Hamilton W. Mabie.

Study of the Novel 356
By Francis Hovey Stoddard.

The Essay as Literature 368
By Francis N. Zabriskie.

The Study of History 371
By James Anthony Froude.

The World's History 377
By Frederick A. King.

How to Study History 382
By Albert Bushnell Hart.

Teaching by Correspondence 392
By Russell Doubleday.

PAGE

Reading Clubs for Women 399
By Charles F. Richardson.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOOK

The Materials First Used 404
Forms of Ancient Books 408
The Earliest Printed Books and Libraries . . . 414

LISTS OF BEST BOOKS

The Best Histories 420
One Hundred Important Biographies 426
Essays and Essayists 429
Fine Arts 432
Books of Travel and Description 435
Science 437
Fiction 441
Historical Fiction 443
Historical Verse 450
Fifty Short Stories 453
Pleasant Reading 455
List of one Hundred Great Books 457
Outdoor Books 459
Best Books for Young Folks 461
Reading for Girls of Eighteen 464
Books for Young Readers 466
Books for Children 468
Books of Reference 470

WHY TO READ

Hints for People that do not Read

By LYMAN ABBOTT

YOUR time is limited; your books are few. There is work in the kitchen, in the parlor, in the office demanding your attention; clients to be pacified or provoked, patients to be cured or killed, goods to be bought and sold, children to be tended, furniture to be dusted, table to be set and table to be cleared away again; and for a library the family Bible, Webster's Dictionary, the well-thumbed and oft-read books in the sitting room, and the genteel and gilt-edged poetry in the parlor, with a limited purse from which to replenish the exhausted library, and limited time with which to use it if it were replenished. This is no fancy sketch, but a photograph of many an American life. How find time, how find means for study in such circumstances, is the problem of many a would-be student who lays down his intellectual life in despair; who in the first twenty years of his life gets an appetite for learning and in the other forty starves to death. Especially is this true of wives and mothers. How shall a would-be student so situated pursue systematic reading and study?

America gives a library to almost every home, in the periodical publications—the daily journal, the weekly paper, and the monthly magazine. Study the newspaper; if possible, study it with cyclopedia, with atlas, with gazetteer; but study it. Waste no time on the shameful scandals, the bitter political controversies, the ecclesiastical broadsword

exercises, and the idle paragraph gossip. A war of words is no more dignified in a journal than on the street; gossip is no worthier your attention because printed by *the* daily tattler than when whispered by *a* daily tattler. There is no more fascinating intellectual occupation than watching the course of contemporaneous history. The denouements of Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade are nothing to those of life's actual drama. The romance of fiction is inane by the side of the romance of facts, and the newspaper is where they are recorded. In this study the monthly periodical will aid you. The world has never known such storehouses of well-selected mental food as are furnished by the magazines. The ablest writers of America are laid under contribution. The ablest artists are called on to add both the attractions and illuminations of the pencil.

But to the journal—weekly or daily—and the magazine you will want to add some study of books. Periodical reading may become desultory reading. It need not, but there is always danger. For courses of study in books observe three rules:

(1) Begin with what is congenial. Choose not what you *ought* to know but what you *want* to know. It is a rare mind that can keep itself to a course of distasteful study. It is not safe for any one to assume, without proof, that he has a rare mind.

(2) Begin with a short course. Do not lay out, for history, Hume, Macaulay, and Miss Martineau, with the idea that when you have finished these fifteen volumes you will be well versed in English history. That is very true; but you will never finish them. Read Jacob Abbott's "Life of Charles I." or "II.," or Macaulay's Lord Chatham, or Temple, or Thomas Hughes' "Alfred the Great." One thing at a time; and that thing short and simple. Putting the word *done* opposite a purpose is a wonderful incentive to a large achievement in the next attempt.

(3) Buy a dictionary, an atlas, and, if possible, a cyclopedia. If you have not the money make over an old bonnet. No harm will be done if it cultivates a habit of making

over old bonnets. If a man, dispense with cigars for a year. No harm will be done if this cultivates a habit of dispensing with cigars. If this does not supply the increasing demand for increasing facilities try some other economies. I visited not long since the home of one of the most eminent of America's younger astronomers. He lived in a little box of a house, in an out-of-the-way street, with not an easy-chair in the house. But his wife had a fine piano, and he a microscope that cost him $300. Equipped with dictionary and atlas, never pass a word the meaning of which you do not know; the name of a place the location of which you have not fixed; or reference to an event which you do not comprehend. In invading a new territory never leave an unconquered garrison behind you.

Theme and tools selected, it still remains to secure time. For the best advantage this should be regular, systematic, uninterrupted. The early hours are the best; when the brain is fresh and the mind alert. To the mind and body trained for it, half an hour before breakfast is worth an hour and a half after supper. But this requires an opportunity to shut out intrusion which perhaps the housekeeper cannot secure; facility to shut out the more subtle intrusion of a thick on-coming crowd of cares, which only a stalwart power of concentration can secure. Some cannot lock the door of the library; others cannot lock the door of the mind. But if time cannot be taken at one hour seize it from another; if it cannot be taken with regularity take it when chance offers. The blacksmith's forge is not a convenient desk; but it was at the blacksmith's forge, blowing the bellows with one hand and holding a book with the other, that Elihu Burritt learned his first languages. The nursery is not the place one would choose for astronomical calculations; but it was in the nursery, beset by her children, whom she never neglected, and interrupted by callers, whom she rarely refused, that Mary Somerville wrought out her "Mechanism of the Heavens," which elected her an honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society, and put her in the first rank of the scientists of her day. Where there is a will there is a

way. He or she that can find no time for study has little real heart for it.

The home ought no more to be without a library than without a dining room and kitchen. If you have but one room, and it is lighted by the great wood fire in the flaming fireplace, as Abraham Lincoln's was, do as Abraham Lincoln did; pick out one corner of your fireplace for a library, and use it. Every man ought to provide for the brain as well as for the stomach. This does not require capital; there are cheap editions of the best books; it only requires time and forecast. We write in a private library, and a fairly good one for working purposes, of three thousand and odd volumes; we began it many years ago, on a salary of $1,000 a year, with five books—a commentary in four volumes and a dictionary. The best libraries are not made; they grow.

In forming a library, if your means are small, do not buy what you can beg or borrow. Depend, as many of the greatest authors have done, on public libraries—the District Library, the Lyceum, the Book Club, the Circulating Library—or on more fortunate friends. Buy only what you cannot borrow.

At first buy only books that you want immediately to read. Do not be deluded into buying books because they are classics, or cheap, or that you may get rid of an agent. One book read is worth a dozen books looked at. No book is possessed till it is read. Reference books constitute an exception, and an important exception, to this rule. These are the foundations of a good library. The essential reference books are a dictionary, a good atlas, and a cyclopedia. Any school atlas will do though, if you are able to purchase it, a good atlas is much better; and best of all is a wise selection of atlases. There is no best cyclopedia; your choice must depend upon your resources, pecuniary and mental.

In purchasing books exercise a choice in editions. The lowest-priced books are not always the cheapest. Buy books of transient interest or minor importance—all novels,

for example, and current books of travel—in cheap forms. On the other hand, histories, classics of all sorts, and generally all permanent books, should be bought in good binding and good type. It takes well-seasoned lumber to make a good family library.

Have a place for your library. A dollar spent in pine lumber, and a little mechanical skill, will make a larger and better one. Varnished pine is handsome enough for any parlor. A place for books will cry to be filled till it gets its prayer answered. Book shelves preserve books. One shelf of books gathered together is a better library than twice the number scattered from attic to cellar.

Finally, a taste for reading is an essential prerequisite to a useful library. A well is of no use if you never draw water from it. At the same time a good library in the household, accessible to all, from baby to grandmother, is one of the best influences with which to develop a taste for reading. Have no books so fine that they cannot be used.

WHY TO READ

Reading with a Purpose

By AUSTIN BIERBOWER

THERE is as much need of system in using literature as in studying chemistry. One may read to know, read to think, or read for entertainment. For the first, truth is necessary; for the second, originality; and for the third, novelty. In the first case a reader must bring his wits to the reading; in the second he gets them there; and in the third he often disposes of them there.

We may read ourselves full, or read ourselves empty, according as we merely take in what we read, or use our reading to stir us into thinking or saying something. Reading should wake a person instead of putting him to sleep, and should always set him to doing something else than reading.

Men can often do something better than get more information, and reading should not be a means of escaping work. We should never do a duty which prevents us from doing one that is greater; reading for entertainment may be no better than drinking for entertainment.

We should consider whether we want another's thoughts in our head instead of our own. Some writers dispossess us when they are read, and we should admit the thoughts of others as guests, not as masters. Reading ought to help us to think instead of preventing thought; a man should make his thought greater than anything he reads, and so appropriate what he learns for his own uses. What we do

LYMAN ABBOTT.

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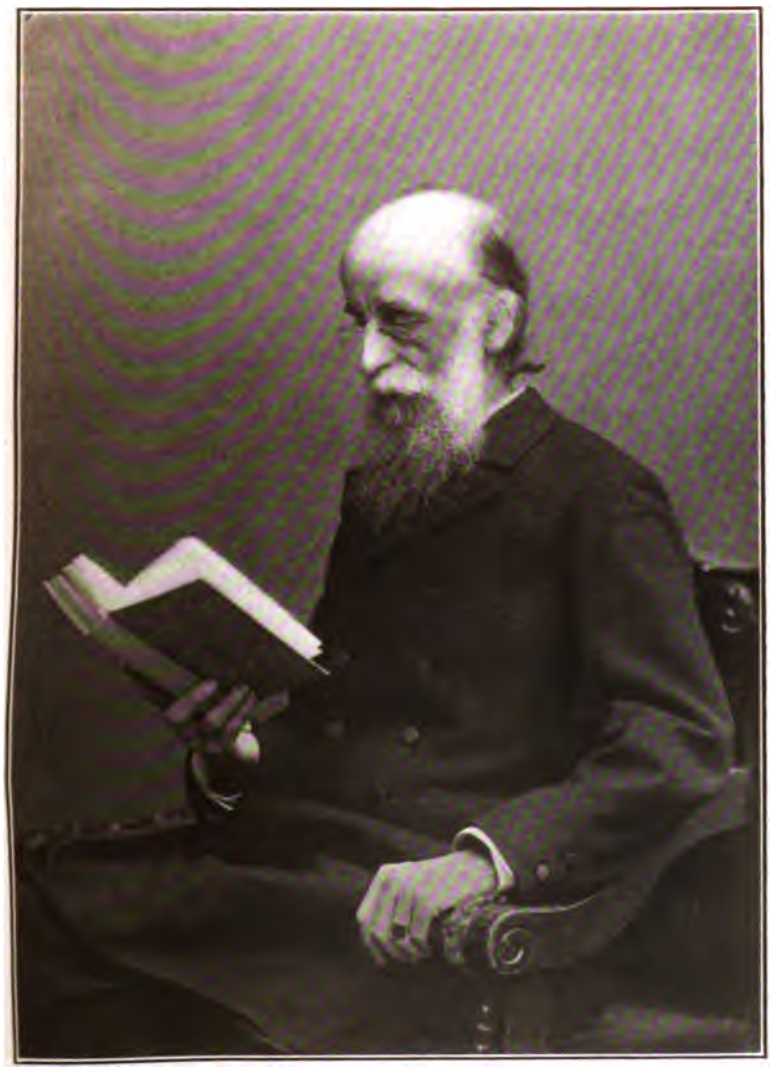
We may read ourselves full, or read ourselves empty, according as we merely take in what we read, or use our reading to stir us into thinking or saying something. Reading should wake a person instead of putting him to sleep, and should always set him to doing something else than reading.

Men can often do something better than get more information, and reading should not be a means of escaping work. We should never do a duty which prevents us from doing one that is greater; reading for entertainment may be no better than drinking for entertainment.

We should consider whether we want another's thoughts in our head instead of our own. Some writers dispossess us when they are read, and we should admit the thoughts of others as guests, not as masters. Reading ought to help us to think instead of preventing thought; a man should make his thought greater than anything he reads, and so appropriate what he learns for his own uses. What we do



LYMAN ABBOTT.

not master is likely to master us. Many are followers of an author because they do not understand him. He who thoroughly understands another, differs from him. No two minds can be alike in much, and it is a question how far we should let another enthrone his thoughts upon us. He who reads with too full a mind gets nothing, and he should empty it by thinking. Only by working up what we have learned, are we usually ready for anything more. Many writers say simply what we would say if we thought; and to think, we should write instead of read.

Men ought to look where they read, as well as where they leap, and not go in thought where they do not want to be. Not everything true is worth knowing. One should not take in knowledge that is worthless; for not everything one can get is worth having. There is good knowledge, better knowledge, and the best knowledge, and we ought to aim at the last.

Things are not worth reading merely because they are new. What is not valuable when old is seldom so when new; and everything we learn will be old soon, so that we should not let our knowledge become worthless by the time it is well in our possession. We ought to get knowledge that will last, as well as goods that will last, and not have our attainments grow less with their age.

WHY TO READ

The Feeling for Literature

By HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

THE importance of reading habitually the best books becomes apparent when one remembers that taste depends very largely on the standards with which we are familiar, and that the ability to enjoy the best and only the best is conditioned upon intimate acquaintance with the best. The man who is thrown into constant association with inferior work either revolts against his surroundings or suffers a disintegration of aim and standard, which perceptibly lowers the plane on which he lives. In either case the power of enjoyment from contact with a genuine piece of creative work is sensibly diminished, and may be finally lost. The delicacy of the mind is both precious and perishable; it can be preserved only by associations which confirm and satisfy it. For this reason, among others, the best books are the only books which a man bent on culture should read; inferior books not only waste his time, but they dull the edge of his perception and diminish his capacity for delight.

This delight, born afresh of every new contact of the mind with a real book, furnishes indubitable evidence that the reader has the feeling for literature—a possession much rarer than is commonly supposed. It is no injustice to say that the majority of those who read have no feeling for literature; their interest is awakened or sustained not by the literary quality of a book, but by some element of brightness or novelty, or by the charm of narrative. Reading which

finds its reward in these things is entirely legitimate, but it is not the kind of reading which secures culture. It adds largely to one's stock of information, and it refreshes the mind by introducing new objects of interest; but it does not minister directly to the refining and maturing of the nature. The same book may be read in entirely different ways and with entirely different results. One may, for instance, read Shakespeare's historical plays simply for the story element which runs through them, and for the interest which the skillful use of that element excites; and in such a reading there will be distinct gain for the reader. This is the way in which a healthy boy generally reads these plays for the first time. From such a reading one will get information and refreshment; more than one English statesman has confessed that he owed his knowledge of certain periods of English history largely to Shakespeare. On the other hand, one may read these plays for the joy of the art that is in them, and for the enrichment which comes from contact with the deep and tumultuous life which throbs through them; and this is the kind of reading which produces culture, the reading which means enlargement and ripening.

The feeling for literature, like the feeling for art in general, is not only susceptible of cultivation, but very quickly responds to appeals which are made to it by noble or beautiful objects. It is essentially a feeling, but it is a feeling which depends very largely on intelligence; it is strengthened and made sensitive and responsive by constant contact with those objects which call it out. No rules can be laid down for its development save the very simple rule to read only and always those books which are literature. It is impossible to give specific directions for the cultivation of the feeling for Nature. It is not to be gotten out of textbooks of any kind; it is not to be found in botanies or geologies or works on zoölogy; it is to be gotten only out of familiarity with Nature herself. Daily fellowship with landscapes, trees, skies, birds, with an open mind and in a receptive mood, soon develops in one a kind of spiritual sense which takes cognizance of things not seen before and adds

a new joy and resource to life. In like manner the feeling for literature is quickened and nourished by intimate acquaintance with books of beauty and power. Such an intimacy makes the sense of delight more keen, preserves it against influences which tend to deaden it, and makes the taste more sure and trustworthy. A man who has long had acquaintance with the best in any department of art comes to have, almost unconsciously to himself, an instinctive power of discerning good work from bad, of recognizing on the instant the sound and true method and style, and of feeling a fresh and constant delight in such work. His education comes not by didactic, but by vital methods.

The art quality in a book is as difficult to analyze as the feeling for it; not because it is intangible or indefinite, but because it is so subtly diffused. It is difficult to analyze because it is the breath of life in the book, and life always evades us, no matter how keen and exhaustive our search may be. Most of us are so entirely out of touch with the spirit of art in this busy new world that we are not quite convinced of its reality. We know that it is decorative, and that a certain pleasure flows from it; but we are skeptical of its significance in the life of the race, of its deep necessity in the development of that life, and of its supreme educational value. And our skepticism, it must be frankly said, like most skepticism, grows out of our ignorance. True art has nothing in common with the popular conception of its nature and uses. Instead of being decorative, it is organic; when men arrive at a certain stage of ripeness and power they express themselves through its forms as naturally as the tree puts forth its flowers. Nothing which lies within the range of human achievement is more real or inevitable. This expression is neither mechanical nor artificial; it is made under certain inflexible laws, but they are the laws of the human spirit, not the rules of a craft; they are rooted in that deeper psychology which deals with man as an organic whole and not as a bundle of separate faculties.

It was once pointed out to Tennyson that he had scrupulously conformed, in a certain poem, to a number of rules

of versification and to certain principles in the use of different sound values. "Yes," answered the poet in substance, "I carefully observed all those rules and was entirely unconscious of them." There was no contradiction between the laureate's practice of his craft and the technical rules which govern it. The poet's instinct kept him in harmony with those essential and vital principles of language of which the formal rules are simply didactic statements.

Art, it need hardly be said, is never artifice; intelligence and calculation enter into the work of the artist, but in the last analysis it is the free and noble expression of his own personality. It expresses what is deepest and most significant in him, and expresses it in a final rather than a provisional form. The secret of the reality and power of art lies in the fact that it is the culmination and summing up of a process of observation, experience, and feeling; it is the deposit of whatever is richest and most enduring in the life of a man or a race. It is a finality both of experience and of thought; it contains the ultimate and the widest conception of man's nature and life, or of the meaning and reality of Nature, which an age or a race reaches. It is the supreme flowering of the genius of a race or an age. It has, therefore, the highest educational value. For the very highest products of man's life in this world are his ideas and ideals; they grow out of his highest nature; they react on his character; they are the precious deposit of all that he has thought, felt, suffered, and done in word and work, in feeling and action. The richest educational material upon which modern men are nourished are these ultimate conclusions and convictions of the Hebrew, the Greek, and the Roman. These ultimate inferences, these final interpretations of their own natures and of the world about them, contain not only the thought of these races, but their life as well. They have, therefore, a vital quality which not only assures their own immortality, but has the power of transmission to others. These ultimate results of experience are embodied in art, and especially in literature; and that which makes them art is this very vitality. For this reason art is

could ever put me into the position with respect to his book —I mean as to intelligence only—in which the author strove to place me. I may read him a hundred times, and not catch the precise right point of view; though I may hit it the hundred and first. The driest and hardest book that ever was contains an interest over and above what can be picked out of it, and laid, so to speak, on the table. It is interesting as my friend is interesting; it is a problem which invites me to closer knowledge, and *that* usually means closer love. He must be a poor friend that we only care to see once or twice, and then forget.

(2) It never seems to occur to some people, who deliver upon the books they read very unhesitating judgments, that they may be wanting, either by congenital defect, or defect of experience, or defect of reproductive memory, in the qualifications that are necessary for judging fairly of any particular book. Yet the first question a practised and conscientious reader asks himself is, whether he has any natural or accidental disability for the task of criticism in any given case. It may surprise many persons to hear of the possibility of such a thing; but perhaps it may be made clear by examples.

As to congenital defect. We all admit that some individuals are born with better "ears" for music, and better "eyes" for color, and more "taste" for drawing than others, and we willingly defer, other things being equal, to the decisions upon the points in question of those who are by nature the best gifted. It is quite a common thing to meet people who, in spite of culture, continue unmusical all their lives long, or unable to catch perspective, or draw a wheel round or a chimney straight, or discriminate fine shades of color at all. What is the value of the opinions of such people upon questions of the fine arts? Scarcely anything, of course. Now a book is in precise distinguished, for our present purpose, from a picture or a sonata. It is sure, if it be a good book to excel in some of its parts, to special aptitudes of sensibility on the part of its readers; but if the reader lacks the aptitudes where is the poor author? And cases in point are not so rare as might be

supposed. There are thousands of people who are wanting in sensibility to beauty in general; in the feeling of personal or home attachment; the feelings of the forum; or the altar. It is not at all uncommon to come across characters in which the ordinary natural susceptibility to devotional ideas, nay, to fervid ideas in general, seems wholly left out. It is as if they had come into the world with a sense short. Again, you may meet people who have no idea of humor. Allow any latitude you please for taste in this matter—and, of course, tastes differ—it still remains true that a total absence of the sense of fun is occasionally seen in society.

Now we must remember that in speaking of qualities we, after all, draw arbitrary boundary lines. There are many deficiencies, as many as there are human beings, which cannot be labeled—compound deficiences, so to speak, which affect the total appreciativeness of our minds to a degree which we ourselves cannot measure, though a healthy self-consciousness may keep us on our guard; and, of course, our estimates of literature, as of other forms of art, must be affected by such shortcomings in our natural make. The staple of the "In Memoriam" is the tender regret of faithful friendship for the friend lost—this, I say, is the staple, much as the poem contains in addition. Fortunately this is what most human beings can enter into with ease; but suppose it were not so, how would the excepted people relish the poem? Obviously they would lack the very first requisite for the enjoyment of it. Now, in proportion as a writer, poet or not, addresses himself to compound sensibilities, which may not have shaped themselves yet in average minds, he takes rank, no doubt, below the first order of his craft, but we need not be unjust to him. He has his own burden to bear; and, since writers of this kind must arise in times of rapid and complicated intellectual transition we should be on our guard in forming opinions of books. For the reason just pointed out, we may not fully understand or like such writers, but they are perhaps fighting a battle for which our children will be the better.

It is obvious to apply the same kind of remark to our

own imperfections or peculiarities of experience. We are all very fond of telling the young who are about us that they will one day understand the wise saws in which they now see nothing; but among our peers, do we lay the same thing to heart? What flashes of light do experiences of fresh emotion, such as meet us suddenly upon turning corners in our lives, often throw upon all our past store of facts! It may very well be that the book we slight, or the particular page we slight, is written by some fellow-creature who has happened to receive from events a quickening touch which has not yet fallen to our own lot. Poor indeed must our experience be as readers of books if we have never found a page, which once we thought empty, now full of life and light and meaning. True, it is the business of the artist to make us feel with him and see with him; some fault may be his—and yet not all the fault. At least, he may wish that we should bring to him a tolerably patient and receptive mind, not a repelling or refusing mind; in a word, we should treat him with decency if we profess to attend to him at all.

Akin to the defect of experience is defect of reproductive memory. It is very common for a man to take up a book which he once admired with passion, and to find scarcely anything in it. What, then, is the natural thought, the one that he is most likely to make? That his judgment is more mature, I suppose. Well, it may be, and it ought to be; but certainly the author of the work may claim that his reader should ask himself another question, namely, Have I lost anything in general or specific sensibility since I first read this book? I have myself had to ask this question, and to answer it against myself. Lapse of time alters us; and we are, perhaps, too apt to fancy ourselves wiser when we are only somewhat more hard and dull. It has happened to me, indeed, to agree with a writer upon first reading; to disagree with him upon second reading after an interval of a year or two; and then again, upon third reading, after another interval, to have to come back to my first opinion.

(3) We do not sufficiently discriminate, when we speak

of the reception of books, in our use of the word public. *Which* public? There are a hundred. A square book will no more suit a round public than a square thing will fit a round hole; but if a square man refuses to read a square book because a round public has rejected it, he is clearly a loser. Again, there are small, peculiar publics, which are, notwithstanding their smallness, well worth considering. The currents of feeling, opinion, and culture are enormous, with a thousand eddies in them; creeks and bays and little inlets where strange, pleasant barks find shelter, which would be cracked or run down if they took the start in the main stream. It is a peculiar and special public that welcomes, for example, the poetry of Mr. Matthew Arnold. It would never have found a welcome from a wide, rough-and-ready magazine audience; but the books once afloat, they find their public, and their public grows. Thus the experience of bookmakers is uniform on one point—they can rarely get anybody to see anything in their best efforts until they are printed, probably by some lucky accident. Then the square people fall into the square holes, and what the author knew to be good is found out to be good by a "public" which never saw anything in it before. So much for the effect of a little sympathetic excitement; if one sheep goes over the hedge the rest follow. But when an author has digested, as he may, the bitter reflections which occur to him at such a pass as this, he has probably to swallow something more bitter, namely, the round public—who are mere sheep, following the rest over the hedge—these now come upon the square author, and want him to do something like what he did before. The utter blindness which prompts this kind of want is, in recompense, one of the most amusing things in the world. If the square writer can afford to throw away an opportunity, he declines to kill his golden goose for the round people; if not, he submits to the temptation, and his poor little productive bird is gone forever. It has been over and over again pointed out that to do the same kind of thing over again is a purely commercial idea (and it never pays); the artist idea is to do something

fresh; never to do the same thing over again; to offer up, not dead things, but things in which the life is young and glowing. But what is the use of pointing things out? When an author has made us admire some of his works, we immediately proceed to make him a victim of his own success; we sacrifice him to the habit of admiration which our own weakness has allowed to grow up in our minds; we make over again the very mistakes we have just repented of —till another sheep happens to go over the hedge.

WHY TO READ

Books That Have Helped Me

By ANDREW LANG

IN one sense there are no books that do not help a man, and in another, it may be doubted whether any books help him at all. Every book that lets itself be read more or less amuses, or interests, or diverts, or at least occupies you, and so assists you to fleet the time, and in that sense is helpful. On the other hand, in face of the great problems and trials of life, there is no book (we are not speaking of sacred literature) which helps you at all, except by way of sympathy, which, of course, is something. People have given up writing volumes "De Consolatione," and one may doubt whether Boethius or Tully ever lightened, by a feather's weight, any man's load. Marcus Aurelius himself can say no more than "endure and abstain," when it comes to the last word, and popular philosophy serves the turn as well with its "grin and bear it." Books cannot give you courage, or carelessness, or resignation; men do not grieve less because they can read "In Memoriam"; they do but win a kind of sense of sympathy and some faint comfort from the knowledge that another has been in the same difficult case, and has lived through it. There is a great deal of pleasure in this comradeship with Marcus Aurelius, or with the author of the "Imitatio," or, for that matter, with Achilles, when he makes his choice of a short life and honor therewith, rather than a long age and without renown. Pent up in London, among hideous noises,

sights, and smells, one can turn to Virgil, with his *Flumina amem silvasque inglorius;* or to Martial, with his regret for time misspent in Rome, his homesickness for Tagus, and the fleet stream of Sillo, and the hill of Bilbilis. If sympathy be help, then all the dead folk who have endured what we endure and who have left their message, help us. It widens our narrow life to be one in mood with those poets long gone to their own place, and now happy in the fields Elysian. But for other aid than that of sympathy and example, how can we believe that books are of any avail? The secret is the secret still for all that Omar has sung, or Plato dreamed. In the grave there is no knowledge, nor device, more than among men living, nor is any wisdom whispered from the volumes of the dead so useful as a natural fortitude of heart and temper.

Thus, as we began by saying, it is hard to make a particular choice of books that have helped us, when, in one sense, none have wholly failed to help, and, in another, none have helped at all. Yet are we so made that each man will think of some authors as if they had served him better than others, the truth being that these are the authors with whom he is most in sympathy, and in whom he best recognizes something of himself; they are the brothers, or, rather, the chosen friends, of his soul. They have sat with him and conversed with him when ashes were on his head and sackcloth was the raiment of his spirit, or they have walked and talked with him on the sunny ways of youth, and rested with him at the water-side: their books have been often in his pocket and their verses always on his lips.

He who writes can say, with some confidence, that he never read a book (except at school and college) for the purpose of being "helped" by it; he has always read books in a disinterested way, because he liked reading. I have never sought in books for the secret of life, or the way to the city spoken of by Lucian in "Hermotimus." Some men are born to be disciples and to hang on the lips of a teacher, dead or living. Like Horace, I would swear by no mortal master. Nobody has any secret; nobody can

tell you what life does not tell everybody. These secrets of the wise are like the secret *bottes* of the old swordsmen, delusions and snares. Wisdom is neither of the Porch, nor of the Garden, nor of the Tub; you must face the world for yourself, except by sympathy, unhelped and unenlightened. Thus, if certain books are named here, more than others, as having "helped" the writer, nothing is meant beyond this, that these are the books, or, rather, the authors, with whom to sympathize has been most enjoyable.

It is not very easy to bring back all their names to memory, and the roll call would be something long. About books, as about everything else, man is *ondoyant et divers* —fickle and changeful. The book-friends of our nonage are not always those of to-day; the "Longfellow" we loved at fourteen, or the "Carlyle" one swore by at twenty, is seldom opened "once you come to forty years." But I have never wavered about the works of Scott, Thackeray, Homer, Thucydides, Molière, Tennyson, Pascal, Montaigne, Plato, Aristotle, and Marcus Aurelius, and Mr. Matthew Arnold's poems. If any books have helped me, they are the books of these authors; it seems desirable to leave Shakespeare out, as peerless, and not counted among mortals, any more than we commonly reckon the sun among stars. The authors named have answered to various moods of the reader, to various ages, and yet all of them are fit for the joy of any age after childhood, to which only certain parts of certain of them can be delightful. One began with Scott, with the "Lady of the Lake," which, I think, is the first poem I can remember reading, except the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Henry IV." It is wonderful how early Sir John appeals to the child; one knows and admires the young lady of eleven who, in her enthusiastic appreciation, cast herself for the fat knight's part in the drama, which she adapted for the nursery stage. Almost my earliest recollection of books is the memory of a child reading the "Midsummer Night's Dream" by the firelight, in a room where some one touches the piano now and then, and a young man and a maid are playing chess. It all melts into a kind of fairy past, and a

vision of perfect happiness. The real people were not more real to me than Ariel, Ferdinand, and Miranda, in the other fairy play. But the "Lady of the Lake" was, probably, one's first experience of narrative poetry, and then came the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and then the "Border Minstrelsy." This was the more delightful because the "dowie dens o' Yarrow" were within three miles of home, and one constantly drove past Carterhaugh in the summer twilight—Carterhaugh, where Janet won Tamlane, under Newark tower, with the gate whence "an army in battle array had marched out." No child who cared for poetry could be born in the Border without turning first to Scott's lays, and then living for years in the enchanted castles of his romance.

Without dispossessing Scott, Thackeray came in one's boyhood to take a place near him in one's affections—Thackeray, and Homer, who was only the Scott of an earlier and more brilliant day. There are discomforts in the career of a schoolboy whom nature has been niggardly to in the matter of muscles. Yet it was in the "Gaits," as Scott (in "Redgauntlet") calls the junior class of the Scotch schools, that one made the acquaintance of Thackeray and Edgar Poe and Dickens and Charles Lever. Can any literary pleasure of manhood equal that of an extremely idle small boy, who, neglecting "Cæsar" (to him also were we introduced), gave himself entirely up to the society of David Copperfield, of Charles O'Malley, of Minna and Brenda, of Dobbin, and little Rawdon Crawley?

Homer came a little later than that, and how very welcome he was! Till we read the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" at school Greek appeared the baneful secret of schoolmasters, a mere torment for youth, an obscure way of recording the facts that "Xenophon marched so many parasangs, and then took breakfast." Homer changed all that. Here was life, here were heroes and lance-thrusts and sword-strokes, for the love of Helen, the fairest of women. Can one ever forget the first reading of that line where Thetis bewails herself, "Ah me, that have borne the

bravest of men to my sorrow"; and the words of Achilles, "Mother, thou that hast borne me to be brief of days"; and the first sight of Circe, weaving at her golden woof, and singing her magic song? We had all been wandering, like the company of Odysseus, "through the tangled copses and the thicket"—through jungles of irregular verbs and exercises; then, like the Achæans, "we heard the song divine," not of Circe, but of Homer. If there be real help in mortal words, it is in that speech of Odysseus, "Endure, my heart!"

All schoolboys who have since taken to literature may not have the same charmed memory of Homer. But at our humble Scotch school there chanced, in my time, to be a very unusual head master. The Rev. Dr. Hodson happened to be aware that the Greek and Latin classics were "literature," an opinion singular among schoolmasters, which was shared by Mr. D'Arcy Thompson, former Professor of Greek in Queen's College, Galway. With them we drank from Homer, Thucydides, Aristophanes, Lucretius, in good large draughts. Most schoolmasters dole out the classics as Mr. Squeers doled out the weak milk and water to his young friends. "Ah," said that gentleman, tasting the milk and water, "here's richness," and Number One was allowed to drink "just enough to make him wish for more." So it is usual to serve out a few lines of Homer, or a brief chapter of Herodotus, not even enough to make the boys "wish for more," and all the time is occupied with worrying over tenses and particles. This process may, indeed, make boys grammarians, but it will almost infallibly prevent them from discovering the charm and delight of the classics, though they may be such hypocrites, in later life, as to say, "Ah, here's richness," like Mr. Squeers.

Thucydides, of course, is not to be reveled in like Homer: his quintessence of all political wisdom will affect different men in different ways. Mr. Grote knew the Athenian, with his high disdain of democracy, and remained an advanced Liberal, for his age. To myself it seems that the lesson of Thucydides, as of Odysseus, is, "Endure, my heart!" in public affairs, as in private. Endure! Look on

and see the greatest empire made the toy of the ultimate democracy. Look on, and behold the ruin of the Sicilian Expedition; see Gordon die in Khartoum, as Demosthenes at the hands of the Syracusan tormentors. The Sausage-seller is outbidding Cleon; Cleon is outbidding the Sausage-seller. All these things are inevitably evolved in the history of peoples. There is no nation, not the proudest, but comes one day to the stone quarries of Syracuse. "Others before us have known mortal fortunes, and have suffered things that must needs be endured." Not the genius of Alcibiades, not the virtues of Nicias, not the courage of Lamachus, can save the people that has become a mob, and that insists on mismanaging its own misunderstood affairs.

For the rest it seems to me that from Lord Tennyson first one learned to appreciate the charm, the magic, of poetry, as distinct from the joy of the narrative and the interest of the persons. This came to me, I remember, when reading the "Morte d'Arthur," as a boy. "So all day long the noise of battle rolled," and what follows. This discovery once made leads you to Keats, to Virgil, to Theocritus, to all the poets in whom art is more manifest than nature, as in Scott and Homer. Finally you come, by this path, to Théophile Gautier and "Emaux et Camées," but I cannot go with a very young lover of letters, who said to me once, "After Shakespeare I place Théophile." These French artists, from the nameless author of "Aucassin et Nicolette" downward, were rather a diversion of idleness, things to read in a college garden, when a man had got his fellowship, and had time to look round lazily, and be "as sad as night," if he chose.

Molière seems to me the dramatic poet of modern civilized life. There is no other who saw it so clearly, so wisely, and so enjoyed its passing follies, with that unchanged background of age, failure, faithlessness, and death. One may think him too pessimistic and too skeptical, in pieces like "Le Festin de Pierre," but, on the whole, how human he is, and how strong is his belief in good men, and his belief in common sense and courage. He is the poet

for the man of the world, or, rather, for the man *in* the world, by no desire of his own, rather than *of* it, while Montaigne is the philosopher for the man who from the world can keep aloof. We need no more than these, and the immortal Pascal, the greatest of all who have very nearly succeeded in believing. We can hardly enjoy Molière without Pascal, nor Pascal without Molière. Each is the complement of the other.

If any young man or woman interested in letters chances to read this paper, which is a kind of confession, perhaps, I should like to say, Do read good books, and don't read magazines and newspapers. The best books are few; to know them is a joy that does not perish. Knowing them, you can at all times enter the haunted country, and find your favorite places, and be at rest with that which is perfect. Make acquaintance with the masters, with the immortals. There are no such good friends as they are; may they meet us one day, as Dante was met by Virgil!

WHY TO READ

The Reading Habit

By CHARLES F. RICHARDSON

THE reading habit is a growth, a development, not a creation; and all measures for its cultivation, whether from without or within, should be made with this fact in mind. And where strict and even stern regulation is necessary, the direction will be most profitable that best succeeds in causing itself to be assimilated in the mind of the governed, as a part of that mind, and not as a foreign addition.

Whether the reader, thus helped by wise counselors, be young or old, he should soon become familiar with the advantage of making his reading a part of his daily life. Miss Edith Simcox, one of the wisest of living Englishwomen, thus presses this point: "No part of a child's school knowledge can be safely allowed to remain long detached from its daily life. The history and geography of lesson-books must join on to that of the newspapers; it is almost worse to know the name and date of a writer or a hero, without an independent familiarity with the nature of his books or actions, than to be frankly ignorant of all at once; and in every branch of science it is admitted that a knowledge of definitions and formulæ is useless apart from experimental acquaintance with the actual bodies described. An inaccurate general knowledge, that would not stand the test of examination, may even in some cases have more educational value than a few correct and barren facts; and our educational results will not be thoroughly satisfactory if detailed

information is imparted faster than circumstantial impressions about its color and bearing."

Mr. Ruskin, too, spoke most earnestly of the duty of brightening the beginnings of education, and of the evils of cramming, against which, happily, the tide of the best contemporary thought is now setting strongly—never to ebb, let us hope. "Make your children," he says, "happy in their youth; let distinction come to them, if it will, after well-spent and well-remembered years; but let them now break and eat the bread of Heaven with gladness and singleness of heart, and send portions to them for whom nothing is prepared; and so Heaven send you its grace, before meat, and after it." Of the necessity of making attractive the beginnings of reading, Edward Everett Hale says: "In the first place, we must make this business agreeable. Whichever avenue we take into the maze must be one of the pleasant avenues, or else, in a world which the good God has made very beautiful, the young people will go a-skating, or a-fishing, or a-swimming, or a-voyaging, and not a-reading, and no blame to them." How much can be done by others in making the literary path pleasant, is known to the full by those whose first steps were guided therein by a wise father, or mother, or teacher, or friend. How strongly the lack of the helpful hand is felt, none who have missed it will need to be told.

But those who must be their own helpers need not be one whit discouraged. The history of the world is full of bright examples of the value of self-training, as shown by the subsequent success won as readers and writers and workers in every department of life, by those who apparently lacked both books to read and time to read them, or even the candle wherewith to light the printed page. It would be easy to fill this whole series of chapters with accounts of the way in which the reading habit has been acquired and followed in the face of every obstacle. But a single bit of personal reminiscence may be taken as the type of thousands; not only because of its touching beauty and its telling force, but because it is the latest to be told. To-morrow

some other man of eminence will add no less strong testimony to the possibility of self-education. It is the story told by Robert Collyer, who worked his way from the anvil, in a little English town, up to a commanding position among American preachers and writers. "Do you want to know," he asked, "how I manage to talk to you in this simple Saxon? I will tell you. I read Bunyan, Crusoe, and Goldsmith when I was a boy, morning, noon, and night. All the rest was taskwork; these were my delight, with the stories in the Bible, and with Shakespeare, when at last the mighty master came within our doors. The rest were as senna to me. These were like a well of pure water, and this is the first step I seem to have taken of my own free will toward the pulpit. . . . I took to these as I took to milk, and, without the least idea what I was doing, got the taste for simple words into the very fiber of my nature. There was day school for me until I was eight years old, and then I had to turn in and work thirteen hours a day. . . . From the days when we used to spell out Crusoe and old Bunyan there had grown up in me a devouring hunger to read books. It made small matter what they were, so they were books. Half a volume of an old encyclopedia came along—the first I had ever seen. How many times I went through that I cannot even guess. I remember that I read some old reports of the Missionary Society with the greatest delight. There were chapters in them about China and Labrador. Yet I think it is in reading, as it is in eating, when the first hunger is over you begin to be a little critical, and will by no means take to garbage if you are of a wholesome nature. And I remember this because it touches this beautiful valley of the Hudson. I could not go home for the Christmas of 1839, and was feeling very sad about it all, for I was only a boy; and sitting by the fire, an old farmer came in and said: 'I notice thou's fond o' reading, so I brought thee summat to read.' It was Irving's 'Sketch Book.' I had never heard of the work. I went at it, and was 'as them that dream.' No such delight had touched me since the old days of Crusoe. I saw the Hud-

son and the Catskills, took poor Rip at once into my heart, as everybody has, pitied Ichabod while I laughed at him, thought the old Dutch feast a most admirable thing, and long before I was through, all regret at my lost Christmas had gone down the wind, and I had found out there are books and books. That vast hunger to read never left me. If there was no candle, I poked my head down to the fire; read while I was eating, blowing the bellows, or walking from one place to another. I could read and walk four miles an hour. The world centered in books. There was no thought in my mind of any good to come out of it; the good lay in the reading. I had no more idea of being a minister than you elder men who were boys then, in this town, had that I should be here to-night to tell this story. Now, give a boy a passion like this for anything, books or business, painting or farming, mechanism or music, and you give him thereby a lever to lift his world, and a patent of nobility, if the thing he does is noble. There were two or three of my mind about books. We became companions, and gave the roughs a wide berth. The books did their work, too, about that drink, and fought the devil with a finer fire. I remember while I was yet a lad reading Macaulay's great essay on Bacon, and I could grasp its wonderful beauty. There has been no time when I have not felt sad that there should have been no chance for me at a good education and training. I miss it every day, but such chances as were left lay in that everlasting hunger to still be reading. I was tough as leather, and could do the double stint, and so it was that, all unknown to myself, I was as one that soweth good seed in his field."

With young or old there is no such helper toward the reading habit as the cultivation of this warm and undying feeling of the friendliness of books—in which subject Frederick Denison Maurice found enough to write a whole book. If a parent or other guide seems but a taskmaster; if his rules are those of a statute book, and his society like that of an officer of the law, there is small hope that his help can be made either serviceable or profitable. But with the

growth of the friendly feeling comes a state of mind which renders all things possible. When one book has become a friend and fellow, the world has grown that much broader and more beautiful. Petrarch said of his books, considered as his friends: "I have friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me, they are of all ages, and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honors for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it, whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of the past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits, while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires, and to depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I safely rely in all emergencies." "In my study," quaintly said Sir William Waller, "I am sure to converse with none but wise men; but abroad it is impossible for me to avoid the society of fools." Sir John Herschel called books "the best society in every period of history: Were I to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man; unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him." Among

his books William Ellery Channing could say: "In the best books great men talk to us, with us, and give us their most precious thoughts. Books are the voices of the distant and the dead. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society and the presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling, if learned men and poets will enter and take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise; and Shakespeare open to me the world of imagination and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin enrich me with his practical wisdom—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live. . . . Nothing can supply the place of books. They are cheering and soothing companions in solitude, illness, or affliction. The wealth of both continents could not compensate for the good they impart. Let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof, and obtain access for himself and family to some social library. Almost any luxury should be sacrificed to this." And one cannot wonder that Fénelon said: "If the crowns of all the kingdoms of the empire were laid down at my feet in exchange for my books and my love of reading, I would spurn them all"; or that the historian Gibbon wrote: "A taste for books is the pleasure and glory of my life. I would not exchange it for the glory of the Indies."

All these words of wise readers show that he who rightly cultivates the reading habit can not only have the best of friends ever at hand, but can at length say with all modesty, if he reads aright and remembers well: "My mind to me a kingdom is."

WHY TO READ

The Society of Books

By W. M. THAYER

PETRARCH said of his library: "I have friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me; they are of all ages and of every country. They have distinguished themselves in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honors for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company and dismiss them from it whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live, and some how to die."

Dr. Channing wrote: "Nothing can supply the place of books. They are cheering and soothing companions in solitude, illness, or affliction. The wealth of both continents could not compensate for the good they impart. Let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof and obtain access for himself and family to some social library. Almost any luxury should be sacrified to this." The last sentence we commend particularly to those who think it is extravagant to expend money for a family library, but wise to expend it for silks, satins, and jewels. Said Sir John Herschel of a person in the company of books: "You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the

bravest and the purest characters who have adorned humanity." Sir William Waller remarked: "In my study I am sure to converse with none but wise men, but abroad it is impossible for me to avoid the society of fools."

The more complete our sympathy with the authors we read, the more intimate will be their companionship. Henry Ward Beecher said: "I find I can enter to a very large extent, oftentimes, into the feelings which inspired the author when he wrote the book, and can tell what fiber of the man's mind was stirred as he wrote it." When that can be done books easily become companions.

Great men as a class have made real companions of certain authors—bosom companions. This is true, especially of great authors. John Wesley kept two authors close by him, Thomas à Kempis and Jeremy Taylor. "Imitation of Christ," by the former, and "Holy Living and Dying," by the latter, he took up nearly every day to read more or less. Their words were to his soul what their living presence and audible voice would have been. In like manner Milton took to his heart Ovid, Euripides, and Homer, and so intimate was the fellowship that his own composition partook of the best qualities of theirs.

Gray was made a poet by his intimacy with Spenser. He read the productions of his genius as if conversing with the author face to face. De Quincey had a little group of favorites that he gathered around him daily, admitting them to his table as well as study, introducing them to his guests, and cultivating the utmost familiarity with them—Taylor, Chillingworth, Milton, South, Barrow, and Browne. Pope claimed that his English "Iliad" grew out of his intimacy with Homer in his study. Dr. Franklin read Cotton Mather as he did no other author, entering into such sympathy with him as to feel the thrill of the author's soul. He said that Mather's "Essays to Do Good" made him what he became. This is the direct tendency of books that really become our companions; hence both the blessing and danger of companionship with books. The lives of Washington and Clay reproduced their essential elements in

Lincoln, because he made them the intimate companions of his youth.

The home library is indispensable. It may not be large, indeed it must be small in order to prove the richest boon to all concerned. But a library, large or small, should be a part of the family.

Shelley said: "A good library consists not of many books, but of a few well chosen." To a friend he wrote, "I will give you my list—catalogue it can't be called: The Greek Plays, Plato, Lord Bacon's works, Shakespeare, the Old Dramatists, Milton, Goethe, and Schiller, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, Machiavelli and Guicciardini, not forgetting Calderon, and last, yet first, the Bible." The omnivorous reader is likely to close up his affairs in mental bankruptcy when he is compelled to report, with the disappointed debtor, "My liabilities large, my inabilities numerous, and my probabilities unpromising."

Daniel Webster was a very critical reader. He said: "In my boyish days there were two things which I did dearly love, viz., reading and playing—passions that did not cease to struggle when boyhood was over." He read and reread so carefully that he could repeat the contents of many books. He said, "We had so few books that to read them once or twice was nothing; we thought they were all to be got by heart." His conversation showed great familiarity with books, especially with English literature. Frequent quotations from the British poets proved how thoroughly he read them. He loved to meet and converse with a well-read man or woman. Alluding to this class, he once remarked, "The man I like to converse with above all others is the man who can teach me something."

The following by Henry Ward Beecher, about books in the home, will be read with interest in this connection: "We form judgments of men from little things about their houses, of which the owner, perhaps, never thinks. In earlier years when traveling in the West, where taverns were scarce, and in some places unknown, and every settler's house was a house of entertainment, it was a matter of some

importance and some experience to select wisely where you should put up. And we always looked for flowers. If there were no trees for shade, no patch of flowers in the yard, we were suspicious of the place. But no matter how rude the cabin or rough the surroundings, if we saw that the window held a trough for flowers, and that some vines twined about strings let down from the eaves, we were confident that there was some taste and carefulness in the log-cabin.

"In a new country, where people have to tug for a living, no one will take the trouble to rear flowers unless the love of them is pretty strong; and this taste, blossoming out of plain and uncultivated people is itself a clump of harebells growing out of the seams of a rock. We were seldom misled. A patch of flowers came to signify kind people, clean beds, and good bread. But in other states of society other signs are more significant. Flowers about a rich man's house may signify only that he has a good gardener, or that he has refined neighbors and does what he sees them do. But men are not accustomed to buy *books*, unless they want them. If on visiting the dwelling of a man in slender means we find that he contents himself with cheap carpets and very plain furniture in order that he may purchase books, he rises at once in our esteem. Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house.

"The plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever covered is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved étagère or sideboard. Give us a house furnished with books rather than furniture. Both, if you can, but books at any rate! To spend several days in a friend's house, and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets and sitting on luxurious chairs, and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind. Is it not pitiable to see a man growing rich, augmenting the comforts of home, and lavishing money on ostentatious upholstery, upon the table, upon everything but what the soul needs. We know of

many and many a rich man's house where it would not be safe to ask for the commonest English classics.

"No poets, no essayists, no historians, no travels, no biographies, no select fiction, no curious legendary lore. But the wall paper cost $3 a roll, and the carpet cost $4 a yard! Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A home without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. He cheats them! Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices. Let us pity these poor rich men who live barrenly in great bookless houses!"

WHAT TO READ

Reading for Girls

By MRS. CHESTER

AURORA LEIGH says:—

> "We get no good
> By being ungenerous, even to a book,
> And calculating profits,—so much help
> By so much reading. It is rather when
> We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
> *Soul-forward*, headlong, into a book's profound,
> Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth,—
> 'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

Those of us who feel that reading has been the delight and blessing of our lives are ready to echo this outburst.

I am a little afraid, however, that when girls are left entirely to their own sweet will the books they plunge gloriously into are almost all stories. I like stories too well myself to find fault with this, and I think it would be wise for parents and guardians to scatter so many good stories in the pathway of an ardent girl that she would have no time left for trash. Still, as ice cream would cloy the appetite if we began a meal with it, I believe it might be well to do some solid reading every day (unless we are already tired with actual study) before we venture to take up a story. And if we have our share of brains and have access to really worthy books we shall be sure to find ourselves plunging gloriously in before we have gone far.

An old lady tells me that when she was a young girl

teaching her first school she was very indignant with one of the committee, who criticised her reading class on the ground that no child should ever read a single word of which he could not give the definition. "Then they never would read anything," she replied, with spirit. I hope I shall not be thought superficial if I say my sympathies are all with her. To be always breaking the thread of one's thought to look up a word in the dictionary or to trace out a classical allusion seems to me enough to check any ordinary enthusiasm. As for words, by the time we have read the same word a dozen times in different connections we know its meaning far better than if we had halted painfully at its first appearance and looked for it in the dictionary.

One of the largest-minded men I ever knew once remarked in my hearing that he had advised his wife's little fifteen-year-old English maidservant to read Herbert Spencer's "Education." "Do you think she can understand it?" I asked. "Not all of it," he replied. "That is the reason I gave it to her. She is a clever girl, and ought to make something of herself. It is wholesome for her to find there are things beyond her comprehension."

I once knew a conscientious young lady who undertook some difficult scientific reading. An elder friend had pursued the same course a year or two previously, and the two seldom met even in the street that the younger did not inquire into the meaning of some knotty paragraph which was barring her way. "Read on, and then come back to it," was always the laughing reply. At last, one day the younger said, "I verily believe you are right. When I can't understand a sentence, the next sentence usually explains it."

Who ever did understand anything beyond the primer at first reading?

Even a novel that treats life and character with any wisdom deserves re-reading. If you lay it aside ten years and then come back to it, you find far more in it than at first, for your own experience and growth have opened your eyes; but even if you re-read it at once, the development of char-

acter at the close teaches something new of the meaning of the first scenes.

All this is still truer of solid books. I have heard thoughtful people say, for instance, that Emerson has no dialectic. (Do not look up the meaning of "dialectic" just yet.) They say that every sentence is a gem, full of beauty and truth and power; that one of his essays is a collection of such jewels; but that there is no dominating thought in each to which every sentence contributes. This is not true; but it is not at the first reading that we find out it is not true. There is dialectic in every essay; but the closely packed jewels are so brilliant that each one absorbs our whole attention for the time, and we are too exhausted at the end of the chapter to recall so many thoughts and understand their bearing on each other. But we take up the same essay the next day and the next, and at last we see the whole design. Even a young girl would find it well worth her while to do this with an essay or two, though I know I must not expect many girls to care deeply for Emerson till they are far beyond their teens, and I shall have no quarrel with them because their Scott and Dickens are so much dearer to them, for I love Scott and Dickens myself. And yet some of you find even Scott dull!

It is never best to give up altogether reading an author we know to be great even if we cannot understand him. Keep on reading a little at a time, at short intervals, and the light is sure to dawn gradually. But never work over any subject after your brain begins to be tired. Turn to something else till to-morrow, and then the crooked places will be made straight.

I know a girl, who has lived among literary people all her life, who will read a sublime passage of Shakespeare aloud smoothly, and almost with feeling; and yet if you ask her at the end of it to tell you its substance, her ideas about it prove to be hazy. Rapid readers are in danger of falling into this careless habit. If you are conscious of having such a habit, stop at the end of every paragraph and see if you know exactly what you have been reading about. Indeed

you are one of those who probably need to look up every definition as they go along, for every check to the mere flow of words will help you to think. Under some circumstances it is really worth while to look up your classical and Scriptural allusions, though I have always firmly believed that the way to understand them was to read the classics and the Scriptures instead of using Lemprière's Dictionary or Cruden's Concordance. Of course we all wish to be accurate; and though we must not sacrifice the whole of a subject to its details, we must go in search of a great many irksome particulars.

Most of us cannot buy many books, but it is worth while to buy as many as we can. We all want an unabridged dictionary and an encyclopedia and a few books of reference; still, if we must choose, do we not need Shakespeare even more than a dictionary, and do not most of us get more help in noble living from the pages of George Eliot than from an encyclopedia?

Though none of us can afford to be careless in any of our reading, it has always seemed to me right that there should be a great difference between reading for study and for recreation. Some teachers say that if a pupil wishes to read a novel when studying the reign of Elizabeth, it will be as much recreation to read "Kenilworth" as any other novel. But that depends upon who chooses the book. Recreation implies freedom. It is a good thing to read "Kenilworth" when studying the reign of Elizabeth. Most of us get our first vivid ideas of English history from Scott and Shakespeare. But if a tired girl thought a novel would rest her, and saw both "Kenilworth" and "John Halifax" lying on the table, and knew that of the two she must take "Kenilworth," even if she liked it as well as "John Halifax," she would have a feeling of restraint sure to tell on her nerves at last; and she would not only get no relaxation from her reading, but it is doubtful whether she would learn as much by dwelling on one subject all the time.

I cannot lay down a course of reading because that should vary with the needs of each reader.

SMITH COLLEGE SENIORS ON THEIR CLASS DAY.

First, let us talk a little about novels. It is not altogether because young people are superficial that they crave so much of such food; but partly because they rightly have a greater interest in life than in knowledge, and partly because a story makes so many obscure things clear.

Yet many of the greatest novels are ill-adapted to the young, who ought to know the good in the world before they learn much of its evil, and who cannot really appreciate a novel which deals with the passions and temptations of older people till they have had some experience themselves. Any great novel requires and deserves study.

But whatever our tastes or talents there are two kinds of reading essential for all, for men as well as women, for old as well as young. Of course you know that one of these is poetry. Sooner or later we must all know Shakespeare and Milton, Dante and Homer, and parts of Goethe by heart. And we cannot spare the lesser poets either. Young people to whom the "Divine Comedy" is a sealed book can find the most wholesome nutriment in Chaucer and Cowper and Burns, in Whittier and Longfellow and Lowell, and Mrs. Browning and Keats and Tennyson.

Poetry cannot be translated, and yet those who do not read Greek cannot afford to miss what even a translation can give of Æschylus and Sophocles and Euripides. The characters in their dramas and the high thought and action cannot be disguised even in the prose of another language.

But, after all, in poetry itself *what* we read is not the important thing. We should read poetry to give us a certain attitude of mind, a habit of thinking of noble things, of keeping our spirit in harmony with beauty and goodness and strength and love, that—

> "All
> The dreary intercourse of daily life
> Shall [not] prevail against us."

"Poetry *is* the fact," says Matthew Arnold, in his wonderful essay at the beginning of Ward's "English Poets."

The other kind of reading which is essential is the news! This is not because we need to know the daily gossip of the

whole world to save ourselves from daily mortification on account of our ignorance, but for a very different reason. The great object of our reading is to keep our mind in a certain state. Now, if we should read nothing but great poetry, we should lose touch with common, every-day life about us, and with all our fine thoughts we might grow weak and selfish. We want to know how the whole world is living and acting. If we are to help to make it better we must know its sorrows, its faults, even its crimes. How could we help anybody if we only gathered up our own robes out of the mire our fellow-creatures have fallen into? That kind of virtue is so weak that it is almost sure to give way in the moment of pressure. Of course I do not mean that we want to spend much time every day over a newspaper. A newspaper almost always dissipates the mind. That is the reason I cannot look with favor on Sunday papers. We ought to save Sunday for the higher life.

"Sundays the pillars are,
On which heav'n's palace archèd lies."

"The week were dark, but for thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way."

Nevertheless one who wishes to be a well-balanced woman must supplement her reading of great poetry with a little reading of a dry newspaper. I think a weekly paper much better for a girl just beginning to read newspapers than a daily. She will then get the important news without wasting her time over trash; and when at last her interests become so wide that she needs a daily paper, she will know how to discriminate between what she wants to read and what she wants to skip.

WHAT TO READ

Hints for Young Women

By C. M. SEDGWICK

NEXT to the history and condition of your own country, it is important that you acquaint yourselves with the history and condition of the countries whence your ancestors came. Then you will be able to compare your country with others, your own times with preceding ages. Thus informed you will not fall into the common national vanity of fancying all knowledge, all virtue, and all progress concentrated in the United States; nor into a worse error, a culpable ignorance of the advantages of your own country, and insensibility to them.

You will find well-written and authentic travels a very improving and delightful kind of reading. You may lack money and opportunity to travel twenty miles from home, when for $1 or $2 you may buy a book that will take you, with a well-instructed and all-observing companion, half over the world. Or, if you cannot expend the cost of the book, you may get it from a society or district library, or borrow it from some kindly disposed person.

Good biographies are very improving books. The experience of others will often suggest models, advice, and reproof, that comes in the most inoffensive form. . . . Every well-educated young person who has leisure for reading should be well versed in English literature. In the wide field of fictitious writing let your consciences restrain and direct your inclination and rectify your taste. When our Saviour

employed fiction in the parables of the prodigal son and of the good Samaritan, it was, no doubt, to give an important truth a form that should be universally interesting and touching. Few will object to your reading such fictitious writings as do good to your hearts; and while you have such as Sir Walter Scott's and Miss Edgeworth's you have no excuse for reading the profligate and romantic novels of the past, or the no less profligate and far more insidious romances of the present day.

Next to "What to Read" comes the great question "How to Read," and I am not sure the last is not the weightier of the two. . . . No book will improve you which does not make you think; which does not make your own mind work. This is as certain as that the mill is not improved by the corn that passes through it, or that the purse is none the richer for the money that has been in it.

When you read, do not take for granted, believing, with ignorant credulity, whatever you see stated in a book. Remember an author is but one witness, and often a very fallible one. Pause in your reading, reflect, compare what the writer tells you with what you have learned from other sources on the subject, and, above all, use your own judgment independently, not presumptuously.

Knowing how short and precious time is, be more careful in the selection of your books than eager to read a great many. When you do read, read thoroughly and understandingly. It is a good practice to talk about a book you have just read; not to display your knowledge, for this is pedantry or something worse; but to make your reading a social blessing by communicating liberally to those in your family circle who may have less time and opportunity for reading than you have. You may often, too, by the superior knowledge of a friend, correct the false impressions you have received. Or, your friend may have read the same book, and then it is a delightful point of sympathy.

As to the preservation of your books. If you love them you will respect them, and unless you are incorrigibly slovenly and careless you will not break off the cover, soil

the leaves, or dog-ear the corners. This is a common and offensive habit, destructive to books, which we should not presume to caution any well-trained girl against, if we had not seen it practiced by educated men. This is wetting the fingers to turn over the leaves. Surely this should not be. When you borrow a book, use it with clean hands. Never lay it down on the face, nor where it is exposed to be knocked down by the next passer-by. Do not readily yield to any one's request to lend it again, but return it promptly and punctually. Perform the borrower's duty strictly, and Heaven bless you with liberal lenders.

WHAT TO READ

The Young Man and His Library

By JAMES H. CANFIELD

GIVEN—a young man, of average intelligence, average education (not necessarily a college graduate), average income, and average leisure—"just an ordinary, every-day young man"; how much of a library may he be reasonably expected to own? How shall he select it? What are some of the more important titles? These are the queries which this article is to answer.

As in everything else, "that depends."

If he is following some calling, he is compelled to gather first the books bearing directly upon his vocation. These are the tools of his trade. If he is a resident of a city, he may depend largely upon public libraries for his general reading, and his purchases consequently will be less. If he has a "fad"—and every sane man ought to have one, as an avocation, that which calls him away from his daily tasks and directs his thoughts into other and possibly larger channels—he will naturally and properly consort with the authors who will be most helpful to him in this matter. Something will "depend" also upon his early surroundings, his inherited tastes, his acquired tendencies.

However, there are some general propositions which may be safely put forward. In all this there is great room for diversity of opinion. One might almost as well undertake to determine who shall be the associates and friends of another, as to determine what books he shall own. The

illustration is so entirely pertinent as to become a condition; since the best books are simply the best men and women, at their best, more than ready to enter into most close and friendly and helpful relations. In all experience with books, other than encyclopedias and dictionaries, their personality should never be forgotten.

Let this "ordinary young man," then, remember that the true library is a matter of growth under most careful and intelligent cultivation. Its volumes come to the shelves in order that they may satisfy a very clearly recognized demand, and they come as such needs make themselves felt. Only as these relations and conditions are understood and keenly appreciated are books positively helpful, and is reading beneficial. A man who knows what he has read, and who loves what he knows, and who knows how to use what he knows, is worth a dozen men who have skimmed lightly over much more extended territory. Not that which is eaten, but that which is assimilated, made a very part of one's bone and sinew, gives health and strength. We may well "beware of the man of one book," if that book is well chosen and thoroughly mastered. Buy slowly and read slowly.

Do not hesitate to buy a cheap edition, if your resources are at all limited, provided it is a perfect book. Large and clear type, fine paper, wide margins, tasteful bindings—all very desirable—simply mean fewer books. Some of the best-read books in my own library, books which have been a positive inspiration in my own life and in the lives of my wife and my children, are in the series known as the "Franklin Square Library," or in the "Half-Hour Series," costing from fifteen to twenty-five cents each. This means five books rather than one; which is an excellent ratio to establish.

Haunt the second-hand book-stores—those of good repute. Again and again you will be able to satisfy a $2 desire with an expenditure of fifty cents; and while you are looking over the stock your education will be greatly stimulated by the mere contact with authors and titles. Always

examine second-hand books, noting completeness in paging and in titles and indexes. Most of the high-priced and desirable subscription books may be secured in this way at a tithe of their first cost.

For all current publications have your own bookseller. A man ought to speak of "my bookseller" even more proudly than he speaks of "my physician." Select a responsible firm, well-established, old enough and large enough to know much of the general literary field; pick a salesman whose personality is satisfying and inviting; give him your card, and say in substance: "I am in business in this city, and have just begun to gather a library. I cannot buy heavily or often, but I would like to buy here; and I would be glad of your advice and coöperation." Some of the most delightful relations of a lifetime have been formed in this way, and have even grown into warm friendships. Having found a good man, stick to him and use him—that's what he is for!

One more preliminary. Subscribe for a thoroughly reliable, competent evening daily—a paper with some sense of perspective as far as news is concerned; for that reputable trade journal or professional journal which will be most directly helpful in your business; for some weekly publication which will give you a well-considered review of the world's work; and for at least one standard monthly magazine. The evening daily will contain all the news of importance, it will be delivered when you have more leisure for its careful perusal, and, above all, you will thus escape the serious mental injury caused by rapidly scanning the morning paper while on your way to work or during the first few hurried moments of office hours. If you can read en route daily, slip into your pocket Henry Van Dyke's "The Otherwise Man," or any of the convenient little sixteenmos which you can pick up for a quarter. This is far and away better than any morning paper.

Now for the library proper (although the daily, the trade journal, the weekly, and the magazine are all very properly a part of your library). Let these be your corner-stones:

The Bible—revised edition, with notes, maps, and concordance. No man is well read (even if no higher ground be taken) who is not thoroughly acquainted with this book of books. Stormonth's Dictionary—the $3 edition will answer all ordinary demands. Roget's "Thesaurus" of English words—my own copy is in its third binding! A good working encyclopedia—say Johnson's—as soon as you can possibly afford it (if you are near a public library this purchase may be deferred). Shakespeare—Hudson's or Rolfe's annotated edition; let the historical plays wait until they fit in with your later historical reading. The four great American poets—Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant. Fisher's "Outlines of History"—one volume; especially valuable because of the suggestions as to collateral reading found at the close of each epoch. Ploetz's "Epitome of History"—one volume; by far the best "find-all," a valuable aid in all reading. Green's "History of England"—the one-volume edition. Bryant and Gay's "History of the United States"—still to be found at the second-hand stores occasionally; if you cannot run across it, then get "The Story of the Thirteen Colonies"—from "The Story of the Nations" series, because you will doubtless buy more of that series. Some simple treatise on government, such as Macy's "Our Government," Johnston's "American Politics," Bowker's little volume on "Economics for the People," and his equally valuable study "Of Work and Wealth."

Let us draw breath. You have spent not to exceed $25, unless you have already bought the encyclopedia; and, in addition to three books of reference, you have the foundations reasonably well laid for reading in general literature, in history, in civics, and in economics. This may be the first year's expenditure and growth—it may be more and it may be less; that does not matter. The chief thing is that you appreciate what you have bought, and that in you there has begun a growth. That growth ought to be natural and sure; it were surprising if the pace does not increase as the months pass.

As illustrations: you are reading in Fisher, and you become especially interested in the history of Greece. What more natural than that you purchase another of "The Story of the Nations" series (there are sixty distinct volumes in that series, covering nearly all history, piecemeal), Alfred Church's "Three Greek Children," Keightley's "Mythology," possibly Bryant's translation of Homer, and Kingsley's "Greek Heroes"? Or the rise and fall of Rome becomes a fascination, as it has been to students through all the centuries. This will mean another "Story," and possibly Kingsley's "The Roman and the Teuton"—a most brilliant bit of historical writing; Ebers' "The Emperor"—a picture of the customs and manners in the early days of Christianity; Kingsley's "Hypatia"—a tale of the decline of Greek influence. Later Continental history will send you to Boyesen's "Vagabond Tales of the Norsemen"—at home and in America; Mabie's "Norse Stories Retold"; Irving's "Alhambra" and "The Conquest of Granada"; "Don Quixote"—for a satire on the life of Spain in the sixteenth century; Ebers' "Burgomaster's Wife"—a story of the revolt of the Netherlands; Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic"; Ruskin's "Our Fathers Have Told Us"; Lanier's "The Boy's Froissart"; Stevenson's "Treasure Island"; Scott's "Quentin Durward"—with its plot laid in the days of Louis XI. and Charles the Bold.

If you wish to enlarge upon Green, as you read his "History of England," you will add "Tom" Hughes' admirable sketch of "Alfred the Great"; and you will read Alfred Church's "Count of the Saxon Shore"—with its pictures of the opening of the fifth century; Palgrave's "Treasury of English Song"; Hughes' "Scouring of the White Horse"—the crest of Hengist; Shakespeare's historical dramas—in their chronological order; Scott's "Ivanhoe" and "Talisman"; Stevenson's "Black Arrow"—a tale of the times of the troubles between the houses of Lancaster and York; Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper"; and, coming down to rather later days, Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"—a most fascinating and inspir-

ing volume; Scott's "Kenilworth"; Blackmore's "Lorna Doone"—a story of Devonshire that has become one of the English classics; Macdonald's "St. George and St. Michael"—a tale of Cromwell's time; Scott's "Rob Roy"—dealing with the Jacobite rebellion of 1715; Stevenson's "Kidnapped"; and Thackeray's "Henry Esmond"—thought by many to be his best work.

Every American ought to be profoundly interested in the history of his own country. It is rich in what may be called its material history, in events which stir the blood and quicken the pulse. It is even richer in the spirit and temper of its people—those remarkably common people who have brought such uncommon things to pass. Once fairly in the current of this history there is practically no end to your reading. Unless you guard yourself closely it will become a positive dissipation! As you close "The Story of the Thirteen Colonies" begin McMaster's "History of the People of the United States"—if you can possibly get at it (it has several volumes and is expensive, but every public library ought to have it on the shelves). You can afford to own Scudder's "Men and Manners in America"—covering the period of the Revolution; Eggleston's "American War Ballads"; and John Fiske's "War of Independence." As your reading progresses and your interest grows buy from time to time a volume of the "American Statesmen" series, and of the "American Commonwealths" series—admirable in their conception and execution; till both series stand complete upon your shelves. Nothing on the War of the Rebellion will be so satisfactory as Grant's "Memoirs," and these may still be found in the second-hand shops. Go to the public library for those wonderful volumes of Parkman's touching our early history; but own them as the years pass and your resources increase. Some day you will have gone deep enough into political history to be able to read Von Holst's "Constitutional History of the United States"—keeping within easy reach some sure antidote for his imperialism. Long before that, however, you will read the best of Cooper and Hawthorne; Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's

Cabin" and "The Minister's Wooing"; Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster"; Hale's "A Man Without a Country"; at least three of Howells' best (they are all good)—"The Lady of the Aroostook" and "The Minister's Charge" and "The Rise of Silas Lapham"; and Holmes' "Guardian Angel" and classical "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

If your interest in economics and civics is quickened you will do well to purchase occasionally one of the "Questions of the Day" series. There are about one hundred numbers now out, all in pocket editions, and cost but a few cents each; very convenient for use on the cars, or while waiting for lunch or for dinner. After a while you will put on your shelves Francis A. Walker's "Political Economy"; Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men"—a sketch of the possibilities of intelligent socialism; Nordhoff's "Politics for Young Americans"; Parton's "Captains of Industry"—and from that on your path is easy and tempting, each step suggesting the next.

Some morning you will waken to find the spring here, and then will come the longing for out-of-doors—a longing which you ought to gratify. Then you should read Burroughs' "Wake Robin" and his "Locusts and Wild Honey"; anything which Thompson-Seton has written; Ingersoll's "Birds' Nesting"; Lubbock's "Ants, Bees, and Wasps"; Mary Treat's "My Garden Pets"; Ruskin's "Ethics of the Dust"; Coffin's "Yachts and Yachting"; Gibson's "Camp Life"; Roosevelt's "Hunting Trips"; Tyndall's "Forms of Water" (which will tell you all that is worth knowing about clouds, rain, snow, glaciers, et cetera); Shaler's "First Book in Geology"—an admirable presentation of fundamentals; Huxley's "Cray-Fish"—which will show you how from the study of a simple form you may follow on and up and out to all creation.

When you have gone back to the long winter evenings again, and the night sky is clear and brilliant, you will read Proctor's volumes on "Easy Star Lessons" and "Half-Hours with the Stars"; and on stormy nights, when you

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JAMES H. CANFIELD,
Librarian of Columbia University.

have grown a little weary of the heavier work, you will take down from your shelves Lamb's "Essays of Elia"; Warner's "My Summer in a Garden" and "Back-log Studies"; Mitchell's "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life"; Holland's "Letters to Young People"; Curtis' "Prue and I"; Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" and "Mosses from an Old Manse"; Stockton's "Rudder Grange"; Macdonald's "Alec Forbes"; Taylor's "By-ways of Europe" and "Views Afoot"; Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent"; Du Chaillu's "Explorations and Adventures" and "Land of the Midnight Sun"; Hornaday's "Two Years in the Jungle"; Stevenson's "Letters"; Irving's "Sketch-Book" and "Knickerbocker's History of New York"; Hugo's "Les Misérables" and "Toilers of the Sea"; Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island" and "Around the World in Eighty Days"; George Eliot's "Silas Marner" and "Daniel Deronda"; Craik's "John Halifax, Gentleman"; anything that Charles Reade has written, but surely "The Cloister and the Hearth" and "Peg Woffington"; something of Dickens—but the field is too wide and too white and too inviting. Unknown pleasures are before you. What would not some of us grayheads give if we could only enter this field once more for the first time—and experience again all the intense delights of discovery!

It will be noticed that there is one inquiry still unanswered: How much of a library may this young man be reasonably expected to own? This is unanswered simply because it is impossible to make definite reply. His library will be a growth. Like the ripples on the surface of a quiet pool, it will expand, more and more widely every week and every month and every year. Its limitations will be his desire, and his ability to satisfy that desire. If the work of collecting the library is wisely begun and is undertaken in the right spirit, it will stop just where the growth of the child will stop—when, for any reason, it suffers from insufficient nourishment. It would be as unwise to say that a young man must have a hundred volumes as to say that a hundred volumes must suffice. Normally the hundredth

volume will be purchased to satisfy a desire kindled or not satisfied by the ninety-ninth; and will in turn make way for the first volume of the second hundred. If this is not true, then the library should stop and will stop with the ninety-ninth volume.

As well ask how many friends this "ordinary young man" shall have—and make the same answer: "As many as will make life larger, the sky brighter, and the stars of God nearer." Long before the limit is reached, this "ordinary young man" will have become an extraordinary old man; and the world will be far better and richer because he has thus learned the value of close and constant association with the wise and the good of all ages.

WHAT TO READ

Books in the Home

By FRANK A. DE PUY

"BOOKS are waste paper," George Washington once wrote, "unless we spend in action the wisdom we get from them."

Washington's epigram applies more to the reading of books than to the books one reads, but it is a capital thing to have in mind when buying books for your library. You cannot gain wisdom to spend in action from books that contain no wisdom.

In scarcely any department of home life is it so difficult to give exactly the right advice as in the library. Individual tastes and individual needs differ so widely that books which would prove useful and instructive to one will often be worthless to another of equal intelligence. Only the most general suggestions can be given to an audience including every class of readers. It is far easier to tell what books not to put upon the library shelves than to provide a list for all who read.

Do not let the vast number of new books in every field of literature lead you to forget the old standards and the old authors. Nor need the quantity of new books embarrass you in selecting the volumes for your shelves, for the very briefest search will satisfy you that the percentage of really good and useful books in the great stream running from the publishers' presses is very small. At the same time there have never been more good books, in good type, good

paper, and good binding, and at such reasonable prices, as now.

Assuming that you wish your library to be of a general character for all the family, rather than a collection of works upon some special subject, you should find room for history, poetry, biography, popular science, and fiction.

Your library is deficient if it does not contain a good history of your own country. Let this be your first purchase in books of history. The histories of other countries can follow as your means permit. Buy your histories to read rather than for reference books. You need not be confined to dry and dull compilations of unadorned facts and figures meant only for students. Such a work as Bancroft's "History of the United States of America," or Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," equals any romance in the grip it takes upon the reader's interest.

Closely allied to history are biographies and autobiographies, which too many readers neglect. In no better way, as a rule, can you gain so complete a knowledge of the manners and customs of a given time as in reading the lives of men of prominence in that time.

Authentic tales of travel and geographical research should not be forgotten. The stories of the men who have penetrated the frozen regions of the North, the jungles of the interior of Africa, and the forbidden countries of the East are as valuable as they are of thrilling interest to young and old alike.

In poetry you should first seek the works of the best writers of your own country, and then the great masters of other countries at your will. Do not fall into the error of regarding poetry as unworthy the attention of men of practical, everyday life. The most sublime sentiments that move mankind onward and upward have found their truest expressions in the words of the great poets. It is no waste of time to read Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Dante, and our own Whittier, Bryant, and Longfellow.

Science, too, should find a place in your library. As with history, you need not fill your shelves with the learned,

exhaustive—and exhausting—treatises of scholars writing for other scholars. There is scarcely a branch of science which does not now have its own literature in popular and attractive form, in which child and adult can learn of the world and its forces without a thought of study such as one gets in the school room.

In the field of fiction you must be almost wholly your own guide. Rarely do two persons think alike on all phases of the subject of novel reading. Those who would banish absolutely every book of fiction find their justification in the great flood of novels poured from the press in which there is not a thought worthy of preservation, in which false ideas of life are set forth, in which the foundations of social law and order are attacked, and in which immorality is inculcated and vice made dangerously attractive. Those who go to the other extreme and would have practically all knowledge conveyed through the medium of novels can point to many romances which portray in the most pleasing way the history, manners, and customs of other times and places, wholesome ideas of life, the right way to live, and high ideals to be sought after, and which are read by many persons who would never read a history or an essay.

In fiction, as in everything else, it is well to avoid extremes. In buying for your library the test of time is the safest guide. Following this guide you will have such standard works as those of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Hawthorne, Cooper, and George Eliot, while your shelves will be almost bare of the latest novels of the day. The novel which is most talked about to-day may very likely be forgotten to-morrow. Any reader can recall books and authors "all the rage" a few years ago and now almost entirely forgotten. You need not cumber your library with the writings of such. Wait a year or two and see what novels have stood the test of time. You will waste less money on trash, and your library will be much richer. You ought not to read the latest novel until you have read Dickens or Scott.

A first-class cyclopedia and gazetteer should be in every

library. Rightly used they will benefit every member of the family. Perhaps one of their best uses is as reference books in reading the current news of the world. If you read of some important event in a foreign country, or some complication between two nations or states, it will help you in many ways to turn to your gazetteer and learn the relative geographical positions of the countries. The story of a storm or fire which devastates a city is better understood if you learn something about the place in your cyclopedia. When you read of men of prominence at home or abroad your knowledge will be of more value if you have learned just who and what they are from the cyclopedia.

No library should be without a dictionary—and it should be read. One of the most successful newspaper men in New York devotes fifteen minutes every day to reading the dictionary. He began to do so for the purpose of adding to his vocabulary. He soon found it was helping him to a right use of words, to a wider knowledge of their exact meaning, and to a better understanding of the language. Instead of study, the reading became a pleasure. He regards his "dictionary quarter of an hour" as the most helpful time in each day's duties.

In reading books you must depend largely upon your own judgment, but you can train your judgment to be right. Do not read books or papers which suggest thoughts you would not utter. Beware of books suggestive of evil, no matter by whom written or in what attractive form they may be clothed.

If you find that a book is doing you no good, you have an excellent reason for dropping it. If you are gaining from it no information, no new idea, no additional knowledge on any subject, to continue reading it is a waste of time. There is no lack of good books for all the time you can devote to reading, no matter how great may be your leisure. You need not read worthless books, even when reading solely for amusement.

Very many men and women are too busy to try to keep up with all the best books of the day, but they need not give

up all knowledge of current literature. There are numerous periodicals published expressly for these busy people, in which the latest books are reviewed and their leading features quoted. Nearly all the daily and weekly newspapers also keep their readers in touch with the books of the day, so that those who cannot find time to look into the books for themselves can at least know their most valuable contents. If you cannot read the books, read about them. Do not give them entirely up. If there are children in your family, keep a watchful eye upon the books they read. Your own library should contain nothing you would not care to have fall into their hands, but you should know what books they are borrowing from their young friends, or what they are drawing from the circulating library, if there is one in the place. A boy or girl under fifteen or sixteen is too young to make the best and wisest selection of books to read.

There is so much good literature for the young that it is easy to furnish your children with the right kind of books, and thus from the beginning train them up to appreciate and enjoy only the best.

If you keep a servant, have a bookshelf in the kitchen, and do not limit its contents to a cook-book and newspapers two or three days old. Your servant may not have as good taste in literature as you have, but she will care as little for old news, and she will derive as little pleasure from perusing a cook-book. Provide her with good fiction; not the penny-dreadful sort, which should have no place in any room in the house.

Books of travel and adventure will probably be attractive to your servant. If she is neat and careful you can safely give her permission to take books from your library. In too many cases the servant's evenings after her work is finished are the gloomiest hours in her day, because she must sit alone in her room or the kitchen. A good, entertaining book for such hours will make her happier and more contented and a better servant.

Do not buy books that are too cheaply printed and put together. Paper should be good and binding substantial,

and it is always better to have the type large enough and clear enough to be read without straining the eyes. Prices of books are now so moderate that you can afford to insist upon having good workmanship.

Dust is a great enemy of books. Keep it from them as much as you can. See that books and shelves in your library are frequently cleaned. In addition to daily dustings each book should be carefully wiped with a light, dry cloth at frequent intervals. The volumes are otherwise sure to get "grimy." Dirt works in between the leaves, it is difficult to handle them without leaving finger-marks, and the beauty as well as cash value of the books is greatly injured.

Dampness is another deadly enemy of books. It affects the binding, which it quickly loosens and destroys, while it discolors and disfigures the leaves.

Too great heat is also injurious to books. It warps and distorts their covers and tends to powder the paste used in their binding. Keep your books in dry air, but avoid excessive heat.

WHAT TO READ

Fiction and Its Uses

A FRIEND of the writer is engaged on a work of great importance, entitled "The Philosophy of Fiction," which he says will take at least 3000 years to complete, with a century or two more to be allowed for unforeseen delays in the publication. The proportion of fiction to truth he maintains in the philosophies, religions, amusements, employments, conversations, speeches, newspapers, and advertisements of the world, justifies this calculation. He has often asserted that all the great truths of life were long ago discovered, and were known as well to Plato as to Descartes or Locke, while it still remains to understand and generalize the great falsehoods; and he believes that the happiness of mankind would be furthered by bringing clearly into light those "vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, unrestrained imaginations, and groundless fears" which obscurely occupy the minds of men. Without following these ingenious speculations to an extreme, may we not perceive how much they contain of truth? Did we not all begin the world as romancers, and compose each of us a parlor library of novels—domestic, naval, or military—before we had even seen afar off the stern realities of long division, orthography, or syntax? We began authorship when the pinafores and frocks were very small indeed, and it was not until the silver age of our childish imaginings that we could not trust in our dreams without the tangible confirmation of drum or boat or doll. Those works of ours are shelved now and somewhat

dusty. But this essay is not to be a "Philosophy of Fiction." It merely hints at the vastness of the subject, and retreats to its own narrow plot of ground. There are certain books—beloved at watering-places, by home firesides, and even in the "pensive citadels" of students—which, though forming a less important branch of fiction than many others have yet been bolder than the others, have appropriated the name, and professed themselves to be not true, but what at least is very pleasant—new; fictions, but withal novels.

After work, which is a pursuit, quiet enjoyment, which is a possession, brings us advantages beyond itself.

On the whole (to bring together all the conditions of delight), you will enjoy a novel most if you are in health, resting after work, with a prospect of continued rest, under golden five-and-twenty rather than over it, and if you read the novel aloud, in the summer, in the country, to a small but sympathetic circle of hearers.

The essential prerogative of novel-reading as a relaxation is that one can enjoy it anywhere, and at almost any time when enjoyment is possible.

Seriously, we do want something to talk about, some personal themes not incentive of that sprightly malice (not to speak of the "malignant truth or lie") and that tell-tale gossip which leaves so bitter an after-taste on the lips of any kind and thoughtful person. It is not a pleasant thing to blush when we are alone. But two novel-readers, who have not yet grown old, and have, therefore, life enough to dispense some of it on imaginary creations—these happy talkers have always subjects of conversation, rich with human interest and opening constant opportunities for an interchange of opinions on the philosophy and casuistry of life.

In dramatic imaginations we find again perhaps the greatest gain we can hope to derive from a novel. This dramatizing imagination of ours has its uses. Nay, without it life could not be a spiritual thing at all. Stimulated by love, and reacting upon love, it is the very soul of sympathy. It is the interpreter of man to man. Every action of

our fellows is for us *in*human, merely mechanical, until we have ourselves put a soul behind it, until indeed we have played the dramatist and become for the moment the man before us; and every action of ours is for others, until they have done the like, inhuman and mechanical. Uninterpreted by this wise imaginative sympathy our alms-deed is only so many pence, and a motion of the muscles of the face; interpreted, that motion stands for all the yearning with which our heart cries, though our lips are silent, "O my brother! O my poor sister! I love, I pity you." This is a case in which no one could be dull enough to miss the meaning of man to man.

Our novelist will help us here inasmuch as he will afford culture to that dramatizing imagination spoken of above, inasmuch as he will lead us to self-knowledge, and will give us, in a form most interesting and impressive, the record of his own reflections and observations concerning mental conditions, how they express themselves, and how they are commonly misunderstood. And it ought not to be forgotten that but for this mode of utterance many voices from which we have learned much should have remained forever silent; many lives should have passed out of the world comparatively unutilized.

In the literature of power (to use the happy terminology of De Quincey) the novel ranks next after the poem. It is, in both, the high function of genius to repossess with life and force those great practical truths which, from their very familiarity and universal recognition, have become inoperative in the soul.

There remains another of the more important uses of fiction to notice. And here Mr. Mill has spoken (in 1838) so wisely and yet so warmly that we may well be silent. "The time was when it was thought that the best and most appropriate office of fictitious narrative was to awaken high aspirations by the representation, in interesting circumstances, of characters, conformable indeed to human nature, but whose actions and sentiments were of a more generous and loftier cast than are ordinarily to be met with by every-

body in everyday life. But nowadays nature and probability are thought to be violated if the characters are on a larger scale than the reader himself, or than persons he is accustomed to meet. Yet from such representations, familiar from early youth, have not only the noblest minds in modern Europe derived much of what made them noble, but even the commoner spirits what made them understand and respond to nobleness. And *this* is education."

To combine the presentation of an ideal—a true and noble ideal—with the culture of sympathy should be the aim of the writer of fiction who desires that his work should be the highest of its kind. And to do this is possible.

WHAT TO READ

On Reading Old Books

By WILLIAM HAZLITT

I DO not think altogether the worse of a book for having survived the author a generation or two. I have more confidence in the dead than in the living. Contemporary writers may generally be divided into two classes—one's friends or one's foes. Of the first we are compelled to think too well, and of the last we are disposed to think too ill, to receive much genuine pleasure from the perusal, or to judge fairly of the merit of either. One candidate for literary fame, who happens to be of our acquaintance, writes finely, and like a man of genius; but unfortunately has a foolish face, which spoils a delicate passage; another inspires us with the highest respect for his personal talents and character, but does not quite come up to our expectations in print. All these contradictions and petty details interrupt the calm current of our reflections. If you want to know what any of the authors were who lived before our time, and are still objects of anxious inquiry, you have only to look into their works. But the dust and smoke and noise of modern literature have nothing in common with the pure, silent air of immortality.

When I take up a work that I have read before (the oftener the better), I know what I have to expect. The satisfaction is not lessened by being anticipated. When the entertainment is altogether new I sit down to it as I would to a strange dish—turn and pick out a bit here and there, and

am in doubt what to think of the composition. There is a want of confidence and security to second appetite. New-fangled books are also like made-dishes in this respect, that they are generally little else than hashes of what has been served up entire and in a more natural state at other times. Besides, in thus turning to a well-known author, there is not only an assurance that my time will not be thrown away, or my palate nauseated with the most insipid or vilest trash—but I shake hands with, and look an old, tried, and valued friend in the face—compare notes, and chat the hours away. It is true we form dear friendships with such ideal guests—dearer, alas! and more lasting, than those with our most intimate acquaintances. In reading a book which is an old favorite with me (say the first novel I ever read), I not only have the pleasure of imagination and so a critical relish of the work, but the pleasures of memory added to it. It recalls the same feelings and associations which I had in first reading it, and which I can never have again in any other way. Standard productions of this kind are links in the chain of our conscious being. They bind together the different scattered divisions of our personal identity. They are landmarks and guides in our journey through life. They are pegs and loops on which we can hang up, or from which we can take down, at pleasure, the wardrobe of a moral imagination, the relics of our best affections, the tokens and records of our happiest hours. They are "for thoughts and for remembrance." They are like Fortunatus' Wishing-Cap, they give us the best riches—those of Fancy, and transport us, not over half the globe, but (which is better) over half our lives, at a word's notice.

WHAT TO READ

On Reading New Books

By WILLIAM HAZLITT

I CANNOT understand the rage manifested by the greater part of the world for reading New Books. If the public had read all those that had gone before I can conceive how they should not wish to read the same work twice over; but when I consider the countless volumes that lie unopened, unregarded, unread, and unthought of, I cannot enter into the pathetic complaints that I hear made that Sir Walter writes no more, that the press is idle, that Lord Byron is dead. If I have not read a book before, it is, to all intents and purposes, new to me, whether it was printed yesterday or three hundred years ago. If it be urged that it has no modern, passing incidents and is out of date and old-fashioned, then it is so much the newer; it is farther removed from other works that I have lately read, from the familiar routine of ordinary life, and makes so much more addition to my knowledge. But many people would as soon think of putting on an old suit of armor as of taking up a book not published within the last month, or year at the utmost. There is a fashion in reading as well as in dress, which lasts only for the season. One would imagine that books were, like women, the worse for being old; that they have a pleasure in being read for the first time; that they open their leaves more cordially; that the spirit of enjoyment wears out with the spirit of novelty; and that, after a certain age, it is high time to put them on the shelf.

What is it to me that another—that hundreds or thousands have in all ages read the work? Is it on this account the less likely to give me pleasure because it has delighted so many others?

Or can I taste this pleasure by proxy? Or am I in any degree the wiser for their knowledge? Yet this might appear to be the inference. Their having read the book may be said to act upon us by sympathy, and the knowledge that so many other persons have of its contents deadens our curiosity and interest altogether. We set aside the subject as one on which others have made up their minds for us (as if we really could have ideas in their heads), and are quite on the alert for the next new work, teeming hot from the press, which we shall be the first to read, criticise, and pass an opinion on. Oh, delightful! To cut open the leaves, to inhale the fragrance of the scarcely dry paper, to examine the type to see who was the printer (which is some clue to the value that is set upon the work), to launch out into the regions of thought and invention never trod until now, and to explore characters that never met a human eye before—this is a luxury worth sacrificing a dinner-party or a few hours of a spare morning to. Who, indeed, when the work is critical and full of expectation, would venture to dine out, or to face a coterie of blue-stockings in the evening, without having gone through his ordeal, or at least without hastily turning over a few of the first pages, while dressing, to be able to say that the beginning does not promise much or to tell the name of the heroine?

A new work is something in our power; we mount the bench and sit in judgment on it; we can damn or recommend it to others at pleasure, can decry or extol it to the skies, and can give an answer to those who have not yet read it and expect an account of it; and thus show our shrewdness and the independence of our taste before the world has had time to form an opinion. If we cannot write ourselves, we become, by busying ourselves about it, a kind of accessories after the fact. Though not the parent of the bantling that "has just come into this breathing world,

scarce half made up," without the aid of criticism and puffing, yet we are the gossips and foster-nurses on the occasion, with all the mysterious significance and self-importance of the tribe. If we wait, we must take our report from others; if we make haste, we may dictate ours to them. It is not a race, then, for priority of information, but for precedence in tattling and dogmatizing. The work last out is the first that people talk and inquire about.

Can we wonder, then, that the circulating libraries used to be besieged by literary dowagers and their granddaughters when a new novel was announced? That the manuscript of the Waverley novels was sent abroad in time for the French, German, or even Italian translation to appear on the same day as the original work, so that the longing Continental public might not be kept waiting an instant longer than their fellow-readers in the English metropolis, which would have been as tantalizing and insupportable as a little girl being kept without her new frock, when her sister's has just come home and is the talk and admiration of every one in the house?

WHAT TO READ

Books as Friends

By FREDERIC HARRISON

IT is most right that in the great republic of letters there should be freedom of intercourse and a spirit of equality. Every reader who holds a book in his hand is free of the inmost minds of men past and present; their lives both within and without the pale of their uttered thoughts are unveiled to him; he needs no introduction to the greatest; he stands on no ceremony with them; he may, if he be so minded, scribble "doggrel" on his Shelley, or he may kick Lord Byron, if he please, into a corner. He hears Burke perorate, and Johnson dogmatize, and Scott tell his border tales, and Wordsworth muse on the hillside, without the leave of any man, or the payment of any toll. In the republic of letters there are no privileged orders or places reserved. Every man who has written a book is in one sense an author; "a book's a book although there's nothing in't"; and every man who can decipher a penny journal is in one sense a reader. And your "general reader," like the grave-digger in Hamlet, is hail fellow with all the mighty dead; he pats the skull of the jester; batters the cheek of lord, lady, or courtier, and uses "imperious Cæsar" to teach boys the Latin declensions.

But this noble equality of all writers—of all writers and of all readers—has a perilous side to it. It is apt to make us indiscriminate in the books we read, and somewhat con-

temptuous of the mighty men of the past. Men who are most observant as to the friends they make, or the conversation they share, are carelessness itself as to the books to which they intrust themselves, and the printed language with which they saturate their minds. Yet can any friendship or society be more important to us than that of the books which form so large a part of our minds and even of our characters? Do we in real life take any pleasant fellow to our homes and chat with some agreeable rascal by our firesides, we who will take up any pleasant fellow's printed memoirs, we who delight in the agreeable rascal when he is cut up into pages and bound in calf?

A serious percentage of books are not worth reading at all. The really vital books for us we also know to be a very trifling portion of the whole. And yet we act as if every book were as good as any other, as if it were merely a question of order which we take up first, as if any book were good enough for us, and as if all were alike honorable, precious, and satisfying. Alas! books cannot be more than the men who write them; and as a fair proportion of the human race now write books with motives and objects as various as human activity, books, as books, are entitled *à priori*, until their value is proved, to the same attention and respect as houses, steam-engines, pictures, fiddles, bonnets, and other products of human industry.

Thus the difficulties of literature are in their way as great as those of the world, the obstacles to finding the right friends are as great, the peril is as great of being lost in a Babel of voices and an ever-changing mass of beings.

Books are not wiser than men, the true books are not easier to find than the true men, the bad books or the vulgar books are not less obtrusive and not less ubiquitous than the bad or vulgar men are everywhere; the art of right reading is as long and difficult to learn as the art of right living. Those who are on good terms with the first author they meet run as much risk as men who surrender their time to the first passer in the street; for to be open to every book is for

the most part to gain as little as possible from any. A man aimlessly wandering about in a crowded city is of all men the most lonely; so he who takes up only the books that he "comes across" is pretty certain to meet but few that are worth knowing.

WHAT TO READ

Telling Good Books from Bad

By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

ALL, I think, are agreed upon the study of the models; of the things which are attested, the things which, as St. Augustine says, "*sana mens omnium hominum attestatur.*" The elegant Addison agrees. "Literary taste," says he, "is the faculty which discerns the beauties of an author with pleasure and the imperfections with dislike. If a man would know if he is possessed of this faculty I would have him read over the celebrated works of antiquity which have stood the test of so many different ages and countries." Hume says the same thing. So does Goethe, who said to Eckermann, "Taste is only to be educated by contemplation; not of the tolerably good but of the truly excellent. I therefore show you only the best works, and when you are grounded in these you will have a standard for the rest which you will know how to value without overrating them. And I show you the best in each class, that you may perceive that no class is to be despised but that each gives delight when a man of genius attains the highest point." Mr. Matthew Arnold strongly held the same view, and recommended us all to carry scraps, in our heads, of Homer and Virgil, of Dante and Shakespeare, of Milton and Keats, and whenever we are required, as we so often are, to admire the worthless and to extol the commonplace, to murmur these passages under our breath as a sort of taste tonic. Somewhat in the same way the excellent John Howard used in his prison

visitations to secrete small weighing-scales about his person, and after asking to see a prisoner's ration of food would whip out his machine and convict the jailer before his face for trying to palm off one pound for two. Mr. Arnold's pocket scales for testing poets have been ridiculed, but I recommend their use unhesitatingly.

We may then, I think, assume that the best way of telling a good book from a bad one is to make yourself as well acquainted as you can with some of the great literary models. Do not be frightened of them. They afford the widest choice; they are for all moods. There is no need to like them all alike. The language difficulty presses heavily upon some, but, as we are seeking only our own good, and not aspiring to instruct the world, we need not postpone our own critical education until we can read Sophocles for fun. No doubt it would be well if we all could, but just as it is better to spend three days in Rome or three hours in Athens than never to see these cities, so it is better to read the "Antigone" in the translation of Mr. Jebb than not to read it at all. It is all very well for scholars to turn up their noses at translations, but plain Britons, whose greatest book is a translation by divers hands and whose daily prayers have been done into English for them from the Latin, may be well content if they do not happen to be masters of the languages of antiquity, or, of all the tongues of the modern world, to gain through the medium of the best translations some insight into the ways of thought and modes of expression of the sovereigns of literature, the lords of human smiles and tears. But, indeed, with the "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics" in your pocket, and such volumes as "Chambers' Encyclopedia of Literature" on your shelf, the man who has only his own English at command has ample room and verge enough within which to cultivate a taste which ought to be sufficiently sound to prevent him from wallowing among the potsherds, or, decked out with vulgar fairings, from following some charlatan in his twenty-eighth edition.

We begin, then, with tradition—with tradition, which

plays so great a part in religion, in law, in life. Genius may occasionally flout it, but I am assuming we have no genius. We shall do well to pay tradition reverence. It would be a nice inquiry whether it is better for a man's morale to be a rebel or a slave; but I am not concerned with it to-day. Veneration for the models does not involve servility.

It is a tremendous saying of Landor's, "We admire by tradition, we criticise by caprice."

To admire by tradition is a poor thing. Far better to admire Miss Gabblegoose's novels than pretend to admire Miss Austen's. Nothing is more alien to the spirit of pure enjoyment than simulated rapture, borrowed emotion. If, after giving a classic a fair chance, you really cannot abide him, or remain hermetically sealed against his charm, it is, perhaps, wisest to say nothing about it, though if you do pluck up heart of grace and hit him a critical rap over his classical costard it will not hurt him, and it may do you good. But let the rap succeed and not precede a careful study, for, depend upon it, it is no easy matter to become a classic. A thousand snares beset the path to immortality, as we are pleased to call a few centuries of fame. Rocks, snows, avalanches, bogs—you may climb too high for your head, you may sink too low for your soul; you may be too clever by half, or too dull for endurance; you may be too fashionable or too outrageous; there are a hundred ways to the pit of oblivion. Therefore, when a writer has by general consent escaped his age, when he has survived his environment, it is madness and folly for us, the children of a brief hour, to despise the great literary tradition which has put him where he is. But, I repeat, to respect tradition is not to admire traditionally.

Tradition is the most trustworthy advertisement and the wisest advice. Ah, advertisement! there, indeed, is a word to make one blush. Ruskin has somewhere told us we are not to buy our books by advertisement but by advice. It is very difficult nowadays to distinguish between the two. Into how many homes have certain newspapers succeeded

in thrusting the "Encyclopedia Britannica," the "Century Dictionary," and other excellent works, of which each issues its own edition? These newspapers advise us in their advertising columns to buy books in the sale of which they are personally interested. Is their advice advertisement or is their advertisement advice?

The advice given you by literary tradition is, at all events, absolutely independent. I therefore say, be shy of quarreling with tradition, but by all means seek to satisfy yourself that tradition is sound.

We criticise by caprice; this is the other half of Landor's saying. The history of criticism is a melancholy one. What are we to say to the blank indifference of our fathers to "Sartor Resartus," to "Bells and Pomegranates," to the early poems of Tennyson and Matthew Arnold and William Morris, to "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel"? Are we likely to be wiser than our fathers? All we can do is to keep hard at it crucifying the natural man. This is best done, as Burke says, by extending our knowledge, by a steady attention to our object, and by frequent exercise.

In extending our knowledge we must keep our eye on the models, be they books or pictures, marbles or bricks. We must, as far as possible, widen our horizon and be always exercising our wits by constant comparisons. Above all, must we ever be on our guard against prejudice, nor should we allow paradox to go about unchained.

I go back to Hume. "Strong sense united to delicate sentiment improved by practice, perfected by comparison, and cleared of all prejudice can alone entitle critics to be judges of the fine arts." And again he says, "It is rare to meet with a man who has a just taste without a sound understanding."

Go get thee understanding, become possessed of strong sense, if thou would'st know how to tell a good book from a bad one. You may have—though it is not likely—Homer by heart, Virgil at your fingers' ends, all the great models of dignity, propriety, and splendor may be upon your shelves, and yet if you are without understanding, without the mix-

ture of strong sense and delicacy of sentiment, you will fail to discern amid the crowd and crush of authors the difference between the good and bad; you will belong to the class who preferred Cleveland to Milton, Montgomery to Keats, Moore to Wordsworth, Tupper to Tennyson.

Understanding may be got. By taking thought we can add to our intellectual stature. Delicacy may be acquired. Good taste is worth striving after; it adds to the joy of the world.

> "For most men in a brazen prison live,
> Where in the sun's hot eye,
> With heads bent o'er their toil, they languidly
> Their lives to some unmeaning task-work give,
> Dreaming of nought beyond their prison wall;
> And as year after year
> Fresh products of their barren labor fall
> From their tired hands, and rest
> Never yet comes more near,
> Gloom settles slowly down their breast,
> And while they try to stem
> The waves of mournful thought by which they are prest,
> Death in their prison reaches them
> Unfreed, having seen nothing, still unblest."

From this brazen prison, from this barren toil, from this deadly gloom, who would not make his escape if he could? A cultivated taste, an educated eye, a pure enthusiasm for literature are keys which may let us out if we like. But even here one must be on one's guard against mere connoisseurship. "Taste," said Carlyle—and I am glad to quote that great name before I have done—"if it means anything but a paltry connoisseurship must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness, a sense to discern and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, and goodness, wheresoever and in whatsoever forms and accomplishments they are to be seen."

Wordsworth's shepherd, Michael, who

> "Had been alone
> Amid the heart of many thousand mists
> That came to him and left him on the heights,"

had doubtless a greater susceptibility to truth and nobleness than many an "Edinburgh" or "Quarterly" reviewer; but his love, as Wordsworth tells us, was a blind love, and his books, other than his Bible, were the green valleys and the streams and the brooks.

There is no harm in talking about books, still less in reading them, but it is folly to pretend to worship them.

> "Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
> And pause awhile from letters to be wise."

To tell a good book from a bad one is, then, a troublesome job, demanding, first, a strong understanding; second, knowledge, the result of study and comparison; third, a delicate sentiment. If you have some measure of these gifts, which, though in part the gift of the gods, may also be acquired and can always be improved, and can avoid prejudice —political prejudice, social prejudice, religious prejudice, irreligious prejudice, the prejudice of the place where you could not help being born, the prejudice of the university whither chance sent you, all the prejudices that came to you by way of inheritance, and all the prejudices you have picked up on your own account as you went along—if you can give all these the slip and manage to live just a little above the clouds and mists of your own generation, why, then, with luck, you may be right nine times out of ten in your judgment of a dead author, and ought not to be wrong more frequently perhaps than three times out of seven in the case of a living author; for it is, I repeat, a very difficult thing to tell a good book from a bad one.

WHAT TO READ

The Choice of Books

By LESLIE STEPHEN

AS we grow old we learn that there are sorrows enough in life to make the manufacture of imaginary sorrows a very superfluous branch of industry; while the disposition, which the æsthetic reader despises, to accept fiction as though it were genuine narrative, is proof rather of the preservation than of the loss of juvenile simplicity.

We should, of course, study the great masterpieces. That is undeniable. But it is also undeniable that the power of appreciating the highest work is also generally a slow acquisition. To possess it is rather a test of thorough training, than something upon which you can count as a preliminary condition of study. At first sight the great book looks like the little one. "Paradise Lost" and Mr. Robert Montgomery's "Satan" are both religious poems in blank verse, and so far strike the uneducated reader as being much the same thing, and probably he may even like the most modern book the best. To appreciate a great classical author you must obviously learn Latin or Greek; and to appreciate a great English writer you have to go through a process similar, and, in some ways, equally difficult. The great writer, it is true, expresses thoughts universally applicable, and emotions which, as we say, lie at the roots of human nature. But even the greatest must use the dialect and refer to the particular interests of his own day.

The book may owe its permanent power to its great

thoughts, but its immediate accessibility depends upon the accidents of presentation. The reader requires both effort and training before he can even assimilate the essential and perennial in any accustomed medium. The one touch of Nature which, according to Shakespeare, makes the whole world kin, is that men

> "With one consent praise new-born gauds
> And give to dust that is a little gilt
> More laud than gilt o'erdusted."

That is inevitable and represents the real difficulty.

Literature, according to Matthew Arnold's phrase, is "criticism of life," and literature is useful so long as it stimulates the living process, keeps our intellects alert, and our emotions vivid, and imparts freshness and vivacity. The books which deserve to be called books represent always a really living flow of thought in the author. But, as generations pass, they become rapidly covered with slag and scoriæ like the lava stream. Those which have flowed from the greatest minds, from the volcanoes that communicate with the central fires, retain their fire for what we are pleased to call an immortality. The surface is cool and fixed, but the fire is still hot within, and the very aim of all reading should be to pierce through the crust of old-fashioned language and imagery that has lost its interest, and reflection that has become commonplace, until you reach the inmost core from which light and heat can still be imparted to your mind.

Believe, if you will—it is generally right to believe—that the work which has commanded the admiration of great men or received the stamp of general approval of many generations must be admirable.

The genuine love of the great masterpieces is not the starting-point but the ultimate reward. If you read the stories of great writers you will notice how frequently their early imagination has been fired by books which have ceased to interest anybody.

All books are good; that is to say, there is scarcely any

book which may not serve as the match to fire our enthusiasm. What the precise impulse may be must depend upon your own temperament. The whole thing is that the stimulus should be genuine. There are innumerable paths, by any one of which you may find your way into the land of enchantment; and the only general principle is that you should take the part that is really interesting to you. Whatever you read with enjoyment is worth reading. When you are studying scientifically you have to make up your mind to much repulsive drudgery. You must have formulæ without knowing how they are to be used, fill your mind with dry dates and facts, and take it on faith that at some future period you will see how they supply you with useful material. Readiness to encounter such drudgery is a great quality. Whatever we try to learn we shall have plenty of opportunity for cultivating the virtue of patience. But the study of literature, especially of our own literature, should, it seems to me, be essentially from the first a cultivation of the faculty of enjoyment. The love should precede or accompany the labor. We should aim at discovering whatever little sparks of literary enthusiasm we possess, and fan them judiciously till they grow into a flame. Begin anywhere. It is one test of your genuine sympathy with a great man that you develop an appetite for what is apparently drudgery, and learn to delight in all the trifling details which enable you to see through him the full significance of all contemporary thoughts.

Knowledge of the structure of language is entirely different from literary taste. Criticism is not at present, and probably never will be, a science. To study literature is implicitly to study history. It is to acquire a knowledge of the growth of thought and imaginative symbolism which is correlative to what is called political and social history.

Literature, in short, says Matthew Arnold, is the vague but real entity which is a summary of all the sympathies and modes of thought and feeling characteristic of the best minds at a given stage of human progress. There will always remain the purely personal element, the idiosyncrasy of the

great writer which attracts you by ties of sympathy so fine and delicate that they elude any ordinary powers of critical analysis.

The student's reward will be double; the discovery on the one hand of all the delight of free and unrestricted intercourse with the greatest minds of the past; and on the other, of the pleasure which may be found even in reading rubbish if you only read it in the proper spirit.

WHAT TO READ

What Books to Read

By CHARLES F. RICHARDSON

WHAT books shall I read? This question virtually includes in its answer the consideration of the whole world of letters, and is of such manifest importance that no individual utterance, however sincere and competent, can entirely cover the ground. Different tastes and needs call for different suggestions. I therefore prefer to express my own conclusions principally in the words of mightier men.

Coming thus definitely to the choice of particular books, we find that only the smaller and pettier guides presume to mark out definite courses of reading. The master-minds never forget that books were made for readers, not readers for books. "The best rule of reading," says Emerson, "will be a method from nature, and not a mechanical one of hours and pages. It holds each student to a pursuit of his native aim, instead of a desultory miscellany. Let him read what is proper to him, and not waste his memory on a crowd of mediocrities. As whole nations have derived their culture from a single book—as the Bible has been the literature as well as the religion of large portions of Europe—as Hafiz was the evident genius of the Persians, Confucius of the Chinese, Cervantes of the Spaniards; so, perhaps, the human mind would be a gainer, if all the secondary writers were lost say, in England, all but Shakespeare, Milton, and Bacon—through the profounder study so drawn to those wonderful minds. With this pilot of his own genius, let the

student read one, or let him read many, he will read advantageously."

This advantage of following the common consent of the best critics as to what are the world's best books is further pressed by Mr. Emerson when he urges us to "be sure to read no mean books"; and when, in more definite language, he lays down his three well-known rules : (1) Never read any book that is not a year old. (2) Never read any but famed books. (3) Never read any but what you like; or, in Shakespeare's phrase—

> "No profit goes where is no pleasure ta'en;
> In brief, sir, study what you most affect."

The first of these rules is clearly not to be followed in every case. It is, indeed, modified by the third rule, which must sometimes take precedence of it. But there can be no question that the great majority of readers are in much more danger of wasting their time over books that are new, than of losing sight of contemporary literature through an exclusive devotion to the standard books of past ages.

Carlyle says that all books are to be divided into two classes, sheep and goats. "Readers are not aware of the fact," he says, "but a fact it is of daily increasing magnitude, and already of terrible importance to readers, that their first grand necessity in reading is to be vigilantly, conscientiously select; and to know everywhere that books, like human souls, are actually divided into what we may call sheep and goats—the latter put inexorably on the left hand of the judge; and tending, every goat of them, at all moments, whither we know, and much to be avoided, and, if possible, ignored by all sane creatures."

Thoreau expressed the same thought more bombastically, but not more forcibly, when he said: "Read not the Times; read the Eternities." Ruskin further and more minutely marks the same distinction by noting the difference between books of the hour and books of all time. "All books," says he, "are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it

is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good books for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther. The good book of the hour, then—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. . . . These bright accounts of travels; good-humored and witty discussions of questions; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history; all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age; we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use if we allow them to usurp the place of true books; for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day; whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast-time; but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns and roads and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a 'book' at all, nor, in the real sense, to be 'read.' A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere multiplication of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere conveyance of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the

WHAT TO READ

How to Read Periodicals

By CHARLES F. RICHARDSON

IT is wholly unadvisable to attempt to regulate one's plans of reading with the intention of leaving out newspapers and other periodicals as "wastes of time." There is no doubt that the average book is far more profitable reading than the average copy of a newspaper; but it by no means follows that the best book is at all times a better thing to read than the best newspaper. In this age of many periodicals a very large share of the best literature first appears in them; and, aside from literature proper, one's scheme of reading is very defective if it takes no account of the news of the day. A reader has no right to be well acquainted with ancient history, or with the treasures of poetry or romance, if such acquaintance has been purchased at the price of entire ignorance of the great events and the leading principles of contemporary life.

Admitting the utility of the reading of periodicals, and even insisting upon the necessity and duty of reading them, it must nevertheless be said in the plainest manner that an alarming amount of time is wasted over them, or worse than wasted. When we have determined that newspapers and magazines ought to be read, let us by no means flatter ourselves that all our reading of them is commendable or justifiable. I am quite safe in saying that the individual who happens to be reading these lines wastes more than half the time that he devotes to periodicals; and that he wastes it

because he does not regulate that time as he ought. "To learn to choose what is valuable and to skip the rest," is a good rule for reading periodicals; and it is a rule whose observance will reduce, by fully one half, the time devoted to them, and will save time and strength for better intellectual employments—to say nothing of the very important fact that discipline in this line will prevent the reader from falling into that demoralizing and altogether disgraceful inability to hold the mind upon any continuous subject of thought or study, which is pretty sure to follow in the train of undue or thoughtless reading of periodicals. And when, as too often happens, a man comes to read nothing save his morning paper at breakfast or on the train, and his evening paper after his day's work is over, that man's brain, so far as reading is concerned, is only half alive. It cannot carry on a long train of thought or study; it notes superficial things rather than inner principles; it seeks to be amused or stimulated, rather than to be instructed.

In the reading of papers which are worthy of being read we should bring every article or item, so far as may be, before the tribunal of our intellectual conscience and demand of it what is its purpose and what its utility to ourselves. If a thing is useless to us, then we may advantageously let it alone. A paper or a magazine is not all for everybody; some things in it are for you, some for me, some for others. We can readily tell what belongs to us and what to somebody else. Again, in the things which we may properly read, we should bear it in mind not to exceed the proper proportion of time to be devoted to a particular subject. It is often enough to know that an event has taken place, without reading all the particulars. Newspapers are pretty sure to violate the true perspective of events; and their violation of perspective we must correct for ourselves. One very valuable help toward reducing the time we spend over newspapers is to keep in check the attention we are all too ready to give to speculations as to what may happen if certain contingencies arise in the future. "A large proportion of newspaper writing," says Hamerton, "is occupied with

speculations on what is likely to happen in the course of a few months; therefore, by waiting until the time is past, we know the event without having wasted time in speculations which could not affect it." We should put ourselves in the position of one who bears in mind the "long result of time," as well as the particular duties and experiences of the day. The cultivation of this principle will also do much to remove the dangerous influence of an undue devotion to the ephemeral excitements and bitterness of partisan politics, in which newspapers of course play an active part. Hamerton even goes so far as to advise the avoidance of all literature that has a controversial tone. This is urging more than is practicable or advisable; but we can at least read newspapers in such a manner that we need not be ashamed of ourselves after election-day.

WHAT TO READ

The Newspaper

By FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE

IN what I have said of the uses of newspapers I have not dwelt upon the obvious advantages which they afford to mercantile men. I have spoken of them as instruments which may contribute to awaken our minds, and set us upon enlarging our knowledge of that which has been in past times. Nothing is good which does not carry us beyond itself. Every wise book helps us, because it makes us understand the world or ourselves or God better; that is what we prize it for. So a wise man does not talk about himself. He makes us honor him and love him because we feel that that is not the thing he is chiefly occupied about. He does not want to make us worship him; if he could, he would draw us away from all false worship of every kind. This test is as good for newspapers as for anything else. They are useful when they help us to rise above themselves, and to seek for things which they cannot tell us; when they remind us for instance that we belong to a race which existed ages before they existed, and that our posterity will go on after the newspapers are turned to their original rags. But they are mischievous—mischievous to our knowledge, mischievous to our morality, when they lead us to be content with themselves, when they induce us to draw our knowledge or our morality from them. This is the subject I am now going to speak of. I am not going to blame them, but to point out a tendency which there is in you and in me to

make them into idols, which the more we worship the more we degrade ourselves, and the less fit we are to reverence anything that is better and higher.

Let me show you in two or three ways how this tendency works. And first let me speak of the word News. I have said that the newspaper may recall to us that which is very old, that it must do so if we feed upon it rightly, and suck the juice out of it. But you will remember what we are told of the Athenians, that they spent their time in nothing else but either to hear or to tell some new thing. These Athenians were very clever people, the cleverest people, perhaps, that have ever been upon this earth. They were at one time a very great people. They loved their soil; they honored the tombs of their fathers; they sent forth ships; they planted colonies; they raised noble buildings; they wrote worthy books; they resisted and put down oppressors. It was not so at the time St. Luke speaks of. They had become a poor, frivolous, slavish, people; just because they had become a newsmongering people. The passion for novelty had eaten up all other and better passions in them —all reverence, all faith, all freedom. It is a very awful lesson. We are not one half as clever as the Athenians were. But men have lived among us, and deeds have been done among us nobler than any they could boast of. We have been a more practical people than they were; perhaps less prone to speculation, but more successful in hard, tough business. Depend upon it all these qualities are in the greatest danger of perishing; depend upon it we shall become petty and frivolous, and stupid withal, if we learn to spend our time as the Athenians spent theirs. There are men among us who do. They go about from club to club, and house to house, and street to street, saying, "What now? What is the last, the very newest thing? Who can tell us? That which was heard two or three days, or two or three hours ago, is stale. We must have something fresh. That is what we are hunting for." Such men are the most miserable creatures almost that this earth brings forth. The past is nothing to them, nor the future. They live in the

moment that is passing. Their life is absorbed into that. And do not let any of us say that we are not in danger of becoming such men as these. We are all in danger of it; men of all parties and professions, men whose language sounds most serious, as well as those who never speak of any world but this. Our chatter and gossip may take different forms, may find different excuses. But if we let the newspapers of one kind or another, however high their intellectual or moral or spiritual pretensions, may be, rule over us, gossips and chatterers we shall become, and nothing else. Working people need to beware of this tendency, and in truth we all fall into it through idleness. Everything in their position and circumstance warns them that idleness is their curse, that labor is their blessing. In their manual tasks they must be earnest if they would do anything. Let them bring the same earnestness into the little time that they can give to reading; into the words they speak when they are talking with each other; into the thoughts they think when they are walking alone. If they study ever so little, they may be honest students; and five minutes of honest study is worth days and weeks of flimsy newsmongering study, just as five minutes of honest work is worth all that produces the flimsy trumpery articles which look fine to-day and are worn out to-morrow. If the newspapers supply us with the materials for thinking, they will do us good; if we use them as substitutes for thinking, they will destroy both our intellects and our characters.

HOW TO READ

The Art of Reading

By HAMILTON W. MABIE

EVERY intelligent traveler who travels with a purpose outlines his route, selects the places of interest which he desires to visit and carefully apportions his time. If one is to traverse a certain area of territory in a given period his movements must be guided by forethought and method. He cannot afford to gratify his vagrant impulses by loitering at one point and another as his moods suggest.

Reading is mental traveling through regions far more various and attractive than any which the longest routes of terrestrial journeyings afford. The tourist annihilates space, the reader destroys both space and time. The world of thought and action is spread out before him, and his greatest difficulty is apt to be that he does not know how to traverse it. He wastes his time in short and unprofitable excursions when he might be taking account of the antipodes.

Many people expend in desultory reading time and effort that, wisely directed, would make them masters of epochs and literatures. The art of reading is to read in such a way that with the utmost economy of time one can secure the richest results. Reading habits are generally formed, as are other habits, unconsciously. One who is just beginning to read, or one who has already read much, can form good reading habits, and so acquire the art of reading, as easily as any other habits can be formed, and no easier. Attention to a few rules for a reasonable time will result in the

unconscious adoption of the rules by the mind which makes them habits, and relieves one from any further conscious effort. The art of reading cannot be conveyed in a single article, and two or three practical suggestions to busy people must be the limit of the present effort.

We cannot all be scholars, because scholarship demands uninterrupted hours and a continuous and absorbing attention, which in most cases the demands of active life make impossible; but anyone who has access to books may become educated in a very liberal sense and without infringing on daily duties, if he only knows how to set about it. An element of the first importance is time. Many busy people declare that they have no time for reading; but they are mistaken. They have all the time there is, and some of the world's busiest men have found that enough to make themselves accomplished in one or more departments of knowledge. The trouble is not lack of time but wasteful habits in regard to it. Many persons entertain the notion that one must have regular and definite hours of the day or week set apart for reading in order to accomplish anything valuable. There never was a greater mistake. The busiest life has margins of time which may serve, like the borders of the old missals, to enrich and exalt the commonplaces written between. Fifteen minutes in the morning and as many in the evening devoted faithfully to reading will add appreciably in the course of a few months to one's store of knowledge. Always have a book at hand, and, whether the opportunity brings you two hours or ten minutes, use it to the full. An English scientist learned a language in the time his wife kept him waiting for the completion of her evening toilettes; and at the dinner given to Mr. Froude in this city some years ago, Mr. Beecher said that he had read through that author's brilliant but somewhat lengthy history in the intervals of dinner. Every life has pauses between its activities. The time spent in local travel in street cars and ferries is a golden opportunity, if one will only resolutely make the most of it. It is not long spaces of time but the single purpose that turns every moment to account that makes great

and fruitful acquisitions possible to men and women who have other work in life.

In order to have a book always at hand one must decide in advance what he is going to read next. For lack of this kind of forethought many readers waste time enough to make themselves good literary scholars. They are never quite decided what to get, and generally end with the first volume that comes to hand, which is likely to be something of only passing interest, if not entirely worthless. Therefore by all means adopt some system. Get from an experienced friend or make up for yourself a list of books. Take an epoch and read its history, its literature, its art, its discoveries; take a literature and master it, author by author, with the aid of a good general history; or make a list of the standard books on some subject that interests you, and read them. In whatever direction your taste may guide you, if it is a healthy one, go, but mark out your path before you start so that you need lose no time on the way. Having put your list in some convenient form resolutely adhere to it. This may involve some effort at first, but one cannot get substantial results of any kind without some persistency, certainly not from reading. Macaulay looks formidable, but it is astonishing how, when the charm of a book makes itself felt, the pages seem to grow shorter, and how a degree of persistence possible even to an undisciplined mind will take one through the most formidable histories.

To get the best results from reading one must give himself up to it. For the time being every object but the printed page must be forgotten. One must be entirely abstracted from his surroundings. This suggestion will not be so easily adopted as those already given. It involves an amount of mental discipline which one naturally shrinks from. There is, however, the widest difference in results between reading with a mind continually diverted by the things that are going on around one, and reading with a mind intently and absorbingly fixed on the subject in hand. The busy reader must not only carry his book with him, he must make his study wherever he happens to be. A book photographs itself on

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE.

a mind which exposes to it a clear and sensitive surface. To sit in a railway car, and by opening the pages of a book to transport one's self in a second into the age of Pericles or the gardens of the Medici at Florence, is the modern version of Aladdin's lamp, and makes one master of treasures more rare and lustrous than those which adorned the palaces of Bagdad.

HOW TO READ

Beecher's Plan of Reading*

L. WHAT are your methods of reading and of preserving the results of what you read?

MR. BEECHER.—I read for three things; first, to know what the world has done in the last twenty-four hours, and is about to do to-day; second, for the knowledge which I specially want to use in my work; and, third, for what will bring my mind into a proper mood. Different authors produce different effects upon my mind. Amongst the authors whom I frequently read are De Tocqueville, Matthew Arnold, Madame Guyon, and some of the old religious writers—some of the mystical ones. Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ" I keep within reach of my hands, both up stairs and down. The frets and cares of life are apt to keep the lower section of the brain perturbed, and when you want to go to work on anything you are apt to carry trouble with you. There is an under-swell of discontent and unhappiness in you which unfits for the work which you want to do, and some authors have the peculiar quality of lifting you out of that into a serene and happy state. They excite the imagination and moral sentiment and lift me away above the dust into a state of mind in which I can work with facility and pleasure.

L.—Does fiction serve you in that way?

MR. BEECHER.—Sometimes it does; but generally not.

* This is an exact stenographic report of an actual conversation with Henry Ward Beecher.

There are some authors of fiction whose works I like, but I usually prefer some work of solid information. I find I can enter to a very large extent oftentimes into the feelings which inspired the author when he wrote the book, and can tell what fiber of the man's mind was stirred as he wrote it. I feel it sensitively in mine, and a certain high temper and tone are attractive and exciting and uplifting to me.

L.—What is the use of poetry in that respect?

MR. BEECHER.—It depends on whose it is. Poetry that elevates and poetry that gratifies are very different indeed; there is a great deal of interesting poetry that does not lift you, but merely entertains you where you are. But there is some poetry which carries you up to a higher sphere, particularly John Milton's prose-poetry, and the writings of men like old Daniel. He is not much read nowadays. This is also true of some of Shakespeare's sonnets, which are perhaps the most wonderful of anything he ever wrote.

L.—This is reading to get yourself into a right state of mind; what we may call moral hygienic reading. On what do you depend for your knowledge of current thought—upon books or upon periodicals?

MR. BEECHER.—I gather it from both books and periodicals and from conversation with men, from whom I get much that cannot be learned in any other way. I am a very slow reader.

L.—I have always told people that you are just the reverse; and I am going to tell them the same on this point, notwithstanding your statement. I once went to your house (you have perhaps forgotten it) and gave you the proof-sheets of a book on phrenology, of about three hundred pages, I suppose, which I wanted you to look through. You got up from the table and went and sat down in the window; you took the book, turning over the leaves, sometimes apparently half a dozen at a time, saying as you went through the book: "That isn't true"; "that's what I have been preaching all my life"; "nonsense"; "that's a pretty good idea"; "never thought of this in that way before," etc., and by the time we were halfway through the

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dessert you had finished the book and given me your opinion on it.

MR. BEECHER.—I could do that on a subject with which I was already very familiar, but not otherwise. Reading with me incites to reflection instantly. I cannot separate the origination of ideas from the reception of ideas; the consequence is, as I read I always begin to think in various directions, and that makes my reading slow; and that being the origin of it psychologically, it has grown into such a habit that if I read a novel even, I read slowly. A common story is that my wife would read in less than twenty-four hours what I generally take two or three weeks to get through, though not necessarily so. I read a few chapters, lay the book aside, and take it up again at some other time. I find no difficulty in doing that.

L.—How do you make your selection of books from the great number that are published? How do you judge what is worth reading and what is not?

MR. BEECHER.—Emerson says that a book ought never to be read before it is twenty years old.

L.—That's not your rule, is it?

MR. BEECHER.—No. I never inquire about the age of the book, but I am largely guided in purchasing them by men whose business it is to be posted in books. There are certain men to whom I can go and ask, "What is this author? What is the standing of this book? What has been said about it?" and they will tell me in a few moments just what I want to know. They can describe a book just as Sir Joseph Hooker can describe a plant. I go to men in that regard as I do in everything else. Whenever I want anything I go to the man whose business it is to be informed on the matter, and when I have been to two or three men of that sort I can often make out of what I have got from them a better statement than any one of them could make for himself.

L.—How is it in respect to old books—Plato, Bacon, and the like?

MR. BEECHER.—Bacon I have read, but I cannot say I

ever absorbed Bacon as I have John Milton. I have read a great deal of Edmund Burke. At one time he was a great favorite with me; and so was Dr. Johnson for a time; and the old theologians, Barrow and South, I also largely read. Barrow is the one solitary man speaking the English tongue who was a master of adjectives, and could use them endlessly and never once amiss; for, to a large extent, adjectives are like leaves on a switch; they may make it look pretty, as a branch, but they prevent it striking tinglingly when you use it. They cover up and smother the sense, and a style that is choice in its adjectives is far preferable to one that abounds in adjectives. I recollect a case in which my father at a public meeting was appointed to draw up an article. He had written one sentence: "It is wrong." Some one in the meeting got up and moved in his enthusiasm that this be corrected, and that the sentence read: "It is exceedingly wrong." My father got up and said, in his mild way, "When I was writing out this resolution in its original shape that was the way I wrote it; but, to make it stronger, I took out the 'exceedingly.'"

L.—You have made no mention as yet of reading for style, except incidentally.

MR. BEECHER.—I never read for style.

L.—Would you advise young men to do so?

MR. BEECHER.—I think a young man might read for style profitably; but, after all, reading for style has a very limited function after a man gets ideas. The best essay on style that I know is that by Herbert Spencer; and every young man ought to get it, read it and practise it. He says that is the best style which takes the thought or feeling or fancy of the speaker, and has the power of reproducing it on the retina of another person's mind. Though the manner and the moods of doing this may vary in detail, there are certain great fixed principles which do not vary. First among these Herbert Spencer places this: that it is to be done with the least possible labor to the person receiving the idea; and in this respect he is directly opposed to Coleridge, who puts forward the theory that a man who has to

dig for knowledge gets more benefit than one who acquires it without the trouble of digging.

L.—Don't you suppose your soaking yourself in John Milton has affected your style?

MR. BEECHER.—It gave me a conception of power and vigor which I otherwise should not have had. I got fluency out of Burke very largely, and I obtained the sense of adjectives out of Barrow, besides the sense of exhaustiveness. He possesses that rare merit of being exhaustive but never exhausting.

L.—I find in regard to myself that certain writers stimulate me; that is true of Emerson and true of Carlyle. I don't pretend to be a student of Emerson; but he always sets me thinking. There are some other writers I read, who are enervating. And I often find that my mind insensibly drifts somewhat into the methods of the last author I have read.

MR. BEECHER.—That will not do any harm, because it only lasts a little while; it is the habit of some sympathetic natures; but it cures itself with the next new author they take up. If I were to read this week in some of the nobler writings of John Milton, you would hear the trumpet sounding next Sunday in Plymouth Church.

L.—Have you anything to say about reading history?

MR. BEECHER.—I should urge it. It is one of those things which, like languages, it is very desirable to be acquainted with, and, if a young man is early put through it, is likely to be valuable to him during his life. But I don't believe much in history. It is very imperfect testimony of men's natures and thoughts, and gives one-sided views of their actions. You have to correct it yourself all the time, which you never will do. Average history is the most ingenious of fictions.

L.—What plan would you recommend to a young man for preserving the results of his reading? Have you yourself pursued any method to develop the habit of retentiveness of the subject-matter you read?—which is a very important thing.

MR. BEECHER.—I never had the power of retaining sentences; I seldom lose thoughts. I absorb the thoughts. My reading is like rain-drops, which, pattering down on the lake, become the lake itself. I never could repeat anything. It was the stone of stumbling and the rock of offense that as a boy I could never repeat the Catechism; I do not believe I could quote a dozen passages of Scripture correctly, and I do not know a hymn in the English language I could recite.

L.—Have you any plan of marking books, or of journalizing, or copying the pith of what you read?

MR. BEECHER.—No. But I think a commonplace book a very good thing indeed. I would advise every young man to get into the habit of keeping something of the sort. The great point is to read nothing without reflection. Dr. Macaulay, who used to preach in New York, told me when he was a boy at college that he began to read enthusiastically, but that at the foot of every page he read he stopped and obliged himself to give an account of what he had read on that page. At first he had to read it three or four times before he got his mind firmly fixed. But he rigorously compelled himself to conform to the process, until now he says after he has read a book through once he can almost recite it from the beginning to the end. It is a very simple habit to form early in life, and is invaluable for acquiring accuracy and thorough knowledge of the material with which a man has to deal.

HOW TO READ

Children and Books

By JOHN DENNIS

HAVE you ever thought of the great pleasure that is to be gained from reading? Have you ever tried to imagine what life would be to you if there were no books in the world or if you could not read? Every child knows, I hope, the joy of having a true friend, whose company is dear to him, who can be interested in what he is interested in, no matter whether it be work or play. Now a book is not quite like a friend. The author can talk to us as he pleases; he can make us sorrowful or glad; he can make us cry or laugh; he can give us knowledge and he can make us think; but we cannot talk back to him, we cannot tell him what we feel, and he cannot sympathize with us as a friend can. On the other hand, friends may change, they may go far away; they may cease to care about the things we care for. Books cannot change, though our interest in them may; and if they are great and good books—for there are bad books, just as there are false friends—it is impossible to know them too well or read them too often.

I dare say you have heard people speak of a taste for reading. Some children read greedily any book that comes in their way. A biography, a volume of travels, a poem, a history, even a cookery-book will attract their attention, and may be read from the first page to the last. I even knew a boy who found inexhaustible pleasure in the study of a Railway Guide. Such little people have, no doubt, a

taste for reading. But this taste, to be of much good, needs to be cultivated. A child may have what is called a natural ear for music; but this will never make him a good musician. He must be taught his notes, and learn a great deal besides, before his ear for music will prove of much service. Just so does the young book-reader need training in order that he may read wisely. Now I shall try and tell you, as well as I can in a few pages, how to read, and the good that is to be gained from reading; but there is something to be said first. You must learn—

How To Use Books

Books deserve to be treated with care. Think of the labor it has cost to produce them! The author's head-work is the hardest labor of all; but the paper-maker, the printer, the binder, the publisher, and sometimes the artist, have each to use brains and hands in the making of a book. If it be a good book, no toil is too great to expend upon it. If the words are beautiful, so also should be the form, and many of our publishers take delight in bringing out editions of famous poets and prose writers that it is a luxury to handle and to read. Now, not only books like these, but every book we read, should be used in a careful manner. We are gentle toward everything we love, and the people who love books will be sure to treat them gently. Here are four rules to remember: 1. Never turn down the leaves of a book. 2. Never play with the leaves so that they become dog-eared. 3. Never read a book with dirty or inky fingers. 4. Never place a book upon the table face downward, lest you should crack the binding. A book that has been well read will no doubt show signs of use; but if it has been read with proper care, it will not show signs of neglect.

Suitable Books

Young people with a craving for books cannot always gratify their special tastes, but must be content with what

they find in the family bookcase. Pious people who really want to do children good will sometimes give them tracts or little books which teach them what a wicked world they live in, and how—which is, indeed, quite true—pain and sorrow and death are evils common to all men. A happy, healthy child, who has been taught to love his heavenly Father, who enjoys the sunshine and the flowers and feels his life in every limb, may read books of this kind and for a moment be made unhappy by them; but he looks up to see his mother's smile, or he runs out into the fields and hears the birds singing, and the belief that he has been born into a happy world is once more strong within him. The tracts, you see, make no impression, because they are not fitting food for a joyous child; and just so, books that will do you good service must be books you can partially understand and appreciate. I say, partially, because it is not necessary you should understand all a book teaches in order to gain delight from it, and wisdom also. It is a great pity when a boy or girl who really likes reading is forced to read dull books or books that are unsuitable. And it is a terrible pity when all the literature open to boys and girls is of a trivial, feeble sort, or worse still, is of a corrupting character. Happily good books for the young are numerous, and there are few children, whether in country or town, that have not access to some well-selected library.

Two Words Explained

You will all have seen the word "Literature," but probably you would find it difficult to tell me what it means. I must try and explain the term as well as I can. First of all, I will tell you what it is not. Books have been written upon every subject in which men are interested. The architect, the engineer, the lawyer, the doctor consult books that will help them in their professions; but law books, and medical books, and books on architecture—books written for a special class—are not literature. On the other hand, books written in verse or prose that awaken thought, that

give solace and delight, and lift us above the narrow round of our daily life—books that make us happier, wiser, even merrier—are books that deserve to be called literature. Our poets, our historians, our essayists, our novelists, the travelers who describe what they have seen in different parts of the world, the critics who write about books and show us their faults and beauties, have all contributed to build up what we call our national literature. Every great people has produced a noble literature, and this is, indeed, one of the chief signs of its greatness. We read the literature of the Jews in the books which form our Bible; ancient Greece produced a literature unequaled in Europe to this day for beauty of language and wealth of thought; Rome, that once ruled the world, did so first by the sword, then by her laws, and then by the poets and historians who made the Latin language so famous. Modern nations, too—such as Germany, France, and Italy—can each boast a national literature; but not one of these countries has a literature equal to that which is open to readers of the English language.

Here, then, is a vast storehouse full to overflowing of precious treasures, and the wealth piled up may so puzzle the youth who looks in at the door that he will perhaps hesitate to enter. What can he do? he may ask; how can he best use the good gifts that wise and great writers have left for his service? In reply to this question I must explain to you another word, and that word is Culture. You know the difference between land in its natural state and land that has been drained and fertilized, that has felt the plowshare and the harrow; you know, too, the difference between the flowers of our woods and fields, and the flowers that grow in a well-cared-for garden. Some sort of difference may be seen between people whose minds have been allowed to run wild and people whose minds are carefully cultivated. The contrast, however, is not quite complete, because nature, however wild, and flowers, however untended, are always beautiful; but there is no beauty in a mind that, like the garden of the sluggard, contains nothing save wild

briers, thistles, and thorns. In order, then, to read books so as to get good out of them, the mind needs culture, which is not mere knowledge, although that is very needful, but the power of seeing what is good and wise in a book, and rejecting what is feeble and false. This power cannot be acquired off-hand like a lesson. Some people, although they may read a great deal, never gain this gift, never know how to use their reading wisely. They have a confused notion of many things, but they know nothing thoroughly, partly because they have never had the training so necessary in early life, and partly because they read books in a sleepy, stupid way, content to be amused, and not wishing to learn. Reading, you will see, may be the idlest of pastimes, a pursuit followed from mere indolence and emptiness of mind. I am writing, however, for boys and girls who want to know how to read, and for them a few hints shall be given that may prove generally useful.

READING WITH A PURPOSE

When a man goes into a great public library and sees the immense number of books on every imaginable subject, he naturally wants to make good use of that library. He wisely selects a subject, and chooses books that will tell him what he wants to know on that subject. And just in the same way the boy or girl who loves reading and wishes to gain from it something more than mere amusement, must choose some subject—that is to say, he must read with a purpose. Amusement is sometimes a sufficient reason for taking up a book. We cannot be always serious, and a capital story-book is as good a recreation for a child on a rainy day as a game of ball when the sun is shining. As you grow up you will, I hope, read a number of stories, and among others, the stories written by Sir Walter Scott, which are so pure, wise, and interesting that young people, and old people too, will be happier and better for reading them. The boy or girl who does not love a good tale will not often be found to care for books of any kind.

But if reading for amusement is an easy and pleasant thing to do in leisure moments, reading with a purpose requires resolution and courage. Without these virtues neither boy nor man will do much good in life, and therefore it is well to remember, even in early years, that nothing of lasting value can be acquired without labor. There is no doubt plenty of reading that needs no thought, but then it does little good, and only serves, as people say, to kill time—a horrible expression when you come to think about it. To get good from a book you must feel a thorough interest in it. A boy who keeps pigeons and is fond of them will read with great eagerness any book which tells him about those birds; and you may be sure that when he reaches the end of that book he will have learnt all there is worth knowing. And the reason is plain. The boy is interested in his subject, he wants to gain knowledge, and this desire makes it pleasant to acquire it. So you see he has been reading with a purpose.

A Plan for Reading

The young reader who is beginning to understand the importance of reading is apt to waste the time which he is really wishing to improve.

Rambling reading is a mistake. It tempts a young reader to be indolent, and to pass from one book to another, like a butterfly from flower to flower without mastering any. A few books well chosen and well read will be better than many books glanced at carelessly. A sensible man, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, advised his son not to take up any book without reading it to the end. The advice may have been good for Buxton's son, but it is not good in all cases and might disgust some young readers altogether. For different minds not only is different food needed but it must be taken in a different way. Variety is more necessary in some cases than in others, but all minds—young minds as well as old—need discipline; and if it be enough for the student to taste different books, it is only when other books are patiently studied and inwardly digested.

How to Remember What is Read

I have said that we do not easily forget what we read on a subject that greatly interests us. A man who is told that some one has left him a large sum of money is sure not to forget the news. A boy who has the promise of a birthday gift will not forget that promise. And so you see there is a connection between a strong interest and a good memory. It is generally true that one who loves poetry remembers poetry; that the man with a strong curiosity to learn the facts of history remembers those facts; and it may be safely said that the child whose interest is thoroughly aroused in any subject is certain to recollect what he reads about it. There are many things that are necessary to know that cannot attract a child. These must be learnt by heart; and as the memory, like every other faculty, grows stronger by exercise, it is well that it should be thus used in early life. Useful facts, such as dates, if stored in the memory while young, will be fresh for use in after days, and in all future reading they will be found of service. There are other ways in which the memory may be strengthened; and no doubt the young reader will agree with me that, if not more useful, these ways are more agreeable than the dull storing up of figures. Suppose, for instance, that after reading a charming tale you shut the volume and try to tell the story to your brothers and sisters, or friends. This may, no doubt, be difficult at first; but the labor will soon become a pleasure, and the effort to recall the tale will so fix it in your mind that many a long year afterwards it will be remembered. This is one hint to the boy or girl bent on self-improvement; and I need scarcely add that the endeavor to write down in simple language an account of what has been read is another way to strengthen the memory. Indeed, it is something more, and will be an excellent lesson in English composition.

Reading Aloud

The art of reading aloud should be practiced by every reader. A book read in a clear voice, with proper empha-

sis and feeling, seems quite different from the same book read in a sing-song drawl. The noblest words ever written are likely to fall upon deaf ears when read as task-work and without animation. The mind of the reader does not come into contact with the mind of the writer; and so the thoughts uttered, however beautiful and worthy, make little if any impression on those who hear them. Every child will have noticed this in church. One clergyman has read the words of the Bible or Prayer-book so as to compel him to listen; another has read the same words so as to send him to sleep. To read well you must understand and feel what you are reading, and the more alive with meaning the words are to you the better will you utter them. Thus a good reader not only makes his hearers understand the book he reads, but proves by his clearness of utterance and modulation of tone that he understands it well himself.

A good voice is what we call a gift of nature, and the charm of its sweetest tones cannot be acquired; but the voice is so flexible an organ that, however naturally defective, it can be trained and improved and every young person may learn the art of elocution, or of distinct and forcible utterance, which is essential to good reading. Poetry and rhythmical prose, that is to say, prose that moves in kind of a harmonious measure, should be read aloud; and, if possible, in the open air. Let the boy or girl begin by a clear and energetic recitation of stirring verses. From these he might pass on to descriptive and pathetic poetry—to the incomparable "Elegy" of Gray; to Goldsmith's "Traveller" and "Deserted Village" and to the many noble passages in Shakespeare which are fitted for recitation. Every word in the works of a great poet has a special meaning, and so you will see how necessary it is that every word should receive due attention from the reader. In reading prose, it is possible to slur over words, to clip them, and to treat them with something like contempt, but in reading verse this is not so easy to do, and therefore it will be well to study the art of reading aloud through the help of our great poets. And, in order to succeed in this accomplishment it is ad-

visable—I had almost said necessary—to commit poetry to memory. Thus only will it become a part, as it were, of your mental property, and only by this familiarity with poetical words and imagery will you be able to read poetry as it deserves to be read. It is not necessary to do more than mention the conspicuous faults of bad readers. Some read as if they were crying, although the subject may be the merriest in the world; some whine and some drawl; some assume an artificial sort of voice, altogether unlike the voice in which they talk to a friend; some lay an emphasis on the wrong words; some mumble their words so indistinctly, and read in such a monotonous tone, that it is impossible to listen to them with patience. Remember, then, in reading aloud, to avoid all tiresome effort. Be natural; speak with clearness; understand and feel what you read; and you can hardly fail to read well.

And now, before I end this "talk" let me remind you that it is possible to be a slave even to books. Books cannot be loved too well, but they must be loved wisely. Some young people live in a kind of book-world, and forget the living world around them; and older people become sometimes so absorbed in the imaginary griefs of characters in novels as to disregard the real troubles of their friends and neighbors. This is not making a good use of books. Then, if books so occupy you that you do not care about the beautiful world in which you live, it is a sign that you are not using them to good purpose. The mountains and woods, the sky and ocean, the birds and flowers have a thousand voices; but it is possible to close our ears against them, and to despise that Book of Nature which is open to everyone and has a lesson for all. Yet remember that other books are great and pure and noble in proportion as they make us see more clearly and enjoy more thankfully the glories displayed in this infinitely wonderful book, of which David speaks so well in the nineteenth Psalm and in the one hundred and fourth Psalm. Many and many a lesson must be learned about this world which books cannot convey, and the proof of what a man knows and can do is not always to

be tested by his book knowledge. It is possible to write many books or to read them without growing in wisdom, just as it is possible to travel in foreign countries and to learn no more than if you had remained at home.

I hope that what has been said will be enough to teach many a young reader that one of the most substantial enjoyments of life is to be found in books. With such companions no one need to be idle or dull. Let them be used thoughtfully and lovingly, and you will find that they grow dearer every day.

HOW TO READ

Inciting Dull Boys to Read

By JOSEPH COOK

THE problem is different in country and city. The country presents by far the more difficult side of the theme. In the first place, the pulpit ought to be awakened to the duty of directing the reading of the young. The pastor in his visits may ascertain very easily what the boys are reading, and a little attention to family libraries ought, I think, to be a part of pastoral activity. It is to me a very interesting memory that a venerated preacher in my native town, Henry Herrick, came into my father's house when I was, perhaps, ten years old, and looked at my library. His commendation of certain books interested me. Although he was not officious he was efficient in directing my reading. Two districts had been united near my father's residence and a library was to be sold at auction. My father furnished me with money, and I thus came into possession of many of the books issued by the Harpers for school libraries. The selection was made by Chancellor Walworth, assisted by such men as Edward Everett and Jared Sparks, and was a really good one, containing such volumes as "The Pursuit of Knowledge Under Difficulties," Paley's "Natural Theology," and Benjamin Franklin's autobiography. It fascinated me at that time, and I shall never forget how proud I was of my first library, which was hardly more than three feet square.

But to incite a dull boy to read you must not rely on

clerical influence as much as on parental; and, therefore, attention must be given to the reading of the older members of the community. If the heads of the family have a love for reading, the taste almost invariably descends to the children. The formation of town libraries in places with populations of three to five thousand inhabitants ought to be encouraged. The school-teacher in every Union school or academy should be furnished with the means of inciting a taste for reading in his pupils by the aid of a library belonging to the institution.

The sluggish circulation of books in our rural districts should be quickened in all ways, and especially through cheap editions of great authors. It appears to me one of the hopeful signs of the times that scientific primers are now being widely put into circulation. Of course there is no royal road to knowledge, but it is better that elementary instruction, prepared in primers by experts, should be sunk into the minds of the population than that the common people should go back even to the reverence which they had in early New England days for scholars speaking *ex cathedra*. We are a nation of smatterers, but hope to be something better in time. The fear of superficial learning through the distribution of science in an elementary form is not unnatural on the part of some, yet it should be remembered that these primers are usually written by experts, and that the names of several of the foremost men in science have been placed upon the title-pages of elementary works for the people. Let a boy have these and he will be incited by them to the study of the greater works, which ought to be classics even in libraries intended for young people.

Make a dull boy feel that the dime novel is vulgar. I remember that, in "Telemachus," Ulysses tried to convince a man who had become one of a herd of swine that it was shameful to be a pig; but he did not succeed. The flooding of the land with dime novels and with infamous periodicals of the cheaper and coarser kind acts like Circe's enchantment on wide circles of youth. No doubt it is a frequent incitement to crime, and, on the whole, is one of

the most monstrous of the undisguised evils in the modern days of cheap printing. Let a boy learn that some publications are not fit to be handled with the tongs. Let parents exclude from the family mansion the frogs and vipers that swarm forth from the oozy marshes of the Satanic press. Let the dull boy make the acquaintance of Cooper, Scott, Defoe, and "Pilgrim's Progress"—a book by no means outgrown. Personally I must confess great indebtedness to the "Rollo" books, the "Jonas" books and "The Young Christian." Richter, in his "Titan," represents one of his characters at the age of twenty-five as making a collection of all the books he had read while young, including the volumes he had studied at school as well as the fiction which had interested him in early days. Let a dull boy be incited by his parents, his school-teachers, his Sunday-school instructors, and especially by his pastor, to dip deeply into the classics for youth. After the best works of historical fiction become fascinating to him, history will interest and biography will attract him. When a boy has once acquired a keen interest in biographical and historical reading he cannot thereafter be wholly vulgar in his taste for literature.

As to the bright boy in the country little need be said, for he will take care of himself. He will have the best books, or a few of them at least, and they will be his chief treasures. My impression is that such a boy ought not to think the city necessary for a thorough acquaintance with the masters of literature. There are only about one thousand really first-class books in the English language—certainly not over a thousand that deserve reading three times through. Of the greatest books there are not over a hundred in the mother-tongue in which any man is born. If teacher and parent will help the boys to select these, and make up a library for them out of the volumes that deserve to be absorbed, the taste of a bright boy will very soon guide itself. He cannot go amiss in the list of books which time has approved. My opinion is that the taste of youth should be formed by literature of standard reputation far more than by ephemeral novelties, however brilliant. We should

early become thoroughly familiar with the best hundred books in our language, for these will be with us through life, and be the chief solace of our declining years. I can put into a bookcase five feet square the volumes which, in my opinion, contain the chief weight of English literature. We are to weigh books, not measure them, and I would do this even for youth.

As to both dull boys and bright boys in cities, their opportunities of information are so abundant that only two pieces of advice need be given:

Carlyle's exclamation, "Here are books; fall to!" and Wellington's at Waterloo, "Up and at 'em!"

The chief difficulty of bright boys in the city will be in the abundance of books; and I think it important to insist rigorously, especially for the keenest, that their library shelves should not be collections but selections. They will have the family library, the city library, and perhaps three or four other libraries within reach, besides the bookstores; which last are by no means to be neglected, for reading a book with the fingers at a bookseller's stall is an art that should be taught early to youth.

The dull city boy is in the midst of more temptation than the dull country boy, and nothing but the most earnest training on the part of his parents or instructors will prevent him from forming a taste for coarse amusements, and so neglecting the deluge of opportunity about him. The dull city boy is in a position not to be envied by the dull country boy, for probably of all circumstances that tempt the youth of a somewhat torpid intellect those of the great city are the worst sorceries and likely to cause him to become the most degraded. The dull boy in the city, therefore, should be brought into clubs of young people and made ashamed of himself, if he neglects the opportunities for reading afforded by such societies as bring out social ambition in connection with literary taste.

I have at no time forgotten the efforts making in the United States for the promotion of home reading, and they apply to the country as well as to the city, but afford par-

ticular advantages to the populations of large villages. The Boston "Society for the Promotion of Home Reading" furnishes a list of volumes on special topics, carries on correspondence as to authorities in science, prints circulars, and has an annual reunion of such readers as choose to participate in it. I believe also that essays are sent in for examination by some readers at a distance. The Chautauqua plan for the promotion of home reading has application both to the city and the country, but especially to the latter. The text-books are many of them written by experts expressly for preparatory courses, and are strongly to be recommended for popular reading. Let boys be brought into such plans as the Boston and Chautauqua reading enterprises exemplify, and let the dull youth be harnessed with the bright one and so keep himself out of the places of temptation in cities.

How to Read

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE

FOR reading, the first rules, I think, are: Do not read too much at a time; stop when you are tired; and, in whatever way, make some review of what you read, even as you go along.

Capel Lofft says, in quite an interesting book, which plays about the surface of things without going very deep, which he calls "Self-Formation," that his whole life was changed, and indeed saved, when he learned that he must turn back at the end of each sentence, ask himself what it meant, if he believed it or disbelieved it, and, so to speak, that he must pack it away as part of his mental furniture before he took in another sentence. That is just as a dentist jams one little bit of gold-foil home, and then another, and then another. He does not put one large wad on the hollow tooth, and then crowd it in all at once. Capel Lofft says that this *re-flection*—going forward as a serpent does, by a series of backward bends over the line—will make a dull book entertaining, and will make the reader master of every book he reads, through all time. For my part, I think this is cutting it rather fine, this chopping the book up into separate bits. I had rather read as one of my wisest counselors did; he read, say a page, or a paragraph of a page or two, more or less; then he would look across at the wall, and consider the author's statement, and fix it on his

mind, and then read on. I do not do this, however. I read half an hour or an hour, till I am ready, perhaps, to put the book by. Then I examine myself. What has this amounted to? What does he say? What does he prove? Does he prove it? What is there new in it? Where did he get it? If it is necessary in such an examination, you can go back over the passage, correct your first impression, if it is wrong, find out the meaning that the writer has carelessly concealed, and such a process makes it certain that you yourself will remember his thought or his statement.

I can remember, I think, everything I saw in Europe which was worth seeing, if I saw it twice. But there was many a wonder which I was taken to see in the whirl of sight-seeing, of which I have no memory, and of which I cannot force any recollection. I remember that at Malines —what we call Mechlin—our train stopped nearly an hour. At the station a crowd of guides were shouting that there was time to go and see Rubens's picture of ——, at the church of ——. This seemed to us a droll contrast to the cry at our stations, "Fifteen minutes for refreshments!" It offered such æsthetic refreshment in place of carnal oysters that purely for the frolic we went to see. We were hurried across some sort of square into the church, saw the picture, admired it, came away, and forgot it—clear and clean forgot it! My dear Laura, I do not know what it was about any more than you do. But if I had gone to that church the next day, and had seen it again, I should have fixed it forever on my memory. Moral: Renew your acquaintance with whatever you want to remember. I think Ingham says somewhere that it is the slight difference between the two stereoscopic pictures which gives to them, when one overlies the other, their relief and distinctness. If he does not say it, I will say it for him now.

I think it makes no difference how you make this mental review of the author, but I do think it essential that, as you pass from one division of his work to another, you should make it somehow.

Another good rule for memory is indispensable, I think,

—namely, to read with a pencil in hand. If the book is your own, you had better make what I may call your own index to it on the hard white page which lines the cover at the end. That is, you can write down there just a hint of the things you will be apt to like to see again, noting the page on which they are. If the book is not your own, do this on a little slip of paper, which you may keep separately. These memoranda will be, of course, of all sorts of things. Thus they will be facts which you want to know, or funny stories which you think will amuse some one, or opinions which you may have a doubt about. Suppose you had got hold of that very rare book, Veragas's "History of the Pacific Ocean and its Shores"; here might be your private index at the end of the first volume:

Percentage of salt in water, 11; Gov. Revillagigedo, 19; Caciques and potatoes, 23; Lime-water for scurvy, 29; Enata, Kanaka, 42; Magelhaens *vs.* Wilkes, 57; Coral insects, 72; Gigantic ferns, 84, etc., etc., etc.

Very likely you may never need one of these references; but if you do, it is certain that you will have no time to waste in hunting for them. Make your memorandum, and you are sure.

Bear in mind all along that each book will suggest other books which you are to read sooner or later. In your memoranda note with care the authors who are referred to of whom you know little or nothing, if you think you should like to know more, or ought to know more. Do not neglect this last condition, however. You do not make the memorandum to show it at the Philogabblian; you make it for yourself; and it means that you yourself need this additional information.

Whether to copy much from books or not? That is a question; and the answer is: "That depends." If you have but few books, and much time and paper and ink; and if you are likely to have fewer books, why, nothing is nicer and better than to make for use in later life good extract-books to your own taste, and for your own purposes. But if you own your books, or are likely to have them at com-

mand, time is short, and the time spent in copying would probably be better spent in reading. There are some very diffusive books, difficult because diffusive, of which it is well to write close digests, if you are really studying them. When we read John Locke, for instance, in college, we had to make abstracts, and we used to stint ourselves to a line for one of his chatty sections. That was good practice for writing, and we remember what was in the sections to this hour. If you copy, make a first-rate index to your extracts. They sell books prepared for the purpose, but you may just as well make your own.

You see I am not contemplating any very rapid or slap-dash work. You may try that in your novels, or books of amusement, if you choose, and I will not be very cross about it; but for the books of improvement, I want you to improve by reading them. Do not "gobble" them up so that five years hence you shall not know whether you have read them or not. What I advise seems slow to you, but if you will, any of you, make or find two hours a day to read in this fashion, you will be one day accomplished men and women. Very few professional men, known to me, get so much time as that for careful and systematic reading. If any boy or girl wants really to know what comes of such reading, I wish he would read the life of my friend George Livermore, which our friend Charles Deane has just now written for the Historical Society of Massachusetts. There was a young man, who when he was a boy in a store began his systematic reading. He never left active and laborious business; but when he died he was one of the accomplished historical scholars of America. He had no superior in his special lines of study; he was a recognized authority and leader among men who had given their lives to scholarship.

I have not room to copy it here, but I wish any of you would turn to a letter of Frederick Robertson's near the end of the second volume of his letters, where he speaks of this very matter. He says he read, when he was at Oxford, but sixteen books with his tutors. But he read them so

that they became a part of himself, "as the iron enters a man's blood." And they were books by sixteen of the men who have been leaders of the world. No bad thing to have in your blood and brain and bone the vitalizing element that was in the lives of such men.

How Much to Read

By CHARLES F. RICHARDSON

THE amount which it is advisable for one to read can no more be settled off-hand, in a general way, than the quantity of his food or the proper limit of his physical exercise. Tastes, necessities, and opportunities differ; some persons can undoubtedly read very much faster than others, and yet get as much profit from their reading. And it is hardly necessary to say that a novel is "quicker reading" than a history of Greece; or that a clever bit of *vers de société* need not occupy the mind so long as a passage of equal length from Milton or Homer. Then, again, a clear and luminous writer like Longfellow does not delay the reader as does an obscure and artificial poet like Robert Browning.

In general terms, one has passed the proper limit of reading when he reads without suitable apprehension, and understanding, and promise of retention in memory, of the page before him, whether it be novel or history, humorous poem or didactic verse. "Reading with me incites to reflection instantly," says Mr. Beecher; "I cannot separate the origination of ideas from the reception of ideas; the consequence is, as I read I always begin to think in various directions, and that makes my reading slow." Dugald Stewart thus emphasizes this duty of thoughtfulness in reading: "Nothing, in truth, has such a tendency to weaken, not only the powers of invention, but the intellectual powers in

general, as a habit of extensive and various reading without reflection. The activity and force of the mind are gradually impaired in consequence of disuse; and, not unfrequently, all our principles and opinions come to be lost in the infinite multiplicity and discordancy of our acquired ideas."

John Locke tells us, in homely but sensible phrase, that "those who have read of everything are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with the materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment." W. P. Atkinson thus enforces the same lesson: "The most important question for the good student and reader is not, amidst this multitude of books which no man can number, how much he shall read. The really important questions are, first, what is the quality of what he does read; and, second, what is his manner of reading it. There is an analogy which is more than accidental between physical and mental assimilation and digestion; and, homely as the illustration may seem, it is the most forcible I can use. Let two sit down to a table spread with food; one possessed of a healthy appetite, and knowing something of the nutritious qualities of the various dishes before him; the other cursed with a pampered and capricious appetite, and knowing nothing of the results of chemical and physiological investigation. One shall make a better meal, and go away stronger and better fed, on a dish of oatmeal, than the other on a dinner that has emptied his pockets. Shall we study physiological chemistry and know all about what is food for the body, and neglect mental chemistry, and be utterly careless as to what nutriment is contained in the food we give our minds? I am not speaking here of vicious literature; we don't spread our tables with poisons. I speak only of the varying amount of nutritive matter contained in books." J. B. Braithwaite, another sensible writer on this topic, says: "The mind requires nourishing food. Trifling reading enfeebles it."

Lord Bacon wisely says: "Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. This is the great secret both of reading to profit, and of making the best choice of what we read. If books were more commonly judged by their real weight, how many popular works would at once shrink into insignificance! It is melancholy to think of the millions of immortal minds, that accustom themselves to reading, which when weighed in the balance is found to contain little less than the lightness of vanity. How many that might have attained the stature of full-grown men have thus become enervated, dwarfish, deformed, or crippled. With desires formed for the highest enjoyments, and understandings capable of the noblest improvement, the reading of trifling and pernicious books, the habit of mental association with low, mean and unworthy thoughts, has prostrated the energies of thousands and debased them below themselves."

When one perceives that he is turning page after page without noting what is printed thereon, without reflecting on the information afforded him, or without knowing why he is reading at all, it is time for him to stop, whether he has read one page or one thousand. We take it for granted, as was urged in a previous chapter, that every wise reader will determine first of all why he has chosen a particular book: whether for instruction, or guidance, or warning, or mere amusement. In any case—and this remark applies to books taken up for amusement and recreation, as well as to the gravest history or the most abstruse mathematical treatise —when the book ceases to perform its legitimate function, it is time to lay it down and engage in some other occupation. "Do not read too much at a time," says Edward E. Hale; "stop when you are tired, and in whatever way make some review of what you read, even as you go along." Here, as in every other division of the general subject, the duty of attention to purpose should ever be borne in mind. If your purpose is to learn, read just enough to learn; if to rest your mind, read just enough to do that. When a his-

tory becomes a tiresome burden, or a biography but an idle amusement, or a novel a burdensome task, then you may be quite sure that you have read too much.

Some persons read both too much and too little; they handle a great many volumes on a vast number of topics, but having failed to assimilate what they have read they feel at last the dearth that comes from a dissipation of power. "There is a great deal too much reading at random," says the Boston "Literary World"; "of this book to-day, and of that to-morrow, with no careful method governing the selection, and no high purpose gathering up the results into a definite good. One cannot read all the books that are published; one cannot even know by name the books that have been written; the only possible achievement is to adopt some eclectic system and abide by it rigorously; to do a little reading upon a few choice topics, and do it thoroughly and well." The same adviser goes on to urge that "it is an excellent way to fix upon some epoch in history, or some noted figure in biography, or some important department of science and art; and to govern one's reading by its requirements. Concentrate fact, fiction, and fancy all upon the theme; illuminate all parts of it by every aid that can be brought to bear upon it, and make it a life-work to master it in all its aspects and relations. Such a course will give constant interest to a pursuit which even with those who are fondest of it may sometimes flag; it will economize thought and time; and it will enrich the mind with the best fruits of study." Bishop Potter advises the same method: "Study subjects rather than books; therefore compare different authors on the same subjects; the statements of authors, with information collected from other sources, and the conclusions drawn by a writer, with the rules of sound logic." Should one thus regulate his time for intellectual work, he would find that any essential or habitual deviation from this plan would be, so far as the plan is concerned, a waste of time and an overplus of reading. If one is determined to read Green's "Short History of the English People," for instance, he is

reading too much if he sits up half the night to finish the last novel of Mr. Howells or Thomas Hardy. If, on the other hand, he is preparing for a village reading-club a careful analysis of the general method of Mr. Howells or Mr. Hardy as a novelist, he will be reading too much if he gives himself a "stint" of two hundred of Green's pages in a day. What under certain circumstances would be praiseworthy and advantageous, under others is blameworthy and injurious.

HOW TO READ

The Best Time to Read

By CHARLES F. RICHARDSON

IN the choice of the time for reading, as in that of the books to read, large liberty must be given to individual needs and habits. There is no hour of the twenty-four which may not, under certain circumstances, be profitably spent in reading. In the lonely watches of a sleepless night; in the precious hours of early morning; in the busy forenoon, the leisurely afternoon, or in the long winter evenings—whenever the time and inclination comes, that is your time for reading. If the inclination does not come with the time, if the mind is weary and the attention hard to fix, then it is better to lose that special time, so far as reading is concerned, and to take up something else. A much shorter time chosen under more favorable circumstances—if it is only five minutes in a busy day—will more than make up the loss.

Everybody has some time to read, however much he may have to do. Many a woman has read to excellent purpose while mixing bread, or waiting for the meat to brown, or tending the baby—simply by reading a sentence when she could. Men have become well-read at the blacksmith's forge, or the printer's case, or behind the counter. No time is too short, and no occupation is too mean, to be made to pay tribute to a real desire for knowledge. I know of a woman who read "Paradise Lost," and two or three other standard works, aloud to her husband in a single winter,

while he was shaving, that being the only available time. "There is no business, no avocation whatever," says Wyttenbach, "which will not permit a man, who has an inclination, to give a little time, every day, to the studies of his youth"; and this truth is equally applicable to the studies taken up in middle life or old age. "Whilst you stand deliberating which book your son shall read first, another boy has read both; read anything five hours a day, and you will soon be learned," said Dr. Johnson. Five hours a day is a large amount of time, but five minutes a day spent over good books will give a man a great deal of knowledge worth having before a year is out. It is the time thus spent that counts for more, to one's intellectual self, than all the rest of the day occupied in mere manual labor. "There is nothing in the recollections of my childhood," says Mary C. Ware, "that I look back upon with so much pleasure as the reading aloud my books to my mother. She was then a woman of many cares, and in the habit of engaging in every variety of household work. Whatever she might be doing in kitchen or dairy or parlor, she was always ready to listen to me, and to explain whatever I did not understand. There was always with her an undercurrent of thought about other things, mingling with all her domestic duties, lightening and modifying them, but never leading her to neglect them, or to perform them imperfectly. I believe it is to this trait of her character that she owes the elasticity and ready social sympathy that still animates her under the weight of almost fourscore years."

There is a need of a constant mental economy in the choice of time for reading, be it much or little. "It is true," says Philip Gilbert Hamerton, "that the most absolute master of his own hours still needs thrift if he would turn them to account, and that too many never learn this thrift, whilst others learn it late." Nor is it only those whose pursuits are not distinctly literary who fail to make the best use of the passing hours. "Few intellectual men," says Mr. Hamerton, "have the art of economizing the hours of study. The very necessity, which every one acknowl-

edges, of giving vast portions of life to attain proficiency in anything, makes us prodigal where we ought to be parsimonious, and careless where we have need of unceasing vigilance. The best time-savers are a love of soundness in all we learn or do, and a cheerful acceptance of inevitable limitations. There is a certain point of proficiency at which an acquisition begins to be of use, and unless we have the time and resolution necessary to reach that point our labor is as completely thrown away as that of the mechanic who began to make an engine but never finished it. Each of us has acquisitions which remain permanently unavailable from their unsoundness; a language or two that we can neither speak nor write, a science of which the elements have not been mastered, an art which we cannot practice with satisfaction either to others or to ourselves. Now the time spent on these unsound accomplishments has been in great measure wasted; not quite absolutely wasted, since the mere labor of trying to learn has been a discipline for the mind, but wasted so far as the accomplishments themselves are concerned. And this mental discipline, on which so much stress is laid by those whose interest it is to encourage unsound accomplishments, might be obtained more perfectly if the subjects of study were less numerous and more thoroughly understood."

HOW TO READ

The Art of Skipping

By CHARLES F. RICHARDSON

IT is a fortunate thing that one of the most hackneyed quotations concerning books and reading should also be one of the most sensible ones: Lord Bacon's saying that "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention."

The following of this piece of advice has done a great deal of good; and no harm is likely to come from its wise observance. Some people profess to believe that a book that is worth reading at all is worth reading straight through —a piece of foolishness that would be paralleled by an insistence upon eating a tableful every time one sits down to a meal. A person who makes up his mind to read all of a book or none, must be fully convinced of the solemn truth of the saying that "A book's a book, although there's nothing in't." Against such lack of wisdom the sturdy common sense of Lord Bacon's remark may be put. The reader need but rest assured of its unquestionable truth, and spend his time in trying to discover what books are to be tasted, what swallowed, and what digested; rather than vex his soul in questioning whether the general advice is sound or not.

A book that is worth reading all through is pretty sure to make its worth known. There is something in the literary conscience which tells a reader whether he is wasting his time or not. An hour or a minute may be sufficient opportunity for forming a decision concerning the worth or worthlessness of the book. If it is utterly bad and valueless, then skip the whole of it, as soon as you have made the discovery. If a part is good and a part bad, accept the one and reject the other. If you are in doubt, take warning at the first intimation that you are misspending your opportunity and frittering away your time over an unprofitable book. Reading that is of questionable value is not hard to find out; it bears its notes and marks in unmistakable plainness, and it puts forth, all unwittingly, danger signals of which the reader should take heed.

The art of skipping is, in a word, the art of noting and shunning that which is bad, or frivolous, or misleading, or unsuitable for one's individual needs. If you are convinced that the book or chapter is bad, you cannot drop it too quickly. If it is simply idle and foolish, put it away on that account—unless you are properly seeking amusement from idleness and frivolity. If it is deceitful and disingenuous, your task is not so easy, but your conscience will give you warning, and the sharp examination which should follow will tell you that you are in poor literary company.

But there are a great many books which are good in themselves, and yet are not good at all times or for all readers. No book, indeed, is of universal value and appropriateness. As has been said in previous chapters of this series the individual must always dare to remember that he has his own legitimate tastes and wants, and that it is not only proper to follow them, but highly improper to permit them to be overruled by the tastes and wants of others. It is right for one to neglect entirely, or to skip through, pages which another should study again and again. Let each reader ask himself: Why am I reading this? What service will it be to me? Am I neglecting something else that would be more beneficial? Here, as in every other ques-

tion involved in the choice of books, the golden key to knowledge, a key that will only fit its own proper doors, is purpose.

Thus the reader is the pupil, and the companion, and the fellow-worker of the author, not his slave. "It is a wise book that is good from title-page to the end," says A. Bronson Alcott. Such a book should be read through; but the books that are wise in spots should be read in spots. Again, Mr. Alcott says: "I value books for their suggestiveness even more than for the information they may contain—volumes that may be taken in hand and laid aside, read at odd moments, containing sentences that take possession of my thought and prompt to the following them into their wider relations with life and things." This suggestiveness of books read at odd moments is one of the great advantages of judicious skipping. From this habit comes, often, a riper and wholesomer harvest than would spring from the most painstaking devotion to regulated and routine reading and study. One page, one sentence, thus planted in the fertile soil of a receptive mind, is better than a whole library read from a mere sense of duty, and without reference to one's own true welfare, as indicated by his nature and his needs.

Of course it follows that, to some extent, we can let others do the work of selection for us, subject to correction whenever necessary. "In comparing the number of good books with the shortness of life, many might well be read by proxy, if we had good proxies," says Emerson. Sensible literary guides must be followed to a large extent, whether in their recommendation of one book as against another, or of certain poems or prose extracts in comparison with others. Books of selection, it is true, sometimes omit things we would have greatly liked; but who will pretend to say that he always finds everything that would have pleased or profited him, even when he makes his own choice? As no worker in any field of labor can, in this social world, dispense with the help of others, so it is especially necessary for readers to follow the guidance of pioneers and wise crit-

ics; and to make use of the selections these critics have made, as well as their indication of whole books. And sometimes, as Emerson's remark shows us, we may not only delegate to others the work of choice and selection, but also that of reading itself.

HOW TO READ

How to Use Books

By BROTHER AZARIAS

READ with attention. Attention is the fundamental condition of all reading, of all study, of all work properly done. What is its nature? It is the concentration of the mind upon an object of thought to the exclusion of all others. It is a habit, and, like all habits, to be acquired only by practice. One may live in a state of habitual distraction as well as in a state of habitual attentiveness. The perfect habit of attention—and that which all of us should seek to acquire as best befitting social beings who cannot shirk the claims and requirements of social life—is the attention that can, without strain or effort, break off from one subject, pass on to another, and resume at once the thread of one's readings or thoughts. How may such an attention be acquired? Where the reading matter is congenial to the reader there is no difficulty; the attention becomes naturally and unconsciously absorbed in the subject. But where one is unaccustomed to reading, or where the reading matter has no special interest, it is with an effort that one learns to control one's attention. I conceive a reader may in the following manner acquire this control:

Set aside daily, according to leisure or occupation, a given portion of time for reading. The daily recurrence to a subject at precisely the same hour may at first be irksome, but it soon creates a habit which finally becomes a pleasure.

Keep up the practice of using that time for one purpose

and nothing else. This induces the habit all the sooner, and renders it all the more profitable.

Focus the attention during the time of reading in such a manner that the mind becomes wholly occupied with the reading matter. Better is the daily reading for half an hour with sustained attention than a reading of two hours made in an indolent, half-dreamy fashion.

Read with method. Absence of method in one's reading is a source of great distraction. Give yourself the habit while reading of making a mental catalogue of your impressions. Distinguish between the statements that are doubtful and probable and certain; between those that are of opinion and credence and presumption. You will find this practice of great aid in sustaining attention.

When, in spite of all these precautions, you begin to find your thoughts wandering away from the page upon which your eyes rest, leave the book aside for the time being and take up the reading of another subject that is more likely to fix your attention. We are told that Mr. Gladstone—who had such great physical endurance and wonderful intellectual activity—was wont to keep three distinct volumes on three distinct subjects open before him, and when he found attention beginning to flag in the reading of one he immediately turned to another. The practice is admirable for the trained intellect. The change brings rest to the mind and keeps it from growing wearied.

Men who are constant brain-workers generally keep before them a favorite volume, in which they from time to time refresh their minds when they become fatigued, or when they find the train of thought they would pursue exhausted. I have known men to find mental stimulation in the study of a Greek or Sanskrit verb; others, again, are wont to discipline their minds into activity by going over a theorem in geometry or calculus. Mere reverie or listlessness is a hopeless scattering of brain-force. It were well for us all to understand that mental inaction is not rest; it is rust. In this respect the law of intellectual is different from that of physical repose. Our soul is spirit, and must needs be active; and

a wholesome, moderate, well-directed activity best satisfies the laws of our being. Brain-work has never injured anybody. It is excitement, or taking trouble to heart, or disregarding the primary hygienic conditions of our physical nature that breaks down the health, and we are too prone to attribute it to mental exertion. In the natural course of things every great author and thinker should live to a ripe old age; witness the length of days to which have lived Kant and Ranke and Döllinger; Gladstone and Manning and Newman; Brownson and Bancroft and President Woolsey and Dr. McCosh. These men all knew what intense brain-work meant.

Another rule is to take notes while reading. The very fact of reading with pen or pencil in hand stimulates thought. Remember that reading is useful only in proportion as it aids our intellectual development, and it aids intellectual development only in proportion as it supplies food for reflection; and that portion of one's reading alone avails which the mind has been able to assimilate to itself and make its own by meditation. Now note-taking, with running comments, is a great means of making clear to one's self how much one does or does not know about the subject-matter of one's reading. Hence its value. But note-taking may be overestimated, and it actually becomes so when it is reduced to a mere mechanical copying and cataloguing of extracts, without any effort to make these extracts the seeds from which to cultivate native thought.

Read with a purpose. Lay out for yourselves a definite object, and let your reading converge upon that object until your purpose is attained. This is the only reading that will be remembered. Books perused in an aimless manner are soon forgotten; indeed are seldom remembered. The mind becomes a mere passive instrument, receiving one set of impressions which are in a little while obliterated by another set no less temporary. Now this is an abuse. Reason, imagination, all the faculties of man's intellect, were given him that he might exercise them and develop them to the full compass of their activity. He who lets

them lie dormant is in the position of him who buried the one talent that he had been entrusted with. Dante very justly places all such, though living without blame and without praise, in the first circle of hell. Madame Mohl, that oddest of little women, who for so many years ruled over the socially or politically distinguished in Paris, in her impatience of gossiping women once asked: "Why don't they talk about interesting things? Why don't they use their brains? . . . Everybody but a born idiot has brains enough not to be a fool. Why don't they exercise their brains as they do their fingers and their legs, sewing and playing and dancing? Why don't they read?" Of those who read to no purpose might we also ask: Why don't they use their brains?

Furthermore, reading with a purpose helps to economize time and brain-energy. We soon learn there are many things we had better leave unread, as so many distractions from the main line of our readings. Then we begin to find out that after we know all a book has to tell us bearing directly upon our subject we would be losing time to read farther, and so we put the book aside. With practice we soon discover the short-cuts to our subject, and save ourselves the reading of all irrelevant matters. We become practiced in the rare art of knowing when and what not to read.

But there are works that cannot be partially read. They are all works of art—whether of prosaic art, as the novel, or poetic art, as the epic or lyric or dramatic poem. Such works must be read as a complete whole. As well may you mutilate a picture or a statue or a musical sonata as skip portions of a great poem or a standard novel. Every work of art is one—breathing one ideal, speaking one thought. You cannot reduce the thought to fragments, you cannot break up the ideal. This is a primary law of criticism, and every reader should take it to heart. Critics have compared Milton with Dante; but in what manner? They have taken one-third—a mere fragment—of Dante's great poem—the "Inferno"—and set it beside the whole of "Par-

adise Lost." These critics never understood Dante. His poem is one. Its parts cannot be separated. The "Paradiso" contains the solution to the "Purgatorio" and the "Inferno." It is simply and literally the keystone to the arch. So also a work of genuine art is not to be run through post-haste and then set aside forever afterwards. If you would grasp the underlying idea you should read the work slowly, read it thoughtfully, read it frequently. A piece of composition so read and so mastered is to you a great gain. It is an element in the formation of true culture. You are thereby learning how to penetrate the veil of appearances and to look essences full in the face.

You complain of the impossibility of remembering all you read. That comes of your reading over-hastily or of your reading aimlessly. When you read with a purpose, and take notes, and make running comments, and mark passages or chapters which you re-read, your memory will be retentive of all essential points.

A memory equally strong in all points is rare. I have met only one instance approaching such a memory in all my experience. It is that of a great churchman who stands foremost as a theologian, a canonist, a scholar, and a critic. But his is an exceptional instance of memory. For the large majority of us memory is simply confirmed experience in regard to topics with which we have grown familiar. According as our minds become active on any subject will our memory grasp the facts and ideas, and even the remote incidents, connected with the subject. Cardinal Newman says truly:

"In real fact memory, as a talent, is not one indivisible faculty, but a power of retaining and recalling the past in this or that department of our experience, not in any whatever. Two memories which are both specially retentive may also be incommensurate. . . . There are a hundred memories, as there are a hundred virtues."

HOW TO READ

Seeing Into a Book

By THOMAS CARLYLE

WE have not *read* an author till we have seen his object, whatever it may be, as *he* saw it. Is it a matter of reasoning, and has he reasoned stupidly and falsely? We should understand the circumstances which, to his mind, made it seem true, or persuaded him to write it, knowing that it was not so. In any other way we do him injustice if we judge him. Is it of poetry? His words are so many symbols, to which we ourselves must furnish the interpretation; or they remain, as in all prosaic minds the words of poetry ever do, a dead letter: indications they are, barren in themselves, but, by following which, we also may reach, or approach, that Hill of Vision where the poet stood, beholding the glorious scene which it is the purport of his poem to show others.

A reposing state, in which the Hill were brought under us, not we obliged to mount it, might indeed for the present be more convenient; but, in the end, it could not be equally satisfying. Continuance of passive pleasure, it should never be forgotten, is here, as under all conditions of mortal existence, an impossibility. Everywhere in life, the true question is, not what we *gain*, but what we *do*: so also in intellectual matters, in conversation, in reading, which is more precise and careful conversation, it is not what we *receive*, but what we are made to *give*, that chiefly contents and profits us. True, the mass of readers will ob-

ject; because, like the mass of men, they are too indolent. But if any one affect, not the active and watchful, but the passive and somnolent line of study, are there not writers expressly fashioned for him, enough and to spare? It is but the smaller number of books that become more instructive by a second perusal: the great majority are as perfectly plain as perfect triteness can make them. Yet, if time is precious, no book that will not improve by repeated readings deserves to be read at all. And were there an artist of a right spirit: a man of wisdom, conscious of his high vocation, of whom we could know beforehand that he had not written without purpose and earnest meditation, that he knew what he had written, and had embodied in it, more or less, the creations of a deep and noble soul—should we not draw near to him reverently, as disciples to a master; and what task could there be more profitable than to read him as we have described, to study him even to his minutest meanings? For, were not this to think as he had thought, to see with his gifted eyes, to make the very mood and feeling of his great and rich mind the mood also of our poor and little one?

If, in any vacant vague time, you are in a strait as to choice of reading, a very good indication for you, perhaps the best you could get, is toward some book you have a great curiosity about. You are then in the readiest and best of all possible conditions to improve by that book. It is analogous to what doctors tell us about the physical health and appetites of the patient. You must learn, however, to distinguish between false appetite and true. There is such a thing as a false appetite, which will lead a man into vagaries with regard to diet; will tempt him to eat spicy things, which he should not eat at all, nor would, but that the things are toothsome, and that he is under a momentary baseness of mind. A man ought to examine and find out what he really and truly has an appetite for, what suits his constitution and condition; and that, doctors tell him, is in general the very thing he ought to have. And so with books. . . .

I do not know whether it has been sufficiently brought home to you that there are two kinds of books. When a man is reading on any kind of subject, in most departments of books—in all books, if you take it in a wide sense—he will find that there is a division into good books and bad books. Everywhere a good kind of book and a bad kind of book. I am not to assume that you are unacquainted, or ill-acquainted, with this plain fact; but I may remind you that it is becoming a very important consideration in our day. And we have to cast aside altogether the idea people have, that if they are reading any book, that if an ignorant man is reading any book, he is doing rather better than nothing at all. I must entirely call that in question; I even venture to deny that. It would be much safer and better for many a reader that he had no concern with books at all. There is a number, a frightfully increasing number, of books that are decidedly, to the readers of them, not useful. But an ingenious reader will learn, also, that a certain number of books were written by a supremely noble kind of people—not a very great number of books, but still a number fit to occupy all your reading industry, do adhere more or less to that side of things. In short, as I have written it down somewhere else, I conceive that books are like men's souls: divided into sheep and goats. Some few are going up, and carrying us up, heavenward; calculated, I mean, to be of priceless advantage in teaching—in forwarding the teaching of all generations. Others, a frightful multitude, are going down, down; doing ever the more and the wider and the wilder mischief.

Reading by Notes

By JOHN TODD

THE object of reading may be divided into several branches. The student reads for relaxation from more severe studies; he is thus refreshed and his spirits are revived. He reads for facts in the history and experience of his species, as they lived and acted under different circumstances. From these facts he draws conclusions; his views are enlarged, his judgment corrected, and the experience of former ages, and of all times, becomes his own. He reads, chiefly, probably, for information; to store up knowledge for future use; and he wishes to classify and arrange it that it may be ready at his call. He reads for the sake of style—to learn how a strong, nervous, or beautiful writer expresses himself. The spirit of a writer to whom the world has bowed in homage, and the dress in which the spirit stands arrayed, is the object at which he must anxiously look.

It is obvious, then, that, in attaining any of these ends, except perhaps that of amusement, reading should be performed very slowly and deliberately. You will usually, and, indeed, almost invariably, find that those who read a great multitude of books, have but little knowledge that is of any value. A celebrated French author was laughed at on account of the poverty of his library. "Ah," replied he, "when I want a book I make it!" Rapid readers generally are very desultory; and a man may read much

and know but very little. It is the man who may only have a few books, but who thinks much, whose mind is the best furnished for intellectual operations. It will not be pretended, however, that there are not many exceptions to this remark. But with a student in the morning of life there are no exceptions. If he would improve by his reading it must be very deliberate. Can a stomach receive any amount or kind of food, hastily thrown into it, and reduce it, and from it extract nourishment for the body? Not for any length of time. Neither can the mind any easier digest that which is rapidly brought before it.

It is by no means certain that the ancients had not a great compensation for the fewness of their books in the thoroughness with which they were compelled to study them. A book must all be copied with the pen, to be owned; and he who transcribed a book for the sake of owning it would be likely to understand it. Before the art of printing, books were so scarce that ambassadors were sent from France to Rome to beg a copy of "Cicero de Oratore," and Quintilian's "Institutes," etc., because a complete copy of these works was not to be found in all France. Albert, abbot of Gemblours, with incredible labor and expense, collected a library of one hundred and fifty volumes, including everything; and this was considered a wonder indeed. In 1494, the library of the Bishop of Winchester contained parts of seventeen books on various subjects; and on his borrowing a Bible from the convent of St. Swithin he had to give a heavy bond, drawn up with great solemnity, that he would return it uninjured. If any one gave a book to a convent or a monastery, it conferred everlasting salvation upon him, and he offered it upon the altar of God. The convent of Rochester every year pronounced an irrevocable sentence of damnation on him who should dare steal or conceal a Latin translation of Aristotle, or even obliterate a title. When a book was purchased it was an affair of such consequence that persons of distinction were called together as witnesses. Previous to the year 1300 the library of Oxford, England, consisted only of a few tracts, which were

carefully locked up in a small chest, or else chained, lest they should escape; and at the commencement of the fourteenth century the royal library of France contained only four classics, with a few devotional works. So great was the privilege of owning a book that one of their books on natural history contained a picture representing the Deity as resting on the Sabbath, with a book in his hand, in the act of reading! It was probably no better in earlier times. Knowledge was scattered to the four winds, and truth was hidden in a well. Few men pretended to own a library, and he was accounted truly favored who owned half a dozen volumes. And yet, with all this scarcity of books, there were in those days scholars who greatly surpassed us. We cannot write poetry like Homer, nor history like Thucydides. We have not the pen which Aristotle and Plato held, nor the eloquence with which Demosthenes thrilled. They surpassed us in painting and in sculpture. Their books were but few. But those were read, as Juvenal says, ten times—*decies repetita placebunt.* Their own resources were tasked to the utmost, and he who could not draw from his own fountain, in vain sought for neighbors from whose wells he could borrow.

How shall you begin to read a book? Always look into your dish and taste it before you begin to eat. As you sit down examine the title-page; see who wrote the book—where he lives; do you know anything of the author? where, and by whom published? Do you know anything of the general character of the books published by this publisher? Recollect what you have heard about this book. Then read the preface, to see what kind of a bow the author makes, and what he thinks of himself and his work; why he has the boldness to challenge the public to hear him. Then turn to the contents, see what are the great divisions of his subject, and thus get a glance of his general plan. Then take a single chapter or section, and see how he has divided and filled that up. If, now, you wish to taste of the dish before further examination of the contents, then turn to the place where some important point is discussed, and where some

valuable thought professes to be expanded or illustrated and see how it is executed. If, after some few such trials, you should find your author obscure, dull, pedantic, or shallow, you need not longer fish in these waters. It will be hard to catch fish here, and, when caught, they will be too small for use. But if you find the author valuable, and worth your attention, then go back to the contents. Examine them chapter by chapter; then close the book, and see if you have the plan of the whole work distinctly and fully in your mind. Do not proceed till this is done. After you have this map all distinctly drawn in the mind, then get the first chapter vividly before you, so far as the contents will enable you to do it. Now proceed to read. At the close of each sentence ask yourself, "Do I understand that? Is it true, important, or to the point? Anything valuable there which I ought to retain?" At the close of each paragraph ask the same questions. Leave no paragraph till you have the substance of it in your mind. Proceed in this manner through the chapter; and at the close of the chapter look back and see what the author tried to accomplish by it, and what he really has accomplished. As you proceed, if the book be your own, or if the owner will allow you to do it, mark with your pencil, in the margin, what, according to your view, is the character of each paragraph, or of this or that sentence. To illustrate what I mean I will mention a few marks which I have found very useful to myself; these, or anything similar, will answer the end to be attained. Perhaps the remark had better be made here that you can never read to advantage unless you feel well and the mind and spirits are buoyant. Otherwise any author will be stupid.

‖ Signifies that this paragraph contains the main, or one of the main propositions to be proved or illustrated in this chapter; the staple, or one of the staples, on which the chain hangs.

< | This sentiment is true, and will bear expanding, and will open a field indefinite in extent.

>	This, if carried out, would not stand the test of experience, and is therefore incorrect.
?	Doubtful as to sentiment.
?!	Doubtful in point of fact.
S	Good, and facts will only strengthen the position.
ϖ	Bad; facts will not uphold it.
ϑ	Irrelevant to the subject; had better have been omitted.
ϕ	Repetition; the author is moving in a circle.
‡	Not inserted in the right place.
O	In good taste.
Θ	In bad taste.

Such marks may be increased at pleasure. I have found the above sufficient. These need not be adopted, as each one can invent them for himself; but care should be taken always to make the same mark mean the same thing. But will not this method of reading be slow? Yes, very slow, and very valuable. A single book read in this way will be worth a score run over. It will compel you to think as well as read, to judge, to discriminate, to sift out the wheat from the chaff. It will make thought your own, and will so fix it in the mind that it will probably be at your command at any future time. The first thing to be done, in order to make what you read your own, is to think as you read; think while you read; and think when you have closed the book.

It is also very important to talk over the subject upon which you are reading, with a friend. Be candid enough to tell him that you have just been reading, so that he may know that you do not claim what you have, as your own. If the circle embrace several who really wish to fix what they read in the mind by conversation, so much the better.

> "Thought, too, delivered, is the more possessed
> Teaching, we learn, and giving, we receive."

If your friend is reading the same book, or if one is reading to the other, the advantages of conversation will still be greatly increased.

No small part of the time should be spent in reviewing what you have read. The most eminent scholars think that one-fourth of the time spent in reading should be thus spent. I believe the estimate is none too great. But is it not evident that, if you read with the marginal marks made by the pencil in your hand, as described above, you can review the author, and your own judgment too, in a very short time? One glance of the eye will show you what is the character of each paragraph. You will see just where the fish is, and what he is, and at once you can put your hook in and take him out.

There is another very important thing to be attended to in reading. I mean classification. We need a power, which, in the present state of our existence, we do not possess—a power of keeping all that ever passes through our mind which is worth keeping.

We cannot write out, or copy, what we read. We can remember but a very small part of it. What shall we do? For one, I have been in the habit of making an "Index Rerum" of my reading. The book is so classified that, in a single moment, I can refer to anything which I have ever read, and tell where it is found—the book and the page. It saves the labor of a commonplace-book, and yet preserves all that can be preserved.

There is another very important point to be kept in mind; and that is, that, in reading, you should always have your pen by you, not merely to make a minute in your index, but to save the thoughts which are started in your own mind. Did you never notice that, while reading, your own mind is so put into operation that it strikes out new and bold trains of thinking—trains that are worth preserving, and such as will be scattered to the winds, if not penned down at the moment of their creation? A wise man will be as careful to save that property which he himself makes as that which he inherits. The student should be for it will be of

vastly more value to him. I cannot close without saying what seem to me to be distinctly the three great objects of reading.

(1) Reading forms your style. It is impossible to bring your mind, for any length of time, under the influence of another mind, without having your language and modes of thinking influenced by that mind. Suppose you wish to write in an elevated, measured, dignified style—could you easily avoid doing it, were you first to sit down a fortnight and read Johnson's works? If you wish to write in a style pure, simple, Saxon, read John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" through some half a dozen times, and you will write thus. Could you walk arm in arm with a man for days together, without catching his step and gait? It is a law of nature that our minds insensibly imbibe a coloring from those with whom we associate, whether they are brought in contact by the living voice or on the written page. The insect that lives on the bark of the tree is not more certain to be of the color of that bark. Hence the importance of reading good authors—those who, in all respects, make a good impression upon you. Books probably do more than all other things to form the intellectual and moral habits of the student. A single bad book will frequently give a tone and a bias to the mind, both as to thought and language, which will last during life.

A lady, who now and then writes in rhyme, informed me that she first discovered that she possessed any of the rhyming powers, after having made a business, for some time, of copying the poetry of others. Owing to this insensible, undesigned and certain imitation, such writers as Addison are always recommended to the young. I may mention the author from whom I just quoted, as an example of pure, clear, and beautiful style. Be as careful, then, not to read what would vitiate your style, as you would not to keep company with those who would corrupt your manners.

(2) Reading stocks the mind with knowledge. This is the grand object of reading. We come into the world ignorant of everything. The history, the experience of other

men and other generations can be ours only by reading. Human nature, in all ages, is the same. The laws of mind and of matter do not alter; and thus we can, in a short life, know as much, and judge as accurately, by the use of books, as we could by living centuries, having no light to guide us, except that of our own individual experience. He who would be compelled to go across the Atlantic to obtain a narration of facts which can be read in two hours, would need the years of the antediluvians, and then die a very ignorant man. "Without books," says the quaint but enthusiastic Bartholin, "God is silent, justice dormant, physic [natural science] at a stand, philosophy lame, letters dumb, and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness."

You must not only read, and make books the fountain from which you draw your knowledge, but you must expect to draw from this fountain through life. What you read today will soon be gone—expended or forgotten; and the mind must be continually filled up with new streams of knowledge. Even the ocean would be dried up were the streams to be cut off, which are constantly flowing into it. "How few read enough to stock their minds! And the mind is no widow's cruse, which fills with knowledge as fast as we empty it. It is the 'hand of the diligent which maketh rich.'"

(3) Reading stimulates and puts your own mental energies into operation. If you were driven into a corner and compelled to produce something as your own thoughts and opinions on an important point, at once, you would wish to stimulate your mind and key it up to the highest point. How would you do it? You might reach it through the body, and by stimulating that with wines or opium might excite the mind. But then, the results thus produced would be uncertain. They might be correct, and they might be like the ravings of the mind excited by disease. But, at any rate, the body and mind would both suffer by this unnatural excitement. The reaction is awfully great; and, therefore, you may not do it. What can you do? I reply that you can stimulate your mind at any time, when the

body is healthful, by reading. No one can read the speeches of Burke, of Chatham, and of our own Patrick Henry, without being moved. No matter what you are writing upon, or upon what you are to speak, you cannot read a good book without being stimulated. The dream of Clarence, and the speeches of Hamlet, in Shakespeare; the speeches of men in the senate; the addresses of men from the pulpit; and, above all, the overwhelming torrent of clear thought, in burning language, which the masters of ancient times poured out, will swell the bosom, rouse the soul, and call all your own powers into action. This effect of books will last through life; and he who knows how to read to advantage will ever have something as applicable to his mental powers as electricity is to move the animal system. The man who has sat over the workings of a powerful mind, as exhibited on the written page, without being excited, moved, and made to feel that he can do something, and will do something, has yet to learn one of the highest pleasures of the student's life, and is yet ignorant of what rivers of delight are flowing around him through all the journey of life.

HOW TO READ

Reading Aloud

By CHARLES F. RICHARDSON

HOW should we read? asks Bishop Alonzo Potter in his still useful hand-book for readers; and then the good bishop proceeds to answer the question in four replies: "First, thoughtfully and critically; secondly, in company with a friend, or your family; thirdly, repeatedly; fourthly, with pen in hand."

Reading aloud, in the company of others—the practice commended by Bishop Potter in the second of these rules—is in every way advantageous. Its least important advantage is nevertheless highly salutary; that it affords valuable means for elocutionary development; and, aside from this, it promotes thought, it stimulates one mind by contact with another; and it almost inevitably calls forth, by discussion, facts and opinions which otherwise would not have been considered.

In one of his jeremiads on the alleged decline and inutility of the public-school system Richard Grant White offered some suggestions on the training of classes in the art of reading aloud which are so sound and sensible that they may well be repeated here for general readers as well as educators. "Of all knowledge and mental training," says Mr. White, 'reading is in our day the principal means, and reading aloud intelligently the unmistakable, if not the only, sign. Yet this, which was so common when the present generation of mature men were boys, is just what our highly

and scientifically educational educators seem either most incapable or most neglectful of teaching. And yet the means by which children were made intelligent and intelligible readers, thirty-five or forty years ago, were not so recondite as to be beyond attainment and use by a teacher of moderate abilities and acquirement, who set himself earnestly to his work. As I remember it, this was the way in which we were taught to read with pleasure to ourselves and with at least satisfaction to our hearers. Boys of not more than seven to nine years old were exercised in defining words from an abridged dictionary. The word was spelled and the definition given from memory, and then the teacher asked questions which tested the pupil's comprehension of the definition that he had given, and the members of the class, never more than a dozen or fourteen in number, were encouraged to give in their own language their notion of the word and to distinguish it from so-called synonyms. As to the amount of knowledge that was thus gained, it was very little—little, at least, in comparison with the value of this exercise as education, that is, of mental training, which was very great. The same class read aloud every day, and the books that they read were of sufficient interest to tempt boys to read them of themselves. . . . When the reading began all the class were obliged to follow the reader, each in his own book; for any pupil was liable to be called upon to take up the recitation, even at an unfinished sentence, and go on with it; and if he hesitated in such a manner as showed that his eye and mind were not with the reader's, the effect upon his mark account was the same as if he himself had failed in reading. If the reading of any sentence did not show a just apprehension of its meaning, the reader was stopped and the sentence was passed through the class for a better expression of its sense. Whether this was obtained from the pupils or not, the teacher then explained the sense or gave some information, the want of which had caused the failure, and by repetition of both readings—the bad and the good—showed by contrast and by comment why the one was bad and why the other good. Words

were explained; if they were compound words they were analyzed; the different shades of meaning which words have in different connections were remarked upon, and the subject of the essay, the narration, or the poem which formed the lesson of the day was explained. The delivery of the voice was attended to; not in any pretentious, artificial, elocutionary way, but for such regard for good and pleasant speech as was dictated by common-sense and good-breeding. The young readers were not allowed to hang their heads either over their bosoms or over their shoulders, but were made to stand up straight, throw back their shoulders, lift their heads well up, so that if their eyes were taken from their books they would look a man straight in the face. Only in this position can the voice be well delivered. The slightest mispronunciation was, of course, observed and corrected, and not only so, but bad enunciation was checked, and all slovenly mumbling was reprehended, and as far as possible reformed. Yet with all this there was constant caution against a prim, pedantic, and even a conscious mode of reading. The end sought was an intelligent, natural, and simple delivery of every sentence. Of course a lesson in reading like this was no trifling matter. It was, indeed, the longest recitation of the session, and the one at which the instructive powers of the teacher were most severely tested. But it was the most valuable, the most important lesson of the day. By it the pupil was taught not only to read well and speak well, but to think. His powers of attention and apprehension were put in exercise, and he was obliged to discriminate shades of meaning before he could express them by inflection of voice. Reading aloud well was then regarded as inferior in importance to no other 'branch' of education; it was practiced until pupils were prepared to enter college, the later reading lessons being taken from Milton or Pope or Burke, or some other writers of the highest class, and being again accompanied by explanation and criticism. In the earlier years of a boy's school-time any other recitation would be omitted by the teacher sooner than that in reading aloud. How it is, or

why it is, that such instruction in reading has fallen into disuse I do not know. Indeed I know that it is disused only by the chorus of complaint that goes up on all sides, both in England and in the United States, that children cannot read aloud, and that they cannot write from dictation. This, of course, could not be if children were taught in the manner which I have endeavored to describe. A school-boy of eight or nine years old, if taught in that way, would know how to read English aloud decently well, if he knew nothing else. And it is really more important that he should know how to do this well, and that he should learn to do it in some such manner as I have described, than that he should begin the study of the arts and sciences."

In this connection there occurs to the mind a single verse of the Bible, which comprises, in twenty-three words, a whole treatise on the art of reading aloud: "So they read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading."

This is not the place for any long discussion of the externals, so to speak, of reading aloud. As we have said, reading in the home circle, or literary clubs, binds mere elocutionary practice closely with a new apprehension of the sense of what is read, and promotes in a high degree the growth of culture in those who take part in it. Fortunately the habit is being revived, both at home and in associations of readers, and will prove to repay cultivation to an unlimited extent. Reading aloud is slower work than reading to one's self, but the advantages of deliberate thought, and of a fellowship with the minds of others, more than make up this loss.

HOW TO READ

Reading Aloud in Our Homes

By MRS. JAMES FARLEY COX

WHAT does the average American family know about sitting "around the evening lamp," regardless of differing ages, and cheerfully expecting to be mutually amused and entertained? The bewildering voices of the world—so exciting, so alluring—call to the young to come where their differing fancies can be gratified; always there is some new thing to fill the imagination and the heart.

The critical discussion of an author, the older mind guiding the judgment of the younger, is at once provoked by reading him aloud in the family, and there is no better aid to literary discernment. And in our country, where so frequently the children have had advantages denied their parents, the broader view of the son greatly enlightens and enriches his parents' minds.

Great care was taken in the first fifty or sixty years of the nineteenth century to impress upon the young people of both sexes the value and importance of intelligent and pleasant reading aloud. We were taught "not to declaim but to read," naturally, distinctly, and audibly, and great pains were taken to modulate students' voices and correct nasal tones. The great improvement noticeable in the voices of the present generation of public-school graduates, which is so marked among young working-people, is, I am very sure, the product of this painstaking care.

Very early in a child's life it should be taught to listen; to concentrate its mind on a thing which it neither sees nor handles. All that this implies lies in the mother's hands, and when she gathers her little ones about her and woos them to intent and appreciative listening, she has taken a very important step in their education. The way in which she reads, the book she chooses, the place and hour all have their share in the result. It is well worth any woman's earnest care and effort to acquire a vivacious intelligent manner of reading, a magnetic discerning way of putting an interesting fact or story into life by the power of her voice and the quietness of her perception.

There is not a lovelier picture out of all that great gallery of which home furnishes the subjects than that which shows a mother sitting where the light falls upon her book and on the children whose faces reflect the story she recites to them, as they gather about her knees. With her lies the opportunity to skillfully draw out every heroic or noble motive by the magic of her art, and the happy hour of listening becomes a school of morals as well as a mental stimulant.

But these influences do not arise from half-hearted enunciation of sentences in which the reader's mind takes no real interest. No one more sharply detects wandering attention than an eager child. No really good reading can be accomplished by one who is not vitally alive to their subject.

And for the perfection of family reading, he who reads should be both ready and willing to bear the interruption of an eager question. If a listener is moved to express incredulity or delight, or to ask for information, it is a genuine proof of interest and betokens that the mind is absorbing all that the reader is giving out, and it gives an ease and familiarity to the gathering which is very necessary to its popularity with the young.

Quite a well-known author, who greatly enjoyed reading aloud to her young nieces and nephews, became absolutely angry if the slightest noise or interruption stopped her sonorous oratorial utterance, and it was a severe discipline to everyone concerned to be summoned to sit for an indefinite

time both speechless and immovable. The evasions and excuses became exceedingly frequent, and often very funny. Even the head of the house was not exempt from reproof if she stole softly out of the library for some forgotten duty. No choice was given the hearers, they must hear what her own choice dictated, and to some of them the very sight of the old lady's benevolent face bent over an open book as if selecting a theme was a signal for instant flight. Many a harmless laugh has been smothered in hallways and on verandas when two fugitives encountered each other in full flight.

Our daily lives bear testimony to what the beautiful or interesting thoughts of those who have given to the world their priceless gifts of story and poems can, through this medium, do to relieve the weariness of the ill and the disabled. In how many another room besides that from which the writer now hears the cheerful voice of a nurse reading to one too ill to occupy herself in any way, does languor find animation, and sadness amelioration, through this gentle method of amusement. What relief it brings to the self-centered, self-tormenting thoughts which illness and lack of occupation must ever bring to those who are deprived of motion, air, diversion by sight or touch, and are left to the weary monotony of an invalid's life! Every nurse should add intelligent reading and the cultivation of a pleasant voice to the already long catalogue of her virtues and accomplishments.

Into how many a weary home of those who could neither enter into conversation nor bear the well-meant efforts of others to advise and help, has the tactful reading of some sympathetic but impersonal page broken with healing force and energy? As soon as the ear ceases to dread the well-meant entreaty or admonition which begs the heart, listless from sorrow, to rouse itself, and can lend itself willingly to listen to some soothing recitation of words eloquent with spiritual peace, help has come in a way more strengthening and more blessed than one could believe without experiment. And *heard*, the message remains to live and expand, when

the tear-dimmed eyes would have only half understood and the heart only half-received.

In these days of wide-spread education we seldom have the opportunity to see the joy which so lightened many a face in years gone by, when to the very ignorant some quiet voice read the promises of God. Among the aged slaves of the first half of the nineteenth century it was a wonderful demonstration of their great deprivation to see the reverent happiness which beamed in their faces when a gentle mistress visited their cabins and read to them the wondrous things they longed to hear. The soft and almost always musical voices of the South gave a tender, soothing cadence to the words of peace. I once saw an old woman rise and lean over the shoulder of a young girl who read from Isaiah: "And the Lord God shall wipe away the tears from off all faces." "Let me see, honey, just let me see dem words." Then with a look of disappointment she added: "Dey look just like all the rest: I thought such blessed words would be printed different. Dey ain't no common words, Miss Car'line."

Yet though our poorer brethren can decipher the words it often remains to us to read into them the meaning an untrained mind cannot decipher, and half an hour's pleasant, wholesome reading, often leaves a more helpful trace of a visit to the sick poor than even the bodily comforts we have brought.

There cannot be a doubt that in two ways we err, when we fail to teach our children to intelligently listen or leave them with untrained, strident voices which destroy the melody of the noblest verse.

A good book well read in family council ought to be a bond of union and sympathy as well as an intellectual joy.

HOW TO READ

On Readers and Books

By HENRY VAN DYKE

THERE are readers and readers. For purposes of convenience they may be divided into three classes.

First, there is the "simple reader"—the ordinary book-consumer of commerce. He reads without any particular purpose or intention, chiefly in order to occupy his spare time. He has formed the habit and it pleases him. He does not know much about literature, but he says he knows what he likes. All is fish that comes to his net. Curiosity and fashion play a large part in directing his reading. He is an easy prey for the loud-advertising bookseller. He seldom reads a book the second time, except when he forgets that he has read it before. For a reader in this stage of evolution the most valuable advice (if, indeed, any counsel may be effectual) is chiefly of a negative character. Do not read vulgar books, silly books, morbid books. Do not read books that are written in bad English. Do not read books simply because other people are reading them. Do not read more than five new books to one old one.

Next comes the "intelligent reader"—the person who wants to know, and to whom books are valuable chiefly for the accuracy of the information which they convey. He reads with the definite purpose of increasing his acquaintance with facts. Memory is his most valuable faculty. He is ardent in the following of certain lines of investigation; he is apt to have a specialty, and to think highly of its impor-

tance. He is inclined to take notes and to make analyses. This particular reader is the one to whom lists of books and courses of reading are most useful. Miss Repplier makes light of them as "Cook's Tours in Literature," but the reader whose main interest is the increase of knowledge is often very glad to be "personally conducted" through a new region of books.

Last comes the "gentle reader"—the person who wants to grow, and who turns to books as a means of purifying his tastes, deepening his feelings, broadening his sympathies, and enhancing his joy in life. Literature he loves because it is the most humane of the arts. Its forms and processes interest him as expressions of the human striving towards clearness of thought, purity of emotion, and harmony of action with the ideal. The culture of a finer, fuller manhood is what this reader seeks. He is looking for the books in which the inner meanings of nature and life are translated into language of distinction and charm, touched with the human personality of the author, and embodied in forms of permanent interest and power. This is literature. And the reader who sets his affections on these things enters the world of books as one made free of a city of wonders, a garden of fair delights. He reads not from a sense of duty, not from a constraint of fashion, not from an ambition of learning, but from a thirst of pleasure, because he feels that pleasure of the highest kind—a real joy in the perception of things lucid, luminous, symmetrical, musical, sincere, passionate, and profound—such pleasure restores the heart and quickens it, makes it stronger to endure the ills of life, and more fertile in all good fruits of cheerfulness, courage, and love. This reader for vital pleasure has less need of maps and directories, rules, and instructions, than of companionship. A criticism that will go with him in his reading, and open up new meaning in familiar things, and touch the secrets of beauty and power, and reveal the hidden relations of literature to life, and help him to see the reasonableness of every true grace of style, the sincerity of every real force of passion—a criticism that penetrates, illuminates, and

appreciates, making the eyes clearer and the heart more sensitive to perceive the living spirit in good books—that is the companionship which will be most helpful and most grateful to the gentle reader.

Whichever class of readers we may belong to (and I, for one, decline to commit myself), we can all find something to please and profit us. All can unite in prayers for the simple reader, that he may not spend his last dollar for the 435,999th copy of the newest popular book, but expend his money more wisely in the purchase of—What?

Here is a real difficulty. The variety of opinions among guides and instructors seems to me a most cheerful and encouraging fact. Doubtless each has a good reason to give for his preferences. Doubtless there are treasures to be found in various regions of literature—not a solitary pot of gold hidden in a single field, and a terrible chance that we may not happen to buy the right lot—but veins of rich ore running through all the rocks, and placers in all the gravel beds. Doubtless we may follow any one of a half dozen roads and not go far astray after all.

Let us not take our reading too anxiously, too strenuously. There are more than a hundred good books in the world. The best hundred for you may not be the best hundred for me. We ought to be satisfied if we get something thoroughly good, even though it be not absolutely and unquestionably the best in the world. The habit of worrying about the books that we have not read, destroys the pleasure and diminishes the profit of those that we are reading. Be serious, earnest, sincere in your choice of books, and then put your trust in Providence and read with an easy mind.

Any author who has kept the affection, interest, and confidence of thoughtful, honest readers through at least one generation is fairly sure to have something in him that is worth reading.

Let us keep out of provincialism in literature—even that which comes from Athens.

You like Tolstoi and George Eliot; I like Scott and Thackeray. You like Byron and Shelley; I like Words-

worth and Tennyson. You admire the method of Stubbs and Seignobos; I still find pleasure in Macaulay and Carlyle. Well, probably neither of us is altogether wasting time. Jordan is a good river. But there is also plenty of water in the streams of Abana and Pharpar.

There is a large number of courses of reading that any one of us might take with profit. It is foolish to stand too long hesitating at the cross-roads. Choose your course with open eyes and follow it with a cheerful heart. And take with you a few plain maxims drawn from experience.

Read the preface first. It was probably written last. But the author put it at the beginning because he wanted to say something particular to you before you entered the book. Go in through the front door.

Read plenty of books about people and things, but not too many books about books. Literature is not to be taken in emulsion. The only way to know a great author is to read his works for yourself. That will give you knowledge at first-hand.

Read one book at a time, but never one book alone. Well-worn books always have relatives. Follow them up. Learn something about the family if you want to understand the individual. If you have been reading the "Idylls of the King" go back to Sir Thomas Malory; if you have been keeping company with Stevenson, travel for a while with Scott, Dumas, and Defoe.

Read the old books—those that have stood the test of time. Read them slowly, carefully, thoroughly. They will help you to discriminate among the new ones.

Read no book with which the author has not taken pains enough to write it in a clean, sound, lucid style. Life is short. If he thought so little of his work that he left it in the rough, it is not likely to be worth your pains in reading it.

Read over again the best ten books that you have already read. The result of this experiment will test your taste, measure your advance, and fit you for progress in the art of reading.

WHY TO STUDY

Home Study

By WILLIAM R. HARPER *

THE subject of reading or studying at home, as distinguished from the work done in connection with a school or institution of learning, is coming to assume a larger importance. The stimulating effect of the many schools and the greater and more numerous opportunities for successful work lead young men and young women, whether they have had large or meager educational privileges, to consider what is possible along lines of educational work for those who may not take up direct and definite work in a school.

Is it Feasible?

The first question which one asks himself, and surely the first question to be answered, is this: Can a man or woman advance himself educationally through the intellectual work which he may do at home? It would be a sorry thing for humanity at large if this question were to be answered in the negative. If one stops to think for only a moment, he will at once recognize the fact that if there is to be any kind of intellectual advancement in the case of the great majority of the individuals making up any particular community, it can be gained only in this way. It is only one person in ten who can, at any given point of time, enjoy the privileges

* President of the University of Chicago.

of membership in a school or an institution of learning. Are we to suppose that the remaining nine persons are standing still? Surely not. It is probable that, if we were able to get at all the facts, a large number would be found to be standing still, or moving backward; but it would be impossible to suppose that this number constituted even the majority in an ordinarily intelligent community. The very fact that the world is making rapid progress, although so few, comparatively, are engaged in the work of the schools, is ample evidence that outside of scholastic walls intellectual work of a high order is being done, and that the number of those doing such work is not small.

But more than this, one has only to open his eyes to see on every side evidence that home reading and home study are being carried on with excellent results. The University Extension courses, the Correspondence Schools, the Chautauqua Circles, the Reading Clubs, not to speak of many other agencies, furnish conclusive proof of the prevalence of such work and of its feasibility. To deny the feasibility of accomplishing large results by effort made at home is to deny that the human mind is capable of doing work except when under the direct stimulus of some external force. Is it not true, however, that the stimulus from an internal force is even more potent than that of an external force? This internal stimulus is no less a thing than the determination of the human soul to rise above its ordinary environment, and to enjoy that higher spiritual life which is possible for all who have the ambition to secure it.

Is it Desirable?

This question hardly deserves to be asked, much less to be answered, and yet—a word in passing. Is knowledge desirable? Is better control of one's mental faculties desirable? Is it not true, however, that knowledge and mental discipline have been growing in these last years with too great rapidity? Is it not true that the struggle of life is becoming more and more intense, and this largely for the

reason that competition is becoming greater and greater? Is it not true, moreover, that the difficulty of finding men and women who are satisfied to perform the menial services of life grows with every generation of civilization? Is it wise, therefore, to encourage that ambition which leads to dissatisfaction and discontent? Is it really desirable that the great mass of our humankind shall lift itself intellectually at the price of discomort and unhappiness? My answer to these questions is threefold:

(1) Whatever may be said of other countries, the time has not yet come in the United States of America to call a halt in educational work of any grade.

(2) It may well be doubted whether the common people of any country in the world are to-day as strongly intelligent as the American people; and this has come from education in school and at home.

(3) It is the highest duty of every human being to cultivate the faculties given him by Nature, and no greater sin can be committed than that of failing to obtain the highest degree of cultivation possible under all the circumstances.

If these things are true, it must also be true that nothing under heaven is more desirable than this same intellectual work, to be performed at home if not at school; to be performed of necessity at home by at least ninety per cent. of those who are engaged in this same struggle for life.

IT IS NECESSARY

But we may go even a step further and declare that such work is necessary. This necessity is in the very constitution of the human soul; for that man is not truly human who does not wish to grow, and who does not make every effort in his power to secure such growth. Reading and study at home are necessary in order that reading and study in school may be possible. Without the former the latter would soon be given up. If reading and study were to be limited in each individual life to that which could be done in school, man would soon fall back into barbarism. School

life, however short and insufficient it may have been, finds its highest motive and highest efficiency in the fact that it has prepared the individual and inspired him to continue reading and study out of school—that is, at home.

Such work is necessary because during the years of early manhood and middle age, not to speak of old age, it is the home work alone which is possible. The world outside of school divides itself into two classes; those who read and study at home, thus continuing to rise higher and higher not only in the intellectual sphere of life but as well in the more practical spheres; and those who do not read and study at home, and for this reason sink lower and lower in the grade of human life, dragging with them all with whom they may come in contact. If there is any single necessity in life more vital than any other, it is the necessity for pressing forward intellectually from year to year as one grows older; and this necessity is all the greater if for any reason one in early life has been deprived of ordinary school privileges. When it is remembered that men and women who were denied in early youth the ordinary privileges of education have attained the highest places of influence in almost every line of life's activity, it ought to be felt by every American youth that, however handicapped he may be today because of lack of education, there is no reason why, before to-morrow has come, or the next year, he shall not have made some progress in the effort to make up for past deficiencies.

For Whom?

For whom is such work feasible and possible, not to say necessary? My answer to this question comes from an experience of over twenty years in dealing directly with men and women engaged in home reading and home study. It would be impossible to classify, with any degree of system, those who have been or can be benefited. It is a universal possibility, a universal privilege, as well as a universal duty. One must not suppose that such work is undertaken only by those who are thus endeavoring to supply the deficiencies

of early education, for it will be remembered that the great intellectual work of the world is being done by those who are reading and studying at home. The privilege and the duty of such work rest, perhaps, even more strongly, upon the man who has obtained from schools and institutions of higher learning all that they can furnish, and who, on this foundation, seeks to build something still stronger and larger than has yet taken form.

But it is, perhaps, a more practical thing to think of those who have not been so fortunate as having in this way an opportunity to do what the school might have done for them. Here again we find ourselves thinking of two classes —those who engage in home reading and study for the sake of personal improvement and mental culture—a most worthy motive; and those who do this work in order that they may be able to earn a larger salary, and consequently live a more comfortable life. What man or woman does not find himself in one or the other of these classes? Home reading and study is something, therefore, which ought to engage the thought and consideration of every human being. The fact that every man or woman is not engaged in home reading and home study is to be explained on the ground that no system has yet been suggested applicable to all or capable of arousing in all the necessary interest and ambition.

WHAT DOES IT INVOLVE?

First of all, a steadfast purpose. One who has a mind so fickle that it may not be held to the consideration of a particular subject cannot hope to accomplish much. The sources of discouragement will prove to be many. Matters of even small importance will be found distracting. To hold one's self to a line of work month after month is of itself an indication of strong intellectual ability. One must not be disappointed if failure comes again and again, but the very fact of failure points only too clearly to the need of such work, and, this fact being appreciated, steadfastness of purpose will come to be more and more easily cultivated.

Then a certain amount of time must be set aside. It is not so much a question of the length of time. Many deceive themselves in supposing that long hours are necessary for mental improvement and intellectual progress. It is true that, everything else being equal, the more time one can devote to the study of a given subject the greater will be the results; but, after all, it is not so much the length of time devoted as the regularity with which the work is followed up. Here, too, something depends upon the mental constitution of the individual. For one person, reading or study for thirty minutes a day through a long number of days without interruption will accomplish more than the same total number of minutes given once a week through the same period of time. Another individual will do better to take up the subject once a week, and in three hours of consecutive work will accomplish more than in six days of thirty minutes each day. But, after a study of one's self in order to determine how one's mind works to best advantage, the main thing will be regularity. The longest time within which a unit for study should be fixed is a week. Unless something can be done at least each week the result at the end of the year will be hardly perceptible.

Importance of Definite Work

Much depends upon having a definite plan of work—that is, a clearly outlined schedule—the adoption of which will lead one to do the work which bears upon the subject under consideration, and also prevent him from doing work that has no direct connection with the subject. It is at this point that home work is too frequently unsuccessful. One fails to mark out with sufficient rigor the limits of his work and the thing to be accomplished, and the result is in many cases that he wanders from one field to another until at last he loses himself and gives up the effort. A systematic arrangement of one's work so that every minute counts, and every page of reading brings one closer to the end sought—this, and this only, will prove to be satisfactory.

But, now, not many men or women find it easy to mark out for themselves such a definite plan. It is scarcely reasonable to expect of them the ability to do such a thing. The real truth is that they find it difficult enough to follow such a plan when once it has been marked out. It is necessary therefore that one should have good guidance. This guide, whatever form the agency may take, will naturally be one who has gone over the ground before; who knows what to suggest and what should not be suggested. He is one who has considered every step from the point of view of the whole journey. If it is a question of what to read, the guide will be able to save one's time and energy by pointing out the books that should not be read as well as the books that should be read; and, if we could only realize that not more than one of ten books which we may read is really on the whole helpful, we may conclude that the chief work of the guide is to tell us what not to do, in order that thereby our time and strength may be conserved. Money paid for guidance, if it is good guidance, is most economically spent. One's experience need not be very extended to satisfy himself on this point.

THE RESULTS TO BE SECURED

Suitable helps, in any work involving reading or study, are essential. It is here that good guidance plays so important a part. A book is not a good book and is not worth reading unless it is worthy of being read two or three or more times. Such a book, if possible, should be purchased, for one cannot read a book twice or oftener without obtaining a feeling of proprietorship which should not be violated. In these days of many books the greatest care should be exercised. It is not the book which entertains, or the newest book upon a subject, that should be chosen. It is often the book which has stood the test of time, and which must be read more than once to be understood, that will prove to be the most suitable help.

What Will Such Work Secure?

First of all, peace of mind, for the mind cannot be calm and at rest which does not have something on which to feed. A sense of satisfaction will pervade the mind because the mind is occupied. The consciousness of new acquisition will steady and strengthen the intellectual faculties, and the individual who thus performs regularly this bit of work, in whatever grade of intellectual progress he may find himself, will begin to feel a self-respect to which before he was a stranger.

This peace of mind will not indicate stagnation, nor will it be inconsistent with that desire to grow, that higher aspiration, which comes with intellectual work. The higher aspiration, when it is legitimate, is only a desire to be what God intended one to be. This means the struggle to bring one's self into harmony with the laws of the Creator, and all struggle to this end is peaceful. Such aspiration is true ambition, without which man again becomes a beast.

With regular and systematic plans for self-improvement fairly well carried out one's horizon broadens. He begins to see things from a larger and a broader point of view. What before were mountains now seem to be only hills. Difficulties that seemed insurmountable may still remain difficulties, but they may now, perhaps, be overcome. A new light comes in from a thousand sources, and what once seemed bright is now far brighter, while that which once was dark now appears even to be bright. This matter of horizon in thought is almost everything. The greatest events may seem insignificant, the greatest thoughts of no import whatever, to the man of narrow vision; and more than this, things take on a perverted form, and that which is straight seems crooked to the man who is not large enough either by nature or by cultivation to see things as they are.

Home reading and home study will bring a larger supply of better bread and butter. I may be wrong in placing this

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last, if by so doing I mean to make it least important among the things to secure by the cultivation of one's intellect. On the other hand, I am wrong if by so doing I mean to make it the highest of the things thus secured. But it matters not whether we place the utilitarian motive first or last. In the case of a great majority of humankind it is the most important. It is the man of mind, the man who has a head to do this or that thing, who can command to-day the best vantage-ground in the struggle of life. Let us neither magnify the bread-and-butter point of view, nor minimize it. Let us rather take it for what it is worth. But we may not fail to see that it is the men who can control their minds and thereby can control the minds of others that occupy to-day the high places.

How Go About It?

This is, after all, the most difficult thing in connection with the whole purpose. The process includes three steps:

(1) That of determining with all the strength of mind and body that one possesses to do the thing proposed, to undertake a course of study or reading at home. Such a determination ought not to be reached without full consideration of all that is involved, the sacrifices which it will entail, the deprivations which may be necessary, the exercise of will-power which is demanded.

(2) The selection of a definite field within which such work shall be undertaken. The world of study and of reading is a large world. Indeed there may be said to be many such worlds. That one should be selected in which, so far as it may be known, one's interest can be most easily and successfully aroused. In other words, that line of work which upon the whole seems to be the easiest, that subject which appeals most strongly to one's sympathy, should furnish the basis of selection. However advantageous work in distasteful subjects may be found to be in school life, there is no place for such work in home reading or home study.

(3) The third step is the selection of a guide. Be cer-

tain that the agency to which you commit yourself for guidance is one well established and of good reputation. One should be certain, for a mistake at this point is the worst possible economy. There are many guides who are false guides; many who are fraudulent. One should be sure of his guide before he trusts himself implicitly. There are many agencies which, as time has clearly shown, have greatly benefited those who have accepted them. These are well known and do not need to be named. If one is in doubt it is easy enough to secure advice; but the greatest care should be exercised not to enter upon the wrong path or to follow the wrong guide.

Perhaps these suggestions, based upon a large experience in this kind of work, will be found helpful to some whose desire it is to continue growing even to the last day of life.

WHY TO STUDY

Of Studies

By FRANCIS BACON

STUDIES serve for pastimes, for ornaments, for abilities; their chief use for pastimes is in privateness and retiring; for ornaments in discourse; and for ability in judgment; for expert men can execute, but learned men are more fit to judge and censure. To spend too much time in them is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar; they perfect nature and are themselves perfected by experience; crafty men contemn them, wise men use them, simple men admire them; for they teach not their own use, but that there is a wisdom without them and above them won by observation. Read not to contradict nor to believe, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some are to be read only in parts, others to be read but curiously, and some few to be read wholly with diligence and attention. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready, and writing an exact man; therefore, if a man write little, he had need of a great memory; if he confer little, he had need of a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not know. Histories make wise men; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

WHY TO STUDY

Study Strengthens

By JULIUS CHARLES HARE

THE difference between desultory reading and a course of study may be illustrated by comparing the former to a number of mirrors set in a straight line, so that every one of them reflects a different object, the latter to the same mirrors so skillfully arranged as to perpetuate one set of objects in an endless series of reflections.

If we read two books on the same subject, the second leads us to review the statements and arguments of the first; the errors of which are little likely to escape this kind of proving, if I may so call it; while the truths are more strongly imprinted on the memory, not merely by repetition —though that too is of use—but by the deeper conviction thus wrought into the mind, of their being verily and indeed truths.

Desultory reading is indeed very mischievous, by fostering habits of loose, discontinuous thought, by turning the memory into a common sewer for rubbish of all sorts to float through, and by relaxing the power of attention, which of all our faculties most needs care, and is most improved by it. But a well-regulated course of study will no more weaken the mind than hard exercise will weaken the body; nor will a strong understanding be weighed down by its knowledge, any more than an oak is by its leaves, or than Samson was by his locks. He whose sinews are drained by his hair must already be a weakling.

Suppose a person to have studied Xenophon and Thucydides till he has attained to the same thorough comprehension of them both; and this is so far from being an unwarrantable supposition, that the very difficulties of Thucydides tempt and stimulate an intelligent reader to form a more intimate acquaintance with him: which of the two will have strengthened the student's mind the most? from which will he have derived the richest and most lasting treasures of thought? Who, that has made friends with Dante, has not had his intellect nerved and expanded by following the pilgrim through his triple world? and would Tasso have done as much for him? The labor itself which must be spent in order to understand Sophocles or Shakespeare, to search out their hidden beauties, to trace their labyrinthine movements, to dive into their bright, jeweled caverns, and converse with the sea-nymphs that dwell there, is its own abundant reward; not merely from the enjoyment that accompanies it, but because such pleasure, indeed all pleasure that is congenial to our better nature, is refreshing and invigorating, like a draught of nectar from heaven. In such studies we imitate the example of the eagle, unsealing his eyesight by gazing at the sun.

For my own part, I have ever gained the most profit, and the most pleasure also, from the books which have made me think the most; and, when the difficulties have once been overcome, these are the books which have struck the deepest root, not only in my memory and understanding, but likewise in my affections. . . . Above all, in the present age of light reading, that is, of reading hastily, thoughtlessly, indiscriminately, unfruitfully, when most books are forgotten as soon as they are finished, and very many sooner, it is well if something heavier is cast now and then into the midst of the literary public. This may scare and repel the weak; it will rouse and attract the stronger, and increase their strength by making them exert it. In the sweat of the brow is the mind as well as the body to eat its bread.

WHY TO STUDY

Five Evidences of an Education

By NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER *

"IF you had had children, sir," said Boswell, "would you have taught them anything?" "I hope," replied Dr. Johnson, "that I should have willingly lived on bread and water to obtain instruction for them; but I would not have set their future friendship to hazard for the sake of thrusting into their heads knowledge of things for which they might not perhaps have either taste or necessity. You teach your daughters the diameters of the planets, and wonder when you have done that they do not delight in your company." From which it appears that Dr. Johnson, by a sort of prolepsis, was moved to contribute to the discussion of one of the vexed questions of our time. Who is the educated man? By what signs shall we know him?

"In the first golden age of the world," Erasmus observes, in his "Praise of Folly," "there was no need of these perplexities. There was then no other sort of learning but what was naturally collected from every man's common-sense, improved by an easy experience. What use could there have been of grammar, when all men spoke the same mother-tongue, and aimed at no higher pitch of oratory than barely to be understood by each other? What need of logic, when they were too wise to enter into any dispute? Or what occasion for rhetoric, where no difference arose to require any laborious decision?" Surely, in con-

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trasting this picture of a far-off golden age with our present-day strenuous age of steel, we must be moved to say, with the Preacher, "in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

It is only two hundred and fifty years ago that Comenius urged, with ardent zeal, the establishment in London of a college of learned men who should bring together in one book the sum total of human wisdom, so expressed as to meet the needs of both the present and all future generations. This scheme for a Pansophia, or repository of all learning, proved very attractive in the seventeenth century, for it easily adjusted itself to the notions of a period which looked upon learning as a substantial and measurable quantity, to be acquired and possessed. Unfortunately this quantitative ideal of education, with its resultant processes and standards, is still widely influential, and it tempts us to seek the evidences of an education in the number of languages learned, in the variety of sciences studied, and generally in the quantity of facts held in the memory reserve. But, on the other hand, any serious attempt to apply quantitative standards to the determination of education quickly betrays their inadequacy and their false assumptions. If to be educated means to know nature in systematic fashion and to be able to interpret it, then nearly every man of letters, ancient or modern, must be classed with the uneducated. Or if to be educated means to have sympathetic, almost affectionate, insight into the great masterpieces of art and of literature, then innumerable great men of action, who have fully represented the ideals and the power of their time and who manifested most admirable qualities of mind and of character, were uneducated. The case is even worse to-day. A host of knowledges compass us about on every side and bewilder by their variety and their interest. We must exclude the many to choose the one. The penalty of choice is deprivation; the price of not choosing is shallowness and incapacity. The quantitative method of estimating education breaks down, then, of its own weight. A true standard is to be sought in some other direction.

A full analysis of the facts of life as they confront us to-day would show, I feel confident, that all knowledges and all influences are not on a single plane of indifference toward the human mind that would be educated. All parts of the spiritual machine are not mutually interchangeable. There are needs to be met and longings to be satisfied that will not accept any vicarious response to their demands. The scientific, the literary, the æsthetic, the institutional, and the religious aspects of life and of civilization, while interdependent, are yet independent of each other, in the sense that no one of them can be reduced to a function of another or can be stated in terms of another. Therefore each of these five aspects must, I think, be represented in some degree in every scheme of training which has education for its end. Nevertheless this training when it arrives at education will not suffer itself to be measured and estimated quantitatively in terms either of science, of letters, of art, of institutions, or of religion. It will have produced certain traits of intellect and of character which find expression in ways open to the observation of all men, and it is toward these traits or habits, not toward external and substantial acquisition or accomplishment, that one must turn to find the true and sure evidences of an education, as education is conceived to-day.

First among the evidences of an education I name correctness and precision in the use of the mother-tongue. Important as this power is, and is admitted to be, it is a comparatively new thing in education. The modern European languages took on educational significance only when the decentralization of culture began at the close of the Middle Ages. So late as 1549 Jacques de Bellay supported the study of French with the very mild assertion that it is "not so poor a tongue as many think it." Mulcaster, writing a little later, found it necessary to tell why his book on education was put in English rather than in Latin, and to defend the vernacular when he referred to its educational usefulness. Melanchthon put German in a class with Greek and Hebrew, and contrasted all three unfavorably with

Latin. Indeed it was not until the present German Emperor plainly told the Berlin School Conference of 1890 that a national basis was lacking in German education; that the foundation of the gymnasium course of study must be German; that the duty of the schoolmasters was to train the young to become Germans, not Greeks and Romans, and that the German language must be made the center around which all other subjects revolved, that a revision of the official school program was brought about that made place for the really serious study of the German language and literature. And to-day, where the influence of the English universities and of not a few American colleges is potent, the study of English is slight and insignificant indeed. The superstition that the best gate to English is through the Latin is anything but dead.

But for the great mass of the people the vernacular is not only the established medium of instruction, but, fortunately, also an important subject of study. A chief measure of educational accomplishment is the ease, the correctness, and the precision with which one uses this instrument.

It is no disrespect to the splendid literatures which are embodied in the French and the German tongues, and no lack of appreciation of the services of those great peoples to civilization and to culture, to point out that of modern languages the English is easily the first and the most powerful, for "it is the greatest instrument of communication that is now in use among men upon the earth." It is the speech of an aggressive people among whom individual liberty and personal initiative are highly prized. It falls short, no doubt, of the philosophical pliability of the Greek and of the scientific ductility of the German; but what is there in the whole field of human passion and human action that it cannot express with freedom and with a power all its own? Turn "Othello" into German or compare the verse of Shelley or of Keats with the graceful lines of some of their French contemporaries, and learn the peculiar power of the English speech. In simple word or sonorous phrase it is

unequaled as a medium to reveal the thoughts, the feelings, and the ideals of humanity.

One's hold upon the English tongue is measured by his choice of words and by his use of idiom. The composite character of modern English offers a wide field for apt and happy choice of expression. The educated man, at home with his mother-tongue, moves easily about in its Saxon, Romanic, and Latin elements, and has gained by long experience and wide reading a knowledge of the mental incidence of words as well as of their artistic effect. He is hampered by no set formulas, but manifests in his speech, spoken, and written, the characteristic powers and appreciation of his nature. The educated man is of necessity, therefore, a constant reader of the best written English. He reads not for conscious imitation, but for unconscious absorption and reflection. He knows the wide distinction between correct English on the one hand, and pedantic, or as it is sometimes called, "elegant," English on the other. He is more likely to "go to bed" than to "retire," to "get up" than to "arise," to have "legs" rather than "limbs," to "dress" than to "clothe himself," and to "make a speech" rather than to "deliver an oration." He knows that "if you hear poor English and read poor English you will pretty surely speak poor English and write poor English," and governs himself accordingly. He realizes the power and place of idiom and its relation to grammar, and shows his skill by preserving a balance between the two in his style. He would follow with intelligent sympathy the scholarly discussions of idiom and of grammar by Professor Earle and would find therein the justification of much of his best practice. In short, in his use of his mother-tongue he would give sure evidence of an education.

As a second evidence of an education I name those refined and gentle manners which are the expression of fixed habits of thought and of action. "Manners are behavior and good breeding," as Addison said, but they are more. It is not without significance that the Latin language has

but a single word (*mores*) both for usages, habits, manners, and for morals. Real manners, the manners of a truly educated man or woman, are an outward expression of intellectual and moral conviction. Sham manners are a veneer which falls away at the dampening touch of the first selfish suggestion. Manners have a moral significance, and find their basis in that true and deepest self-respect which is built upon respect for others. An infallible test of character is to be found in one's manners toward those whom, for one reason or another, the world may deem his inferiors. A man's manners toward his equals or his superiors are shaped by too many motives to render their interpretation either easy or certain. Manners do not make the man, but manners reveal the man. It is by the amount of respect, deference, and courtesy shown to human personality as such that we judge whether one is on dress parade or whether he is so well-trained, well-educated, and so habitually ethical in thought and action that he realizes his proper relation to his fellows and reveals his realization in his manners. As Kant insisted more than a century ago, a man exists as an end in himself and not merely as a means to be arbitrarily used by this or that will; and in all his actions, whether they concern himself alone or other rational beings, he must always be regarded as an end. True manners are based upon a recognition of this fact, and that is a poor education indeed which fails to inculcate the ethical principle and the manners that embody it.

As a third evidence of an education I name the power and habit of reflection. It is a frequent charge against us moderns, particularly against Americans, that we are losing the habit of reflection and the high qualities which depend upon it. We are told that this loss is a necessary result of our hurried and busy lives, of our diverse interests, and of the annihilation of space and time by steam and electricity. The whole world and its happenings are brought to our very doors by the daily newspaper. Our attention leaps from Manila to Pekin, from Pekin to the Transvaal, and from the Transvaal to Havana. We are torn by conflicting

or unconnected emotions, and our minds are occupied by ideas following each other with such rapidity that we fail to get a firm and deep hold of any one of the great facts that come into our lives. This is the charge which even sympathetic critics bring against us.

If it be true—and there are some counts in the indictment which it is difficult to deny—then one of the most precious evidences of an education is slipping from us, and we must redouble our efforts to keep fast hold upon it. For an unexamined life, as Socrates unceasingly insisted, is not worth living. The life which asks no questions of itself, which traces events back to no causes and forward to no purposes, which raises no vital issues of principle, and which seeks no interpretation of what passes within and without, is not a human life at all; it is the life of an animal. The trained and the untrained mind are perhaps in sharpest contrast at this very point. An armory of insights and convictions always ready for applications to new conditions, and invincible save by deeper insights and more rational convictions, is a mark of a trained and educated mind. The educated man has standards of truth, of human experience, and of wisdom, by which new proposals are judged. These standards can be gained only through reflection. The undisciplined mind is a prey to every passing fancy and the victim of every plausible doctrinaire. He has no permanent forms of judgment which give him character.

Renan was right when he held that the first condition for the development of the mind is that it shall have liberty; and liberty for the mind means freedom from the control of the unreasonable, and freedom to choose the reasonable in accordance with principle. A body of principles is a necessary possession of the educated man. His development is always with reference to his principles, and proceeds by evolution, not revolution.

Philosophy is, of course, the great single study by which the power of reflection is developed until it becomes a habit, but there is a philosophic study of literature, of politics, of natural science, which makes for the same end. The ques-

tion how, whose answer is science, and the question why, whose answer is philosophy, are the beginnings of reflection. A truly educated man asks both questions continually, and as a result is habituated to reflection.

As a fourth evidence of an education I name the power of growth. There is a type of mind which, when trained to a certain point, crystallizes, as it were, and refuses to move forward thereafter. This type of mind fails to give one of the essential evidences of an education. It has perhaps acquired much and promised much; but somehow or other the promise is not fulfilled. It is not dead, but in a trance. Only such functions are performed as serve to keep it where it is; there is no movement, no development, no new power or accomplishment. The impulse to continuous study, and to that self-education which are the conditions of permanent intellectual growth, is wanting. Education has so far failed of one of its chief purposes.

A human mind continuing to grow and to develop throughout a long life is a splendid and impressive sight. It was that characteristic in Mr. Gladstone which made his personality so attractive to young and ambitious men. They were fired by his zeal and inspired by his limitless intellectual energy. To have passed from being "the rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories" in 1838 to the unchallenged leadership of the anti-Tory party in Great Britain a generation later, and to have continued to grow throughout an exceptionally long life, is no mean distinction; and it is an example of what, in less conspicuous ways, is the lot of every mind whose training is effective. Broadened views, widened sympathies, deepened insights, are the accompaniments of growth.

For this growth a many-sided interest is necessary, and this is why growth and intellectual and moral narrowness are eternally at war. There is much in our modern education which is uneducational because it makes growth difficult, if not impossible. Early specialization, with its attendant limited range both of information and of interest, is an enemy of growth. Turning from the distasteful before it

is understood is an enemy of growth. Failure to see the relation of the subject of one's special interest to other subjects is an enemy of growth. The pretense of investigation and discovery before mastering existent knowledge is an enemy of growth. The habit of cynical indifference toward men and things and of aloofness from them, sometimes supposed to be peculiarly academic, is an enemy of growth. These, then, are all to be shunned while formal education is going on, if it is to carry with it the priceless gift of an impulse to continuous growth. "Life," says Bishop Spalding in an eloquent passage, "is the unfolding of a mysterious power, which in man rises to self-consciousness, and through self-consciousness to the knowledge of a world of truth and order and love, where action may no longer be left wholly to the sway of matter or to the impulse of instinct, but may and should be controlled by reason and conscience. To further this process by deliberate and intelligent effort is to educate"—and, I add, to educate so as to sow the seed of continuous growth, intellectual and moral.

And as a fifth evidence of an education I name efficiency, the power to do. The time has long since gone by, if it ever was, when contemplation pure and simple, withdrawal from the world and its activities, or intelligent incompetence was a defensible ideal of education. To-day the truly educated man must be, in some sense, efficient. With brain, tongue, or hand he must be able to express his knowledge and so leave the world other than he found it. Mr. James is simply summing up what physiology and psychology both teach when he exclaims: "No reception without reaction, no impression without correlative expression —this is the great maxim which the teacher ought never to forget. An impression which simply flows in at the pupil's eyes or ears, and in no way modifies his active life, is an impression gone to waste. It is physiologically incomplete. It leaves no fruits behind it in the way of capacity acquired. Even as mere impression it fails to produce its proper effect upon the memory; for, to remain fully among the acquisitions of the latter faculty, it must be wrought into the

whole cycle of our operations. Its motor consequences are what clinch it." This is just as true of knowledge in general as of impressions. Indefinite absorption without production is fatal both to character and to the highest intellectual power. Do something and be able to do it well; express what you know in some helpful and substantial form; produce, and do not everlastingly feel only and revel in feelings—these are counsels which make for a real education and against that sham form of it which is easily recognized as well-informed incapacity. Our colleges and universities abound in false notions, notions as unscientific as they are unphilosophical, of the supposed value of knowledge, information, for its own sake. It has none. The date of the discovery of America is in itself as meaningless as the date of the birth of the youngest blade of grass in the neighboring field; it means something because it is part of a larger knowledge-whole, because it has relations, applications, uses; and for the student who sees none of these and knows none of them, America was discovered in 1249 quite as much as it was in 1492.

High efficiency is primarily an intellectual affair, and only *longo intervallo* does it take on anything approaching a mechanical form. Its mechanical form is always wholly subordinate to its springs in the intellect. It is the outgrowth of an established and habitual relationship between intellect and will, by means of which knowledge is constantly made power. For knowledge is not power, Bacon to the contrary notwithstanding, unless it is made so, and it can be made so only by him who possesses the knowledge. The habit of making knowledge power is efficiency. Without it education is incomplete.

These five characteristics, then, I offer as evidences of an education—correctness and precision in the use of the mother-tongue; refined and gentle manners, which are the expression of fixed habits of thought and action; the power and habit of reflection; the power of growth; and efficiency, or the power to do. On this plane the physicist may meet

with the philologian and the naturalist with the philosopher, and each recognize the fact that his fellow is an educated man, though the range of their information is widely different and the centers of their highest interests are far apart. They are knit together in a brotherhood by the close tie of those traits which have sprung out of the reaction of their minds and wills upon that which has fed them and brought them strength. Without these traits men are not truly educated and their erudition, however vast, is of no avail; it furnishes a museum, not a developed human being.

It is these habits, of necessity made by ourselves alone, begun in the days of school and college, and strengthened with maturer years and broader experience, that serve to show to ourselves and to others that we have discovered the secret of gaining an education.

WHY TO STUDY

Our Criticisms of Books

By FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE

I FANCY there is nothing we more like to exercise our criticism upon than on the style of the books that come in our way. I am thinking now chiefly of books in prose; of poetry I may speak a little by and by. Such a style we pronounce is an affected style, or an un-English style, or an unintelligible style, or a pompous style, or a too colloquial style, or a style that departs from all good models, or a style that is a mere imitation of certain models. Some one of these phrases is applied to a particular writer, first, perhaps, by some oracle in a drawing-room circle, or it may have come forth with the anonymous weight of some newspaper. It gets quickly into circulation. Then some one rises up in defense of the writer. He likes the affected, or the un-English, or the irregular, or the imitated style; perhaps he adopts it and exaggerates it. He, too, has his set of followers. There are some who listen to his decrees; perhaps he can get them into print. Thus a great amount of criticism is abroad; a number of judges are condemning the guilty man, trembling lest they should be condemned if he is absolved. But, after all, what has been gained? What real critical faculty has one of these judges been exercising? Those epithets which they have bestowed upon the style do not tell you in the least what an English style, or a correct style, or a true style, is. That secret is hid in the heart of the commentator. He may hold up a few sen-

tences to ridicule, with a "Look there! how bad that is! What nonsense this is!" He may even hint what he thinks is the proper model for all people to follow; but by saying that he does not the least help us to avoid these faults, or to follow the right leader, if he is a right one. He leaves the impression upon our minds that he is a standard of taste, and that he knows that he is. It is a comfortable conviction certainly, as long as he can retain it; but I cannot see that mankind is in any degree improved by his possession of a quality which it seems that he is utterly unable to impart.

Is there, then, to be no criticism of style? Is there no such thing as style? Do we mean nothing when we say that the style of Milton is altogether different from the style of Burke? I apprehend that we do mean very much; just as much as when we say that the handwriting of two men is different, or their walk, or their voice, or their manners in a room. All these are real differences; some of them, if not all of them, are helps to tell us wherein the men differ from each other, what is the characteristic peculiarity of each. And that is the good which one gets from the style of a book. If it is not the expression of what a man is, it is absolutely worthless, with whatever rules it may be in conformity; if it is, it is one means of getting acquainted with him. It will not tell you all you want to know of him, but it will tell you something. It may show you, no doubt, his weakness as well as his strength; it may explain to you what he cannot do as well as what he can. But, at all events, let us try to know what it does say before we proceed to classify it, or to pass sentence upon it. It is wonderful how much our faculties of discernment will grow, and unfold themselves, if we begin by throwing all our notions about style overboard, and simply come to be taught why this author spoke in this way and that in another, why this is significant of him and of the time in which he lived, and another belonged to a person who lived in a different time and who had another work. The process may be a slow one—we may make no sensible advance in it, we may not be

able to set down the results to our own satisfaction; but then see how much more interesting the process itself is than that for which we exchange it. When I am setting myself up as a judge of authors for the purpose of condemning the guilty, I shall look out for those who are likely to give me most occupation by their absurdities. I shall consider that my business is with the bad, though I may chance now and then to light upon something good. What effect must this continual familiarity with what is mean and vulgar have upon the mind? Suppose I continue to denounce it, suppose I continue to find a delight in denouncing it, must I not insensibly acquire its likeness, or else become intolerably conceited because I am above it? But in the other case I must look out for the best and ablest writers, because they are the best worth hearing, and because I want their styles only to manifest them. I must mix constantly with those who will make me ashamed, not proud of myself. And I shall at last get more than I sought for.

WHY TO STUDY

The Cultivation of Taste

By CHARLES F. RICHARDSON

TASTE can be cultivated. This remark, one would say, is of obvious truth, and needs no discussion whatever; but, in point of fact, scarcely anything related to the reading habit is more frequently ignored or practically denied. "I have no taste for poetry"; "I never could enjoy history"; "biography may be very well, but I never could read it"; "I suppose Walter Scott and George Eliot are more profitable reading than G. P. R. James or Miss Braddon, but my taste prefers the latter";—such remarks as these are sure to encounter one who is seeking to raise the standard of reading. Forgetting that growth and development are the almost unvarying method of nature in every line, too many people profess to believe, and certainly act as though they believe, that a present literary taste is an inflexible and unalterable thing, to be accepted without question, and no more to be changed by us than our residence upon the earth instead of upon the moon.

Lord Lytton *is* not an author to whom I am accustomed to look for the highest conceptions of life or the wisest rules for its conduct; but on this subject of the cultivation of taste he puts some excellent words into the mouth of one of the characters of his novels, who explains that good sense and good taste are the result of a constant habit of right thinking and acting; of self-denial; and of regulation, rather than accident or natural temperament. "Good sense," says he,

"is not a merely intellectual attribute. It is rather the result of a just equilibrium of all our faculties, spiritual and moral. The dishonest, or the toys of their own passions, may have genius; but they rarely, if ever, have good sense in the conduct of life. They may often win large prizes, but it is by a game of chance, not skill. But the man whom I perceive walking an honorable and upright career, just to others and also to himself, . . . is a more dignified representative of his Maker than the mere child of genius. Of such a man we say he has good sense; yes, but he has also integrity, self-respect, and self-denial. A thousand trials which his sense braves and conquers are temptations also to his probity, his temper; in a word, to all the many sides of his complicated nature. Now I do not think he will have this good sense, any more than a drunkard will have strong nerves, unless he be in the constant habit of keeping his mind clear from the intoxication of envy, vanity, and the various emotions that dupe and mislead us. Good sense is not, therefore, an abstract quality, or a solitary talent; it is the natural result of the habit of thinking justly, and, therefore, seeing clearly, and is as different from the sagacity that belongs to a diplomatist or an attorney, as the philosophy of Socrates differed from the rhetoric of Gorgias. As a mass of individual excellences make up this attribute in a man, so a mass of such men thus characterized give character to a nation. Your England is, therefore, renowned for its good sense, but it is renowned also for the excellences which accompany strong sense in an individual; high honesty and faith in its dealings, a warm love of justice and fair play, a general freedom from the violent crimes common on the Continent, and the energetic perseverance in enterprise once commenced, which results from a bold and healthful disposition."

A bold and healthful disposition, such as Lord Lytton thus ascribes to his typical Englishman, is ever on the watch for something better rather than something worse; for something that will develop and strengthen, rather than something that will merely pass muster. So it is in the choice

of books. "It is nearly an axiom that people will not be better than the books they read," says Bishop Potter. If a person never strives "to look up and not down," in his selection of books, he need not expect to see any improvement in his intellectual faculties, or in his personal character so far as influenced by those faculties. President Porter well says: "Inspiration, genius, individual tastes, elective affinities, do not necessarily include self-knowledge, self-criticism, or self-control. If the genius of a man lies in the development of the individual person that he is, his manhood lies in finding out by self-study what he is and what he may become, and in wisely using the means that are fitted to form and perfect his individuality." The person who reads as he ought to read, therefore, will try to discover what his best intellectual nature is now, and what it may grow to be in time to come. He will seek to add strength and facility to his mind, and he will constantly strive to correct such tendencies as he finds to be injurious or not positively beneficial, substituting therefor, as soon as may be, a higher purpose and a more creditable achievement.

We must learn to know books as we learn to know other good things. "Who can overestimate the value of good books?"—asks W. P. Atkinson—"those ships of thought, as Bacon so finely calls them, voyaging through the sea of time, and carrying their precious freight so safely from generation to generation! Here are the finest minds giving us the best wisdom of present and all past ages; here are intellects gifted far beyond ours, ready to give us the results of lifetimes of patient thought; imaginations open to the beauty of the universe, far beyond what it is given us to behold; characters whom we can only vainly hope to imitate, but whom it is one of the highest privileges of life to know. Here they all are; and to learn to know them is the privilege of the educated man."

We cannot come to know them by accident or by relying on past habitudes. "When I became a man," said Saint Paul, "I put away childish things"; and so must the manly reader put away the childish habit of reading story-

books alone, or looking at pictures, or preferring amusement to instruction and mental development. Too many readers—one is tempted to say the majority of readers—never get beyond the picture-book stage; and, indeed, there are men and women in the world who read fewer books and poorer books than when they were little children.

Not only in the selection of books, but in the reading of them, must one's choice be guided, and, so far as may be, elevated. I will quote here some sound advice offered by the "Literary World," of Boston: "Almost every article of food has its poison; and a most important function of our internal economy consists in its intelligent discrimination between the good and the evil; its careful assimilation of the good, and its rigorous rejection of the evil. The good it gathers into the vessels which are the storehouse of life, but the bad it casts away. The peach with its prussic acid, the pie-plant with its oxalic acid, tea with its tannic acid, the tomato, and even the potato, each with its own deleterious ingredient, are all illustrations of substances which contain what, in sufficient quantities, might be the death of man, were he not provided with the power of separating between the forces of death and life. Were it not for the safeguards which we involuntarily practice we could not eat with safety half the things which now not only feed the body but gratify the taste. Something very like this power is needed with respect to the books we read. Our minds should cultivate the gift, in keeping with that of our physical organs within, whereby, feasting upon the rich and varied diet with which they are supplied, they may reserve only what is nutritious, or palatable, without being harmful, and at the same time throw off what is calculated to offend and injure. Few books can be mentioned in the general departments of literature which do not, like the foods we have mentioned above, contain the good and the bad combined. History is full of dangerous episodes, biography of specious examples, poetry of inflaming imagings, and fiction of demoralizing license. And yet the worst of the books that are

notoriously bad probably have some good in them; pictures which may be looked upon without harm, and lessons which it would be profitable to learn. A great art in reading, then, one which should be inculcated in theory, and in the practice of which the oldest and wisest of us should constantly be drilling ourselves, is this art of so carrying the mind along the paths of another's thought that it shall retain only the good and the true and the beautiful, while the bad and the false and the repulsive shall instantly pass out of sight and recollection. Only as we are masters of this art are we safe in the midst of the perils to which reading exposes us; and in this art, which may be settled by practice into a habit, our youth particularly should be zealously educated."

The great authors are the good authors, in whom feebleness or coarseness or whimsicality or meanness and malice are accidental rather than essential. When we are reading the master-books we need reject little; we can absorb much. And in our highest and truest moments we may share their greatness, and stand, so to speak, on their level; for it is the apprehension of greatness that makes it great for us; and this very apprehension is an honor to us, and the measure of our own powers and attainments. Emerson does not make an over statement when he says: "There is something of poverty in our criticism. We assume that there are few great men, all the rest are little; that there is but one Homer, but one Shakespeare, one Newton, one Socrates. But the soul in her beaming hour does not acknowledge these usurpations. We should know how to praise Socrates or Plato or Saint John, without impoverishing us. In good hours we do not find Shakespeare or Homer overgreat—only to have been translators of the happy present —and every man and woman divine possibilities. 'Tis the good reader that makes the good book; a good head cannot read amiss; in every book he finds passages which seem confidences or asides hidden from all else and unmistakably meant for his ear."

I do not know a better starting-point than this if one

desires to cultivate his taste. Do not pretend to like what you do not like, nor to know what you do not know. Do not be content with your taste as it is, but try to improve it, not expecting that you will ever like all that great men have written.

The Educational Quality of Criticism

By HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

THE prime characteristic of the work of the great critics is interpretation, and its deepest influence is educational. It is true that all art is educational, and that literature, as Matthew Arnold long ago said in one of his suggestive school reports, contains the best possible material for education; but criticism is peculiarly and definitely educational, because it brings into clear light the significance of literature as a whole. The immediate and vital relationship between art and life, which has given literature an entirely new meaning to modern men, was largely discerned and disclosed by the great modern critics. To them we owe not only clear ideas of the specific work and personal quality of each writer, but clear ideas of his relation to his time and to his race—of his significance in the development of literature and in the history of the human soul. There is a distinct and definite educational value in the comprehension of Montaigne's relation to his age, of the influences which found their expression in Voltaire and Rousseau, and of the facts of race inheritance and social condition which made so deep an impress on the artistic temperament of Tourguenieff. There is indeed no educational material of such interest and importance as that preserved in books, because nowhere else has the life of men made a record at once so frank, so searching, and so appealing. It was a profound thought of Froebel's that the true teacher of each individual is the race,

and that what the race has thought, felt, and accomplished is the richest material for educational uses. And literature, being the fullest and frankest revelation of what is in men and of what they have experienced, is the most vital and persuasive teacher of humanity.

It is and has been the function of criticism in the hands of the masters of the art to bring into clear light this educational significance of literature; to trace its intimate and necessary relations with the time which produced it; to indicate the racial elements which enter into it; to point out the impress of personality; and to set out each great work in true relation to that disclosure of the nature of man of which art has kept so faithful a record. In thus dealing with literary works as parts of one great expression of the soul, criticism has not lost its judicial spirit nor parted with its instinct for perfection of form. It has simply struck a true balance between the human and the artistic elements in works of literature; it has shown the rootage of art in life; it has set the man beside his work, and made the work the revelation of the man. The value of the general service of such a new reading of literature cannot be estimated—so wide, so deep, and so subtle are those educational influences which play upon the spirits of men as part of the atmosphere which they breathe. This is, however, a service to literature itself which is often overlooked. The quality of disinterestedness, upon which Mr. Arnold insisted at the very beginning of his career as a critic, carries with it an inevitable enlargement of thought. It is impossible to study literary works as they appeal fresh from widely differing conditions of race and individual life without receiving, consciously or unconsciously, an education of a very high order. Insular ignorance, class prejudice, national antagonism, race hostility, individual prepossession and limitation are insensibly modified by contact with life, unifying such a variety of conditions, and revealing itself with equal authority through such different forms of expression. The men are few whose literary creeds can remain provincial in the face of the catholicity of modern criticism. One may be wedded to Romanticism, but he must

be uncommonly unresponsive if he fails to feel the power of such verse as Landor and Arnold have given us. In these days it is possible to be a lover of Flaubert and De Maupassant and yet enjoy George Sand; to care for Corneille and yet recognize the power of Ibsen.

To put aside accidental methods, accepted standards, and personal prepossessions, and with open mind to search each work of literature for its aim, its reality, and its excellence, is not only to receive that kind of education which affects the quality of a man's nature, but to make it easier for the writer with the new word and the new spirit to secure a hearing. Many changes have taken place since Rabelais found it necessary to veil his attack on the educational methods of the Church; a man may now speak his thought without peril to his head. But freedom of opinion was more easily won than freedom of artistic expression. Even in our own time there has been more than one demonstration of the danger which the artist faces when he ventures into a fresh field and employs a new method. Carlyle, Browning, Ibsen, and Whitman remind us, in different chapters of their experience, that artistic tolerance has not yet come to perfect flower, and that disinterestedness is not yet universal. Nevertheless it remains true that the conception of literature was never so broad as at this moment, and there have never been so many intelligent persons eager to recognize beauty, truth, and power, however strangely garbed. When a critic so fastidious as Matthew Arnold recognizes the literary quality shared in common by men as diverse in temperament, idea, aim, and artistic method as Wordsworth, Byron, Gray, Shelley, Heine, and Tolstoi, the genuine catholicity of modern criticism may be regarded as nearly complete. If the new method must still win its way against prejudice and conventional notions of art, it is rather because of indifference and inertia than of intentional antagonism. In these days genius is in greater peril from premature than from postponed recognition; it is more likely to be forced than to be repressed.

The larger thought of literature, as an expression of the

soul under the conditions of life and in the forms of art, not only gives it a foremost place among the forces which civilize men, but gives it the stimulus of a great function, and the freedom of a governing power. Criticism has not only opened the minds of readers, but it has invited writers to a freedom which they formerly were compelled to fight for; and who can doubt that in the long run this broader education of those to whom literature makes its appeal will react upon literary artists through provocation of earlier recognition, quicker response, and truer comprehension?

The Serious Reading of Books

By JOHN MORLEY

NO sensible person can suppose for a single moment that everybody is born with the ability for using books, for reading and studying literature. Certainly not everybody is born with the capacity of being a great scholar. All people are no more born great scholars like Gibbon and Bentley, than they are all born great musicians like Handel and Beethoven. What is much worse than that, many come into the world with the incapacity of reading, just as they come into it with the incapacity of distinguishing one tune from another. To them I have nothing to say. Even the morning paper is too much for them. They can only skim the surface even of that. I go further, and frankly admit that the habit and power of reading with reflection, comprehension, and memory all alert and awake, does not come at once to the natural man any more than many other sovereign virtues come to that interesting creature. What I do venture to press upon you is, that it requires no preterhuman force of will in any young man or woman—unless household circumstances are more than usually vexatious and unfavorable—to get at least half an hour out of a solid busy day for good and disinterested reading. Some will say that this is too much to expect, and the first persons to say it will be those who waste their time most. At any rate, if I cannot get half an hour I will be content with a quarter. Now, in half an hour I fancy you can read fifteen

or twenty pages of Burke; or you can read one of Wordsworth's masterpieces—say the lines on Tintern; or say, one-third—if a scholar, in the original, and if not, in a translation—of a book of the "Iliad" or the "Æneid." I do not think that I am filling the half-hour too full. But try for yourselves what you can read in half an hour. Then multiply the half-hour by three hundred and sixty-five, and consider what treasures you might have laid by at the end of the year; and what happiness, fortitude, and wisdom they would have given you during all the days of your life.

I will not take up your time by explaining the various mechanical contrivances and aids to successful study. They are not to be despised by those who would extract the most from books. Many people think of knowledge as of money. They would like knowledge, but cannot face the perseverance and self-denial that go to the acquisition of it. The wise student will do most of his reading with a pen or a pencil in his hand. He will not shrink from the useful toil of making abstracts and summaries of what he is reading. Sir William Hamilton was a strong advocate for underscoring books of study. . . . Again, some great men—Gibbon was one, and Daniel Webster was another, and the great Lord Strafford was a third—always before reading a book made a short, rough analysis of the questions which they expected to be answered in it, the additions to be made to their knowledge, and whither it would take them. I have sometimes tried that way of steadying and guiding attention; and I commend it to you. I need not tell you that you will find that most books worth reading once are worth reading twice, and—what is most important of all—the masterpieces of literature are worth reading a thousand times. It is a great mistake to think that because you have read a masterpiece once or twice, or ten times, therefore you have done with it. Because it is a masterpiece, you ought to live with it, and make it part of your daily life. Another practice is that of keeping a commonplace book, and transcribing into it what is striking and interesting and suggestive. And if you keep it wisely, as

Locke has taught us, you will put every entry under a head, division, or subdivision. This is an excellent practice for concentrating your thought on the passage and making you alive to its real point and significance.

Various correspondents have asked me to say something about those lists of a hundred books that have been circulating through the world within the last few months. I have examined some of these lists with considerable care, and whatever else may be said of them—and I speak of them with deference and reserve, because men for whom one must have a great regard have compiled them—they do not seem to me to be calculated either to create or satisfy a wise taste for literature in any very worthy sense. To fill a man with a hundred parcels of heterogeneous scraps, from the "Mahabharata," and the "Sheking," down to "Pickwick," and White's "Selborne," may pass the time, but I cannot conceive how it would strengthen or instruct or delight. For instance, it is a mistake to think that every book that has a great name in the history of books or of thought is worth reading. Some of the most famous books are least worth reading. Their fame was due to their doing something that needed in their day to be done. The work done, the virtue of the book expires. Again, I agree with those who say that the steady working down one of these lists would end in the manufacture of that obnoxious product—the prig. A prig has been defined as an animal that is over-fed for its size. I think that these bewildering miscellanies would lead to an immense quantity of that kind of overfeeding. The object of reading is not to dip into everything that even wise men have ever written. In the words of one of the most winning writers of English that ever existed—Cardinal Newman—the object of literature in education is to open the mind, to correct it, to refine it, to enable it to comprehend and digest its knowledge, to give it power over its own faculties, application, flexibility, method, critical exactness, sagacity, address, and expression. These are the objects of that intellectual perfection which a literary education is destined to give.

Let me pass to another topic. We are often asked whether it is best to study subjects or authors or books. Well, I think that is like most of the stock questions with which the perverse ingenuity of mankind torments itself. There is no universal and exclusive answer. My own answer is a very plain one. It is sometimes best to study books, sometimes authors, and sometimes subjects; but at all times it is best to study authors, subjects, and books in connection with one another. Whether you make your first approach from interest in an author or in a book, the fruit will be only half gathered if you leave off without new ideas and clearer lights both on the man and the matter.

This points to the right answer to another question that is constantly asked. We are constantly asked whether desultory reading is among things lawful and permitted. May we browse at large in a library, as Johnson said, or is it forbidden to open a book without a definite aim and fixed expectations? I am for a compromise. If a man has once got his general point of view, if he has striven with success to place himself at the center, what follows is of less consequence. If he has got in his head a good map of the country, he may ramble at large with impunity. If he has once well and truly laid the foundations of a methodical, systematic habit of mind, what he reads will find its way to its proper place. If his intellect is in good order, he will find in every quarter something to assimilate and something that will nourish.

WHAT TO STUDY

Plans of Study

By FREDERIC B. PERKINS

MY idea is to suggest a course of reading. But the fact is that, in the general sense of the words, the thing cannot be done. There is no one course of reading which is the ideal best one any more than there exists Plato's ideal tree, being (he thought) the tree, in general or in the abstract; and he said it existed somewhere. As soon state exactly the one best career in life. A course of reading on all subjects? On what single class or single subject? For a youth or an adult? For one of defective education, of average, or of superior? For study, for information, for accomplishment, or for pleasure?

It is true that a general course can be laid out, as was done by Chancellor Kent and by many others; but the vast extent and dry aspect of such a course is a real Sahara to be scared away from; not a "paradise of dainty devices" to be attracted into. A general course can be laid out, but it cannot be followed, at least not unless there is a great part of a lifetime to give to it. Two points, therefore, I shall state to begin with: (1) Any general course of reading, long or short, will almost certainly be mainly historical; as, for instance, Pycroft's, the most sensibly handled of any of the sort in English; where his historical part (including biography and collaterals) fills nearly five-sixths of his whole book. (2) Partial courses within the limits of some period in time, or on some definitely limited subject of research, or within some distinct lines of acquirement can

always be made interesting and profitable, and can be followed. One of two such courses will show, I think, very easily, what I say cannot be done, and what can be.

Suppose, then, first, a young farmer, merchant, or mechanic, with a common-school education and perhaps, a year or two of academy besides, whose object in reading is not merely to do some reading, not merely to "improve his mind," but to do a better, because more definitely practicable, thing, something well worthy of manly ambition and manly thought—we will say, to give himself a competent education as a voter or American sovereign. European sovereigns are most carefully and elaborately trained for their profession—and so ought ours to be.

For such a purpose I know no better first book than that plain, dignified, and powerful old-fashioned narrative, Marshall's "Life of Washington." The great and upright lawyer's simple and strong account of the great and upright general and ruler's life is full of high and healthy lessons. At the end, read Washington's farewell address twice. And then read, if it can be done with pleasure, or even without too much fatigue, "The Federalist." That monumental exposition of the very bones and vitals and heart-strings of our national organization is not obsolete yet, and will not be very soon; and, while of the highest importance always, it is especially so at this moment. I wish no man could vote next year who could not pass a fair examination in "The Federalist." Still, if this massive structure of systematic reasoning is found too hard, put it by for some later year. I can hardly imagine a voter of any natural goodness of character casting a careless or unprincipled vote after a careful reading of Marshall. If Marshall's "Life of Washington" cannot be got take Irving's.

Lives of great men are vivifying centers of historic knowledge. Using the law of contrast, take now Plutarch's "Lives," and read them, and consider, as you go on, the differences between an ancient heathen and a modern Christian great man. And as you closed Washington's life with his farewell address, close the series of Plutarch's

heroes with a thoughtful reading—if you can find it interesting enough—of the "Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus." These two works will show you the best things that the heathens could do or think—Plutarch is action, Antoninus is morality.

Follow this somewhat pictorial method of beginning with a short course of history intended to present the progress of civilization and to give materials for a general view of humanity as a body, as the previous books were meant to exhibit noble individual and political and moral ideas. First comes Grote's "Greece"; and, if Finlay's is accessible (it is too little known), read that. These two books give an excellent, an unbroken account of Grecian history from the mythological times down to and through the Greek revolution. If Grote's eight volumes and Finlay's seven are too much, substitute Smith, continued by Felton, which comes down to 1855 in one volume. Next, Mommsen's "Rome," and then Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," which do, after a fashion, for Rome what Grote and Finlay do for Greece. And if these are too long (together ten or twelve volumes), substitute Liddell's, Lord's, or Smith's single volume. For the Middle Ages read Hallam; and if that is not to be had, Robertson's "View of Europe in the Middle Ages" will do very well, and so will Green's "History of the Middle Ages"; and when the history is thus gone over read Froissart's "Chronicles" for a wonderfully striking and lifelike contemporary account. Now take Russell's or Dyer's "Modern Europe," then Alison's (1789 to 1852); always remembering that Alison is distinctly a Tory (aristocratic and anti-republican) writer. Having thus secured a connected view of the main story of human progress, narrow the scope and complete the study of this historical course by a few books on England and our own country. Green's "History of the English People" (the second enlarged edition) is perhaps the best of the short histories; if there is time for a longer one read Knight's "Popular History," eight volumes; and follow this with Stubbs' "Constitutional History of England," if you do not find it too tough; this

is a very instructive book, but very solid too. Read, for enjoyment at least as much as for instruction, Macaulay's history, which (with a preliminary sketch) covers the period from 1685 to 1702 (James II. and William III.). For the period from William III. to the end of our Revolutionary war read Lord Mahon's (afterward Earl Stanhope) history. In like manner as Macaulay and Mahon give repeated and more detailed accounts of interesting periods, it will be useful to read Miss Martineau's "History of the Peace," following on Alison's account of the Napoleonic wars, and very opposite to him in spirit, covering the time from 1800 to 1854.

Having thus viewed, though briefly, mankind in social progress from the dawn of history to the present generation, and then reviewed more closely that particular nation whose blood and manners and institutions, more than any other, we inherit, it remains to study our own nation, with whose greatest historic figure we began. Hildreth's history (6 vols. 8vo) is the best; it comes down to 1820; but it is dry. Bryant's (so-called) will do reasonably well; it is to have one more volume yet—four large octavos in all; and Ollier's, known as Cassell's, is also a fairly good book. Indeed any one of the one-volume high-school histories—Willard's, Wilson's, Quackenbos'—has more in it than any ordinary person can remember. And now I would have "The Federalist," if it proved impregnable at first, tried again, and I would follow it with Dr. Von Holst's "Constitutional History of the United States." Then I would have my young man read the history of his own state—there is one, sometimes good and sometimes not so good, for almost all of them—and the history of his own town or city, if there is one, and, lastly, the constitution of his own state, and the municipal ordinances of his town or city, if any; and I believe that young man will make an intelligent, judicious, and useful voter; and, besides that, it will be very strange if during this course of reading he has not noted a good many questions on which to read further, or other books to examine. Such a course ought to give him a start at least as an independent selector for himself.

I have not space enough left to describe any other course so fully, but one or two of different sorts may be barely indicated.

A peculiarly fresh and interesting view of general or special history can be obtained by selecting a series of Lives, or Lives and Times, of the most prominent and influential personages who have appeared among men. Here it will be found that the earliest biographies are Biblical, that of Moses being probably the best to begin with. The chain cannot be kept unbroken, but some such succession could be made out as this: Moses; the founder of a nation. David; the rise of empire. Confucius; a heathen moral philosophy. Pericles; a civilized Greek dictatorship. Socrates; a Greek mission for free inquiry. Alcibiades; Greek "personal politics." Demosthenes; Greek patriotic democracy. Xenophon; Greek soldiership and literature. Plato; Greek idealism. Aristotle; Greek national science. Alexander; Greek conquest. Hannibal; fighting it out in a losing cause. Mattathias and the Maccabæan family; patriotism upheld by a true religion. Cæsar; Roman military genius, literature, and statesmanship. Augustus; Roman administration. Herod; a tyranny. Christ; a Redeemer. I need not continue the list, but of course the materials become rapidly more sufficient, and then ample, and then overpowering. It must not be supposed that such a series represents any systematic development or succession on any single principle except, in a general way, the principle that the world improves. It is now a personal quality, now a national tendency, now an almost ideal "cause" that is represented, as the varying tides of the stream of time shift one way and another. Separate books on the great majority of such men are to be found; such as the brief histories of Alexander the Great, Hannibal, and Julius Cæsar, by Mr. J. S. C. Abbott, which would do very well for most readers; and, on the principles of library cataloguing as now practiced, the books which any library has about each will appear in the catalogue under his name in its alphabetical place.

Literary—by masterpieces. One of Emerson's rules about reading which is often quoted by writers, is never to read any but "famed books." That I do not believe is a wise rule; it is too exclusive; but I can imagine very profound delight in a course of reading of the masterpieces of human intellect in their chronological order; first coming down the line of the poets, then of the dramatists, then of the historians, then of the biographers, then of the philosophers (if it be possible to read them), then of the wits and humorists, then of the romancers, then of the essayists, and so on.

Religious—by sacred books. This, it is true, requires too much learning for its adequate study to be suited to popular reading; but is worth a brief reference by way of comparison. We have the Chinese classics, the Buddhist Tripitaka, the Brahminical Vedas, the Zoroastrian Zend Avesta, the Sikh Adi Granth, the Greek Theogony of Hesiod (which comes as near being a sacred book as any they had), the Jewish Talmud, the Mohammedan Koran, the Scandinavian Edda, the Christian Bible. All these, or sufficient parts of them for the purpose, have now been translated into English. Much of many of them is inexpressibly dreary reading; and yet the study of them in their historic and moral and spiritual relations is profoundly instructive and fascinating.

I have thus attempted to show how, instead of attempting to fix on one great (and as I believe impracticable and impossible) single ideal course of reading, the useful way must be to aim at something much more modest; at one or another partial course, such as to fall within the possible reading time of one who has a living to earn. I cannot stop without adding that whatever is read, or is not read, a good newspaper, coming not more seldom than weekly, should be read as a matter of duty. The perfect newspaper does not exist. But good papers will constantly keep the mind wide awake, and constantly suggest interesting trains of historical deduction, by the connection, every now and then, of to-day's news with any and every historical course of reading.

What Poetry Is

By WILLIAM HAZLITT

THE best general notion which I can give of poetry is, that it is the natural impression of any object or event, by its vividness exciting an involuntary movement of imagination and passion, and producing, by sympathy, a certain modulation of the voice, or sounds, expressing it.

Poetry is the language of the imagination and the passions. It relates to whatever gives immediate pleasure or pain to the human mind. It comes home to the bosoms and businesses of men; for nothing but what so comes home to them in the most general and intelligible shape can be a subject for poetry. Poetry is the universal language which the heart holds with nature and itself. He who has a contempt for poetry cannot have much respect for himself or for anything else. It is not a mere frivolous accomplishment (as some persons have been led to imagine), the trifling amusement of a few idle readers or leisure hours; it has been the study and delight of mankind in all ages. Many people suppose that poetry is something to be found only in books, contained in lines of ten syllables with like endings; but wherever there is a sense of beauty or power or harmony, as in the motion of a wave of the sea, in the growth of a flower that "spreads its sweet leaves to the air, and dedicates its beauty to the sun," there is poetry, in its birth. If history is a grave study, poetry may be said to be a graver; its materials lie deeper and are spread wider. His-

tory treats, for the most part, of the cumbrous and unwieldy masses of things, the empty cases in which the affairs of the world are packed, under the heads of intrigue or war, in different states, and from century to century; but there is no thought or feeling that can have entered into the mind of man which he would be eager to communicate to others, or which they would listen to with delight, that is not a fit subject for poetry. It is not a branch of authorship; it is "the stuff of which our life is made." The rest is "mere oblivion," a dead letter; for all that is worth remembering in life is the poetry of it. Fear is poetry, hope is poetry, love is poetry, hatred is poetry; contempt, jealousy, remorse, admiration, wonder, pity, despair, or madness are all poetry. Poetry is that fine particle within us that expands, rarefies, refines, raises our whole being; without it "man's life is poor as beast's." Man is a poetical animal; and those of us who do not study the principles of poetry act upon them all our lives, like Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," who had always spoken prose without knowing it. The child is a poet, in fact, when he plays at hide-and-seek, or repeats the story of Jack the Giant-killer; the shepherd-boy is a poet when he first crowns his mistress with a garland of flowers; the countryman, when he stops to look at the rainbow; the city apprentice, when he gazes after the Lord Mayor's show; the miser, when he hugs his gold; the courtier, who builds his hopes upon a smile; the savage, who paints his idol with blood; the slave, who worships a tyrant; or the tyrant, who fancies himself a god; the vain, the ambitious, the proud, the choleric man, the hero and the coward, the beggar and the king, the rich and the poor, the young and the old, all live in a world of their own making; and the poet does no more than describe what all the others think and act.

Poetry, then, is an imitation of nature, but the imagination and the passions are a part of man's nature. We shape things according to our wishes and fancies, without poetry; but poetry is the most emphatical language that can be found for those creations of the mind "which ecstasy is very cun-

ning in." Neither a mere description of natural objects, nor a mere delineation of natural feelings, however distinct or forcible, constitutes the ultimate end and aim of poetry, without the heightenings of the imagination. The light of poetry is not only a direct but also a reflected light, that, while it shows us the object, throws a sparkling radiance on all around it; the flame of the passions, communicated to the imagination, reveals to us, as with a flash of lightning, the inmost recesses of thought, and penetrates our whole being. Poetry represents forms chiefly as they suggest other forms; feelings, as they suggest forms or other feelings; poetry puts a spirit of life and motion into the universe. It describes the flowing, not the fixed. It does not define the limits of sense, or analyse the distinctions of the understanding, but signifies the excess of the imagination beyond the actual or ordinary impression of any object or feeling. The poetical impression of any object is that uneasy, exquisite sense of beauty or power that cannot be contained within itself, that is impatient of all limit, that (as flame bends to flame) strives to link itself to some other image of kindred beauty or grandeur, to enshrine itself, as it were, in the highest forms of fancy, and to relieve the aching sense of pleasure by expressing it in the boldest manner, and by the most striking examples of the same quality in other instances. Poetry, according to Lord Bacon, for this reason "has something divine in it, because it raises the mind, and hurries it into sublimity, by conforming the shows of things to the desires of the soul, instead of subjecting the soul to external things, as reason and history do." It is strictly the language of the imagination; and the imagination is that faculty which represents objects, not as they are in themselves, but as they are molded by other thoughts and feelings, into an infinite variety of shapes and combinations of power. This language is not the less true to nature because it is false in point of fact, but so much the more true and natural if it conveys the impression which the object under the influence of passion makes on the mind. Let an object, for instance, be presented to the senses in a state of agita-

tion or fear, and the imagination will distort or magnify the object, and convert it into the likeness of whatever is most proper to encourage the fear.

One mode in which the dramatic exhibition of passion excites without raising our disgust is, that in proportion as it sharpens the edge of calamity and disappointment it strengthens the desire of good. It enhances our consciousness of the blessing by making us sensible of the magnitude of the loss. The storm of passions lays bare and shows us the rich depths of the human soul; the whole of our existence, the sum-total of our passions and pursuits, of that which we desire and that which we dread, is brought before us by contrast; the action and the reaction are equal; the keenness of immediate suffering only gives us a more intense aspiration after, and a more intimate participation with, the antagonist world of good; makes us drink deeper of the cup of human life; tugs at the heartstrings; loosens the pressure about them, and calls the springs of thought and feeling into play with tenfold force.

Poetry is in all its shapes the language of the imagination and the passions, of fancy and will. Nothing, therefore, can be more absurd than the outcry which has been sometimes raised by frigid and pedantic critics for reducing the language of poetry to the standard of common sense and reason; for the end and use of poetry, "both at the first and now, was and is to hold the mirror up to nature," seen through the medium of passion and imagination, not divested of that medium by means of literal truth or abstract reason. The painter of history might as well be required to represent the face of a person who has just trod upon a serpent with the still-life expression of a common portrait, as the poet to describe the most striking and vivid impressions which things can be supposed to make upon the mind in the language of common conversation. Let who will strip nature of the colors and the shapes of fancy, the poet is not bound to do so; the impression of common sense and strong imagination, that is, of passion and indifference, cannot be the same, and they must have a separate language to do

justice to either. Objects must strike differently upon the mind, independently of what they are in themselves, as long as we have a different interest in them, as we see them in a different point of view, nearer or at a greater distance (morally or physically speaking), from novelty, from old acquaintance, from our ignorance of them, from our fear of their consequences, from contrast, from unexpected likeness. We can no more take away the faculty of the imagination than we can see all objects without light or shade. Some things must dazzle us by their preternatural light; others must hold us in suspense, and tempt our curiosity to explore their obscurity. Those who would dispel these various illusions, to give us their drab-colored creation in their stead, are not very wise. Let the naturalist, if he will, catch the glow-worm, carry it home with him in a box, and find it next morning nothing but a little gray worm; let the poet or the lover of poetry visit it at evening, when beneath the scented hawthorn and the crescent moon it has built itself a palace of emerald light. This is also one part of nature, one appearance which the glow-worm presents, and that not the least interesting; so poetry is one part of the history of the human mind, though it is neither science nor philosophy. It cannot be concealed, however, that the progress of knowledge and refinement has a tendency to circumscribe the limits of the imagination and to clip the wings of poetry. The province of the imagination is principally visionary, the unknown and undefined; the understanding restores things to their natural boundaries, and strips them of their fanciful pretensions.

Wherever any object takes such a hold of the mind as to make us dwell upon it and brood over it, melting the heart in tenderness, or kindling it to a sentiment of enthusiasm; wherever a movement of imagination or passion is impressed on the mind, by which it seeks to prolong and repeat the emotion, to bring all other objects into accord with it, and to give the same movement of harmony, sustained and continuous, or gradually varied according to the occasion, to the sounds that express it—this is poetry. The

musical in sound is the sustained and continuous; the musical in thought is the sustained and continuous also. There is a near connection between music and deep-rooted passion. Mad people sing. As often as articulation passes naturally into intonation, there poetry begins. Where one idea gives a tone and color to others, where one feeling melts others into it, there can be no reason why the same principle should not be extended to the sounds by which the voice utters these emotions of the soul, and blends syllables and lines into each other. It is to supply the inherent defect of harmony in the customary mechanism of language, to make the sound an echo to the sense, when the sense becomes a sort of echo to itself—to mingle the tide of verse, "the golden cadences of poetry," with the tide of feeling, flowing and murmuring as it flows—in short, to take the language of the imagination from off the ground, and enable it to spread its wings where it may indulge its own impulses:

> "Sailing with supreme dominion
> Through the azure deep of air "—

without being stopped or fretted or diverted with the abruptnesses and petty obstacles and discordant flats and sharps of prose, it is for these ends that poetry was invented. It is to common language what springs are to a carriage or wings to feet.

WHAT TO STUDY

The Essay

ESSAY WRITING may be considered under the three following heads: First, the subject-matter; second, the method and style; and third, the structure of the essay.

(1) A well-defined subject is indispensable in essay writing. It is the grouping of thought around one subject which distinguishes the essay from those fragmentary and disconnected musings know as "Table Talk," "Odds and Ends," "Random Jottings," or the miscellaneous column of a newspaper. The subject in essay writing may thus be fully compared to the point or wire around which the myriad atoms of a saturated solution cluster and crystallize in due order and proportion according to the laws of their nature. While the subject for an essay should be congenial and attractive to the writer, it is better to avoid at first high and lofty themes, and to choose rather some familiar and useful topic on which to write; yet not to write until we listen to the wise words of the brilliant Jean Paul Richter: "Never write upon any subject till you have first read yourself full upon it, and never read upon any subject till you have first thought yourself hungry upon it."

So even after fixing on a subject the essay writing does not forthwith commence, but rather the thinking upon it and the reading about it. This may be regarded as the collecting of material for the essay. One may possibly write an essay on nothing; but it is impossible to write an essay with nothing. And here the benefit of every reader keeping up a commonplace-book may be remarked. In such a note-

book would be entered from time to time, as each book was read, a record of interesting matter, a terse definition, a novel or striking idea, or even a pointed story, the name of the author and book being also quoted. The writing of these will amply repay the labor.

(2) By the method of the essay is meant the marshalling of events, or facts, or ideas in their due sequence. The historical and scientific essay may be classed as essays on concrete subjects, but essays on abstract subjects, present a wider field for the exercise of mental power. The simpler class of essays calls for only the power of attention, while the other demands the effort of thought.

Style is the mode in which any sequence of events is narrated, or in which connected thoughts are expressed. Three main qualities are requisite in a good style: First, the selection of correct words concerns the purity of style. It implies the exclusion of obsolete words and phrases, as well as the avoiding of provincialisms, cant, and slang expressions. Second, the proper arrangement of words into sentences and paragraphs gives clearness and strength. To attain a clear and pithy style it may be necessary to cut down, to rearrange, and to rewrite whole passages of an essay. Third, appropriate adornment, and by this is meant the graces of style. This should be natural, not forced. If due ornament be the result of study, it should be accompanied by that art which hides itself. Simplicity and naturalness are the two ornaments of style which should be most desired.

(3) Essays should in general contain, first, an introduction; second, the subject fully treated; and third, a conclusion. There are no rules for writing introductions; but they should be easy and natural and in harmony with the subject. The chief portion of the essay will be devoted to the subject; and of this part it is unnecessary to say more here than to warn the essayist against copying. The conclusion of an essay is worthy of special thought as to its matter, and of special care as to its style. It should condense the subject into a paragraph, gathering up the sum

of the essay into one dominant idea, an instructive example, a memorable warning, or a commanding incentive. The conclusion may thus be called the essence of the essay.

In the subsequent section, "How to Study," is an article on "The Essay as Literature." Read in connection with the foregoing the student will find suggestions for his own analysis of the essay as a composition, and the following is an example of the method adopted by the study circle described in the later section.

"CHARLES LAMB — A CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL ESTIMATE"

Suggestions for Study: Give an account of Lamb's early life and environments; the tragedy of his life story; its influence upon his work. His collaboration with his sister. Was he a "literary anachronism"? If so, why? Belief in the old school of essay; obliquity of style. Was he a founder of a new school, a follower of an old, or a figure absolutely unique? The tone of his essays—was it moral, religious, or only reflective? Was his humor ever tinged with irony?

Suggested Readings: Life of Lamb; "Tales from Shakespeare."

"LAMB AS A HUMORIST"

Suggestions for Study: His blending of humor and pathos; delicacy of touch; charm of thought; obligations to Montaigne; departure from the Johnsonian school, and from contemporary writers. His clearness of vision; sympathy; jesting; imagery; extravagant language for purposes of effect; hidden satire. In the "Dissertation" note droll satire upon ancient records and MSS.; upon trial by jury; upon antagonism to innovation; the analogy between Roast Pig and human nature: street-beggars (what other essay is devoted to this subject?). In "Mrs. Battle's Opinions" what great lesson is taught? How are characteristics outlined by games of cards? In "Chimney-Sweepers" what

inkling is given regarding old-fashioned houses? What is the force of the allusion to "fired-chimneys"? Source of the quotations: "A sable cloud turns forth her silver lining on the night" and "Golden lads," etc. What is meant by "May the Brush supersede the Laurel!"? In "All Fools' Day" what work of Milton is alluded to? what scriptural parable? what men and literary characters?

Required Readings: "Dissertation on Roast Pig"; "Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist"; "The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers"; "All Fools' Day."

Suggested Readings: "Essays of Elia"; "Essays of Eliana."

"A Personal Estimate of Lamb Based on Revelations of Himself in His Essays"

Suggestions for Study: His morality, religion, tenderness, sadness; his quaint confidences and tragic tone; his uplifting tendency and essential purity. Which is Lamb's greatest essay? Why? Contrast him with his predecessors, Addison and Goldsmith; and his successor, Robert Louis Stevenson. In "Dream Children" note the charm of description and narration; childish memories; traits of children. In what way does the essay teach patience? Wherein lies the touching pathos of this revery? What American essayist adopted this mode of expressing thought? In "Books and Reading" compare attitude respecting plates and bindings with attitude of to-day; time to read; favorite authors; newspapers and periodicals. Why read Milton and Shakespeare aloud? In "New Year's Eve" what do you gather of Lamb's views on immortality? of mutability? of contentment? Does he dread death or only dislike it? In what other essays does he allude to his (supposed) lost love, Alice? Can he be accused of Epicureanism?

Required Readings: "Dream Children"; "Books and Reading"; "New Year's Eve."

Suggested Readings: "Essays of Elia"; "Essays of Eliana."

WHAT TO STUDY

Selecting Books

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THERE are books; and it is practicable to read them because they are so few. We look over with a sigh the monumental libraries of Paris, of the Vatican, and the British Museum. In 1858 the number of printed books in the Imperial Library at Paris was estimated at 800,000 volumes, with an annual increase of 12,000 volumes; so that the number of printed books extant to-day may easily exceed a million. It is easy to count the number of pages which a diligent man can read in a day, and the number of years which human life in favorable circumstances allows to reading, and to demonstrate that though he should read from dawn till dark for sixty years he must die in the first alcoves. But nothing can be more deceptive than this arithmetic, where none but a natural method is really pertinent. I visit occasionally the Cambridge Library, and I can seldom go there without renewing the conviction that the best of it all is already within the four walls of my study at home. The inspection of the catalogue brings me continually back to the few standard writers who are on every private shelf; and to these it can afford only the most slight and casual additions. The crowds and centuries of books are only commentary and elucidation, echoes and weakeners of these few great voices of time.

The best rule of reading will be a method from nature, and not a mechanical one of hours and pages. It holds

each student to a pursuit of his native aim, instead of a desultory miscellany. Let him read what is proper to him, and not waste his memory on a crowd of mediocrities. As whole nations have derived their culture from a single book—as the Bible has been the literature as well as the religion of large portions of Europe; as Hafiz was the eminent genius of the Persians, Confucius of the Chinese, Cervantes of the Spaniards; so, perhaps, the human mind would be a gainer if all the secondary writers were lost—say, in England, all but Shakespeare, Milton, and Bacon—through the profounder study so drawn to those wonderful minds. With this pilot of his own genius, let the student read one, or let him read many, he will read advantageously. Dr. Johnson said: "Whilst you stand deliberating which book your son shall read first, another boy has read both; read anything five hours a day, and you will soon be learned."

Nature is much our friend in this matter. Nature is always clarifying her water and her wine. No filtration can be so perfect. She does the same thing by books as by her gases and plants. There is always a selection in writers, and then a selection from the selection. In the first place, all books that get fairly into the vital air of the world were written by the successful class, by the affirming and advancing class, who utter what tens of thousands feel though they cannot say. There has already been a scrutiny and choice from many hundreds of young pens before the pamphlet or political chapter which you read in a fugitive journal comes to your eye. All these are young adventurers, who produce their performance to the wise ear of Time, who sits and weighs, and, ten years hence, out of a million of pages reprints one. Again it is judged, it is winnowed by all the winds of opinion, and what terrific selection has not passed on it before it can be reprinted after twenty years—and reprinted after a century!—it is as if Minos and Rhadamanthus had indorsed the writing. 'Tis therefore an economy of time to read old and famed books. Nothing can be preserved which is not good; and I know beforehand that Pindar, Martial, Terence, Galen, Kepler, Galileo, Bacon,

Erasmus, More, will be superior to the average intellect. In contemporaries, it is not so easy to distinguish betwixt notoriety and fame.

Be sure, then, to read no mean books. Shun the spawn of the press on the gossip of the hour. Do not read what you shall learn, without asking, in the street and the train. Dr. Johnson said "he always went into stately shops"; and good travelers stop at the best hotels; for though they cost more, they do not cost much more, and there is the good company and the best information. In like manner the scholar knows that the famed books contain, first and last, the best thoughts and facts. Now and then, by rarest luck, in some foolish Grub Street is the gem we want. But in the best circles is the best information. If you should transfer the amount of your reading day by day from the newspaper to the standard authors— But who dare speak of such a thing?

The three practical rules, then, which I have to offer are—(1) Never read any book that is not a year old. (2) Never read any but famed books. (3) Never read any but what you like; or, in Shakespeare's phrase—

> "No profit goes where is no pleasure ta'en;
> In brief, sir, study what you most affect."

WHAT TO STUDY

Buying Books

By HENRY WARD BEECHER

HOW easily one may distinguish a genuine lover of books from the worldly man! With what subdued and yet glowing enthusiasm does he gaze upon the costly front of a thousand embattled volumes. How gently he draws them down, as if they were little children! How tenderly he handles them! He peers at the title-page, at the text, or the notes, with the nicety of a bird examining a flower. He studies the binding; the leather—Russia, English calf, morocco; the lettering, the gilding, the edging, the hinge of the cover! He opens it, and shuts it, he holds it off, and brings it nigh. It suffuses his whole body with book-magnetism. He walks up and down, in amaze at the mysterious allotments of Providence that give so much money to men who spend it upon their appetites, and so little to men who would spend it in benevolence, or upon their refined tastes! It is astonishing, too, how one's necessities multiply in the presence of the supply. One never knows how many things it is impossible to do without till he goes to the house-furnishing stores. One is surprised to perceive, at some bazaar or fancy and variety store, how many conveniences he needs. He is satisfied that his life must have been utterly inconvenient aforetime. And thus, too, one is inwardly convicted at a book-store of having lived for years without books which he is now satisfied that one cannot live without!

Then, too, the subtle process by which the man convinces himself that he can afford to buy! No subtle manager or broker ever saw through a maze of financial embarrassments half so quick as a poor book-buyer sees his way clear to pay for what he *must* have. He promises himself marvels of retrenchment, he will eat less, or less costly viands, that he may buy more food for the mind. He will take an extra patch, and go on with his raiment another year, and buy books instead of coats. Yea, he will write books that he may buy books. He will lecture, teach, trade—he will do any honest thing for money to buy books!

The appetite is insatiable. Feeding does not satisfy it. It rages by the fuel which is put upon it. As a hungry man eats first and pays afterward, so the book-buyer purchases, and then works at the debt afterward. This paying is rather medicinal. It cures for a time. But a relapse takes place. The same longing, the same promises of self-denial. He promises himself to put spurs on both heels of his industry; and then, besides all this, he will *somehow* get along when the time for payment comes! Ah! this SOMEHOW! That word is as big as a whole world, and is stuffed with all the vagaries and fantasies that Fancy ever bred upon Hope.

And yet, is there not some comfort in buying books *to be* paid for? We have heard of a sot who wished his neck as long as the worm of a still, that he might so much the longer enjoy the flavor of the draught! Thus, it is a prolonged excitement of purchase, if you feel for six months in a slight doubt whether the book is honestly your own or not. Had you paid down, that would have been the end of it. There would have been no affectionate and beseeching look of your books at you, every time you saw them, saying, as plain as a book's eyes can say, "*Do not let me be taken from you.*"

Moreover, buying books before you can pay for them promotes caution. You do not feel at liberty to take them home. You are married. Your wife keeps an account-book. She knows to a penny what you can and what you

cannot afford. She has no "speculation" in her eyes. Plain figures make desperate work with airy "*somehows.*" It is a matter of no small skill and experience to get your books home, and into their proper places, undiscovered. Perhaps the blundering express brings them to the door just at evening. "What is it, my dear?" she says to you. "Oh! nothing—a few books that I cannot do without."

That smile! A true housewife that loves her husband can smile a whole arithmetic at him in one look! Of course she insists, in the kindest way, in sympathizing with you in your literary acquisition. She cuts the string of the bundle (and of your heart), and out comes the whole story. You have bought a complete set of costly English books, full bound in calf, extra gilt. You are caught, and feel very much as if bound in calf yourself, and admirably lettered.

Now this must not happen frequently. The books must be smuggled home. Let them be sent to some near place. Then, when your wife has a headache, or is out making a call, or has lain down, run the books across the frontier and threshold, hastily undo them, stop only for one loving glance as you put them away in the closet, or behind other books on the shelf, or on the topmost shelf. Clear away the twine and wrapping-paper, and every suspicious circumstance. Be very careful not to be too kind. That often brings on detection. Only the other day we heard it said, somewhere, "Why, how good you have been lately! I am really afraid that you have been carrying on mischief secretly." Our heart smote us. It was a fact. That very day we had bought a few books which "we could not do without." After a while you can bring out one volume, accidentally, and leave it on the table. "Why, my dear, *what* a beautiful book! Where *did* you borrow it?" You glance over the newspaper, with the quietest tone you can command. "*That!* oh! that is *mine*. Have you not seen it before? It has been in the house these two months"; and you rush on with anecdote and incident, and point out the binding, and that peculiar trick of gilding, and everything else you can think of; but it all will not do; you cannot rub out that

roguish, arithmetical smile. People may talk about the equality of the sexes! They are not equal. The silent smile of a sensible, loving woman will vanquish ten men. Of course you repent, and in time form a habit of repenting.

Another method, which will be found peculiarly effective, is to make a *present* of some fine work to your wife. Of course, whether she or you have the name of buying it, it will go into your collection and be yours to all intents and purposes. But it stops remarks in the presentation. A wife could not reprove you for so kindly thinking of her. No matter what she suspects, she will say nothing. And then if there are three or four more works which have come home with the gift-book—they will pass through the favor of the other.

These are pleasures denied to wealth and old bachelors. Indeed, one cannot imagine the peculiar pleasure of buying books, if one is rich and stupid. There must be some pleasure, or so many would not do it. But the full flavor, the whole relish of delight, only comes to those who are so poor that they must engineer for every book. They sit down before them, and besiege them. They are captured. Each book has a secret history of ways and means. It reminds you of subtle devices by which you insured and made it yours, in spite of poverty!

WHAT TO STUDY

American Literature

By FREDERICK ALLEN KING

THE COLONIAL PERIOD

THE ungenial atmosphere of a new world is not calculated to nourish pure literature. Where the conditions of life are precarious and means of subsistence difficult to obtain, literature does not flourish, especially poetry or the higher forms of imaginative prose. Such was the case in the early period of American life. What little we do find produced in these barren days either belongs to the class of persuasive eloquence or of historical record. The earliest work bearing on American life is Captain John Smith's "A True Relation of Virginia" (reprinted in Deane's edition, Boston, 1886). This is scarcely to be taken as an American work and classed as American literature. Eliminating the stories now known to be apocryphal, among which is the tale of his rescue by Pocahontas, there remain some entertaining first-hand contemporary accounts. Cotton Mather's "Magnalia Christi Americana" is a mine where subsequent writers have sought material for the colonial life of New England, but the modern reader may find some difficulties in the artificial style of the seventeenth century. Further knowledge may be gleaned from the "Diary" of Samuel Sewall, to be found in the Massachusetts Historical Collections, Fifth Series, Vols. V, VI, and VII. Jonathan Edwards was the greatest man in philosophy and the-

ology in his day in America. If one would know the kind of pulpit instruction our forefathers received in the days when the Calvinistic doctrines of election and reprobation were held as the important elements of creed, see Edwards' "Eight Sermons on Various Occasions," in Vol. VIII of his works.

Benjamin Franklin may be cited as our earliest prose writer whose work has the elements of real literature. In style he was simple almost to bareness; in philosophy the embodiment of common sense and homely wisdom. His "Autobiography" and "Poor Richard's Almanac" are ranked somewhat akin to classics.

Further information may be derived concerning this early period by reading Moses Coit Tyler's "History of American Literature 1607–1765," and Albert Bushnell Hart's "American History, Told by Contemporaries," Vols. I and II, the latter book being reprints from original sources.

The Revolutionary Period

Two histories of American literature—one by Charles F. Richardson and one by Henry S. Pancoast—may be recommended to the reader who desires a detailed picture in addition to the specimens that are cited for reading. Revolutionary periods are apt to be productive of more or less fine oratory. Indeed where the consciousness of the people is so universally directed toward one purpose as it was in the days prior to the revolution, literary expression will lay hold of the instruments of persuasion, and the finer forms of verse or prose will suffer from the excess of feeling put forth in a single direction. The oratory will be all the better, however, for the greatness of the cause will attract the best minds and the speeches that remain from such times will stand a good chance of escaping the disparaging dictum of Hazlitt, that a good speech never reads well.

There are several collections of American orations that

will supply the reader with the best that the Revolutionary period produced: "Representative American Orators," by Alexander Johnston, and the section of Political Oratory in the "Library of Modern Eloquence." In the latter work will be found the following, all of which might be profitably read: Samuel Adams' "American Independence," James Otis' "The Writs of Assistance," Patrick Henry's "To the Convention Delegates," delivered in the Virginia House of Burgesses, March 28, 1775; John Marshall's "The Federal Constitution," Alexander Hamilton's "On the Expediency of Adopting the Federal Constitution," George Washington's "The First Inaugural" and the "Farewell Address." Besides these one should read "The Federalist," comprising papers written by Hamilton, Jay, and Madison to persuade the country of the advisability of adopting the Constitution.

Outside the domain of political literature we find such bits of description and travel as Thomas Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia" and Timothy Dwight's "Travels in New England and New York"; also some specimens of humorous verse which were rather imitative of English models than prophetic of the class of humor that later became distinctively American. Among these was "McFingal," by John Trumbull, a satire on the Loyalists closely modelled on the "Hudibras" of Butler; a mock heroic poem on "Hasty Pudding," by Joel Barlow, and a satire on college examinations called "Modern Learning," by Francis Hopkinson. Some slight claim to serious consideration as a poet is asserted by the work of Philip Freneau, a man who feelingly interpreted the pathos of the lot of the Indian in the "Indian Student," "Indian Burying-Ground," and "The Dying Indian," and who wrote one pure lyric, "Wild Honeysuckle," worthy to live with the best of its class. These latter may be found in Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America," or in Duyckinck's "Cyclopedia of American Literature."

Charles Brockden Brown was the earliest American novelist. He worked in a field similar to that filled in England

by Mrs. Radcliffe and Horace Walpole. He sought to evoke the creepy sensations that accompany ghostly appearances and melodrama, and he succeeded in impressing so great a mind as Percy Bysshe Shelley. Read "Arthur Mervyn," or "Wieland, or Memories of a Sleep Walker."

John Woolman, the Quaker, left behind him a journal of his life, full of sweetness and tender sympathy. It has been edited with an introduction by John G. Whittier.

Period of National Growth

New York as a Center

When the United States had fairly established itself as a nation there was leisure afforded for the cultivation of other forms of literature besides oratory. Oratory, however, was not entirely superseded, for there arose great public questions that took years for discussion and settlement. The question of State rights versus the prerogative of the national executive brought to the fore such orators as Calhoun, Sumner, and Webster, the last of whom stands without a peer in American annals. The reader should become familiar with his Bunker Hill orations, and also the great "Reply to Hayne," in which Webster embodied the reflections of his lifetime upon the sanctions of the Constitution and the necessity of maintaining the integrity of the Union.

The literary center of the early years of the nineteenth century was New York City, though its primacy was later disputed and eventually eclipsed by Boston. In this neighborhood lived and worked Irving and Drake and Halleck, Bryant and Poe and Willis. Washington Irving was our first man of letters to acquire a large reputation abroad. So many years of his life were spent in Europe and so strongly was his genius affected by the literary standards of the eighteenth century, and so intimate was the appeal made to his imagination by the history and life of Europe, that the accident of birth weighs but lightly in determining his classification as an American writer. It is not to be expected that

a new literature will spring full-grown in a new country. Literature depends upon its background of ideals and traditions and its period of colonial dependence will far outlast the period of political dependence. Irving was not insensible, however, to the literary value of the few traditions that had gathered about New York and the Hudson, and his use of these may be seen in his "Knickerbocker's History of New York" and "The Sketch Book." "Bracebridge Hall," "Tales of a Traveler," "The Alhambra," and "Life of Oliver Goldsmith" will give something of the results of his life abroad.

Joseph Rodman Drake and Fitzgreene Halleck made considerable advance on the achievements of Freneau and the Hartford "Pleiads." "The Culprit Fay" and "The American Flag," of the former, and "Marco Bozzaris," "Alnwicke Castle," and "On the Death of Drake," by Halleck, should be read, together with "The Croakers," a series of satirical papers contributed to the "Evening Post" in 1814, the combined work of the two.

William Cullen Bryant so far exceeded in amount and in poetic quality the efforts of these earlier poets as to merit the distinction of being the first American poet of importance. Though a resident of the city from 1824 to the end of his long life his soul was deeply stirred by the objects of nature, as will be seen by the following selections: "Thanatopsis," "To a Waterfowl," "Green River," "Hymn to the North Star," "A Forest Hymn," "O Fairest of the Rural Maids," "June," "The Death of the Flowers," "The Evening Wind," "The Battle Field," "The Planting of the Apple Tree, "The Flood of Years."

Edgar Allan Poe is the poet of the ideal. He is not to be classed as American or European. Resemblance, if it is to be found anywhere, will be seen in the poetry of Coleridge. His lyrics fail of being numbered with the highest because there is in them as much of the head as of the heart. One feels that his effects were produced by a scientific calculation, hence with a consequent loss of spontaneousness. Test this principle with "The Raven," "The Bells,"

"Israfel," "Ulalume," "To Helen," "The City in the Sea," "Annabel Lee," "To One in Paradise," "The Sleeper," "The Valley of Unrest."

Poe was a critic of keen penetration and fearless judgment; moreover, a writer of short stories that rank with the highest in the language. Read his lecture on "The Poetic Principle"; and of his stories, "The Fall of the House of Usher," "Lygeia," "William Wilson," "The Cask of Amontillado," "The Assignation," "The Masque of the Red Death," "Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym."

A contemporary, N. P. Willis, was a graceful and facile writer whose vogue in his day was much greater than his posthumous fame. As a figure in the literature of the time he deserves notice. Bayard Taylor, as poet, traveler, and novelist, especially as a traveler, earned a somewhat more enduring fame, and his "Views Afoot," "Byways of Europe," and "Northern Travel" were the pioneer books of their class.

James Fenimore Cooper first made the Indian a romantic figure. His Leather Stocking Tales need scarcely to be recommended to the attention of young readers, nor do "The Spy," "The Pilot," and "The Red Rover" to those who feel the charm of seafaring life.

Two novelists who presented pictures of local color may be mentioned here: Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a contribution to the anti-slavery agitation, and whose "Oldtown Folks" began the series of studies of New England types. William Gilmore Simms, a South Carolina novelist, was prolific in tales of local description, but endowed with only an indifferent skill. His "The Partisan" and "The Yemassee" best represent him.

Boston as a Center

The influence of Boston as a literary center began with the writings of William Ellery Channing. He was the leader of the Unitarian movement and hence the precursor of the literary movement known as Transcendentalism, which has been discussed by O. B. Frothingham in his

"Transcendentalism in New England". Channing's contributions to literature may be sampled in his essays, "The Character and Writings of John Milton," "The Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte," and "Slavery," to be found in Vols. I and II of his works. The intellectual movement thus inaugurated brought to the front such men as Emerson, the poet and philosopher, the chief representative of the Transcendental movement; Thoreau, the lover of nature and interpreter of the wild life of the wood; Hawthorne, the novelist and supreme genius of American literature; Whittier, the poet of Puritan life, and Longfellow, the poet of the average; Lowell, the critic, essayist, the highest type of the pure man of letters; Holmes, the humorist and savant; and Prescott, Motley, and Parkman, historians. Beyond this brief characterization space forbids a further mention of men so well known. The following are suggestions for the reader, and comprise for the most part selections made by Professor Beers in his sketch of American literature.

Ralph Waldo Emerson: "Nature," "The American Scholar," "Literary Ethics," "The Transcendentalist," "The Over-Soul," "Address before the Cambridge Divinity School," "English Traits," "Representative Men," "Poems."

Henry David Thoreau: "Excursions," "Walden," "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," "Cape Cod," "The Maine Woods."

Nathaniel Hawthorne: "Mosses from an Old Manse," "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Blithedale Romance," "The Marble Faun," "Our Old Home."

John Greenleaf Whittier: "Cassandra Southwick," "The New Wife and the Old," "The Virginia Slave Mother," "Randolph of Roanoke," "Barclay of Ury," "The Witch of Wenham," "Skipper Ireson's Ride," "Marguerite," "Maud Muller," "Telling the Bees," "My Playmate," "Barbara Frietchie," "Ichabod," "Laus Deo," "Snow-Bound."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: "Voices of the Night," "The Skeleton in Armor," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Village Blacksmith," "The Belfry of Bruges, and Other Poems" (1846), "By the Seaside," "Hiawatha," "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," "Elsie Venner," "Old Ironsides," "The Last Leaf," "My Aunt," "The Music-Grinders," "On Lending a Punch-Bowl," "The Living Temple," "Meeting of the Alumni of Harvard College," "Homesick in Heaven," "Epilogue to the Breakfast Table Series," "The Boys," "Dorothy Q.," "The Iron Gate," "The Chambered Nautilus."

James Russell Lowell: "The Biglow Papers" (two series), "Under the Willows, and Other Poems" (1868), "Rhœcus," "The Shepherd of King Admetus," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "The Present Crisis," "The Dandelion," "The Birch Tree," "Beaver Brook," "Essays on Chaucer," "Shakespeare Once More," "Dryden," "Emerson, the Lecturer," "Thoreau," "My Garden Acquaintance," "A Good Word for Winter," "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners."

William Hickling Prescott: "The Conquest of Mexico."

John Lothrop Motley: "The United Netherlands."

Francis Parkman: "The Oregon Trail," "The Jesuits in North America."

Since the close of the War of the Rebellion literature has not confined itself so exclusively to coteries, but has sprung up in widely separated localities and has concerned itself to a large extent with local differences. In one sense provincial; in another sense it is more independent and individual. Some attempts at least have been made toward a more purely American expression. The poetry of Whitman, for instance, is unlike anything set by European standards. The work of Bret Harte, Howells, Cable, Page, Craddock, and Wilkins emphasizes distinctions of local character. The humor of Browne and Clemens is a peculiarly native product. Outside the list that follows may be many writers who have contributed worthily to the field of

American literature. Their work as known to the reader will need no reviewing, and Time has yet to set her stamp of approval or rejection.

Walt Whitman: "My Captain," "When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloomed," "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," "Pioneers, O Pioneers," "The Mystic Trumpeter," "A Woman at Auction," "Sea-shore Memoirs," "Passage to India," "Mannahatta," "The Wound Dresser," "Longings for Home."

Theodore Winthrop: "Life in the Open Air," "Cecil Dreene."

Thomas Wentworth Higginson: "Life in a Black Regiment."

"Poetry of the Civil War." Edited by Richard Grant White.

Charles Farrar Browne: "Artemus Ward—His Book," "Lecture on the Mormons," "Artemus Ward in London."

Samuel Langhorne Clemens: "The Jumping Frog," "Roughing It," "The Mississippi Pilot."

Charles Godfrey Leland: "Hans Breitmann's Ballads."

Edward Everett Hale: "If, Yes, and Perhaps," "His Level Best, and Other Stories."

Francis Bret Harte: "Outcasts of Poker Flat, and Other Stories," "Condensed Novels," "Poems in Dialect."

Sidney Lanier: "Nirvâna," "Resurrection," "The Harlequin of Dreams," "Song of the Chattahoochie," "The Mocking Bird," "The Stirrup-Cup," "Tampa Robins," "The Bee," "The Revenge of Hamish," "The Ship of Earth," "The Marshes of Glynn," "Sunrise."

Henry James, Jr.: "A Passionate Pilgrim," "Roderick Hudson," "Daisy Miller," "Pension Beaurepas," "A Bundle of Letters," "An International Episode," "The Bostonians," "Portraits of Places," "The Other House," "The Two Magics," "The Awkward Age."

William Dean Howells: "Their Wedding Journey," "Suburban Sketches," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Foregone Conclusion," "The Undiscovered Country," "A Modern Instance."

George W. Cable: "Old Creole Days," "Madame Delphine," "The Grandissimes."

Joel Chandler Harris: "Uncle Remus," "Mingo, and Other Sketches."

Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree): "In the Tennessee Mountains."

James Lane Allen: "The Choir Invisible," "A Kentucky Cardinal," "The Reign of Law."

Mary E. Wilkins: "Pembroke."

Sara Orne Jewett: "Deephaven," "A Marsh Island."

Thomas N. Page: "Marse Chan," "Elsket."

WHAT TO STUDY

English Literature

By FREDERICK ALLEN KING

THE field of English literature is large, so large that its richness presents an embarrassment to one who attempts to choose a course that shall exhibit its development. Omissions must be made somewhere, and it has been deemed wiser to make them at the earlier periods. "Beowulf," and the work of Cædmon, of Layamon, Langland, and Gower will interest the man who loves to peer into the mists of antiquity, to note the first literary expressions of a nation's spirit. These, however, we shall have to pass over, and for practical purposes begin our survey with Chaucer (1340–1400), recommending the reader to range at will among the "Canterbury Tales," especially enjoining him not to overlook the humorous characterizations of the Prologue. He will find in Chaucer much freshness and vigor, much humor and human nature, and he will wonder that the following century lapsed into such barrenness after so great a master had set a standard. From the time of Chaucer, however, till the bursting of the Elizabethan literature there is nothing to keep us long save the "Morte d'Arthur" of Sir Thomas Malory, printed by William Caxton "with all the care of one who loved the noble acts of chivalry." Herewith we see brought together the two names of the fifteenth century most important to be remembered.

THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD

The awakening of the English nation to a new life in the early days of Elizabeth's reign resulted in an immense

outpouring of song. The culture of Italy, though Roger Ascham bewailed and scolded, brought to the English not only literary form but abundance of materials. The nation, stirred into activity by youthful enthusiasm, did the rest. This age produced first of all a drama the most splendid of any created by preceding or subsequent periods of the world's history; it produced, moreover, an epic, and erected an enduring monument of prose besides laying the foundation of criticism. The mention of Shakespeare, Spenser, Bacon, and Sidney leaves unnamed a company of writers large enough to make any other age pre-eminent. The reader who gives ample time to the mastery of the literature of this age will come into touch with the freest and freshest life that England has to offer.

To begin first with the drama. Perfection in any form does not spring full blown; there is always a period of budding and expansion. So with the drama of England. It had its origin in the old miracle, mystery, and morality plays of which an interesting account may be found in Symonds' "Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama." The reader should venture a first-hand acquaintance with the earliest English comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister," by Nicholas Udall, and read as many of the tragedies of Marlowe as he fancies; at least "Doctor Faustus," "Edward II.," and "Tamburlaine."

No limit can be set to the reading of Shakespeare. It would be superfluous to name five or even seven plays as a discriminating number and imply that there the reader should rest. He would surely break the leading-strings. But if there chance to be a beginner among our readers he may welcome a hint as to the order of choice. He will then do well to begin with the "Merchant of Venice," to follow with "As You Like It," and "Julius Cæsar," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "King Henry the Fourth," and "Macbeth." By this time he has found himself and can choose history, comedy, or tragedy as he inclines, with this one further recommendation, that he leave such plays as "Coriolanus," "Pericles," "Timon of Athens," and

"Troilus and Cressida" until the last; not because the good wine should be saved till the last, but that the reader may first fill his soul with the sunshine of Shakespeare before he makes acquaintance with the clouds and storms.

After Shakespeare the drama began to decline. But there was too much vigorous life in England for the decline to be rapid. Of Ben Jonson read "Volpone, or the Fox" and "Every Man in His Humour"; of Beaumont and Fletcher read "Philaster"; Massinger's "New Way to Pay Old Debts"; Ford's "Broken Heart," and Webster's "Duchess of Malfy." These latter carry the drama on through its decline from the high point of universal human interest of Shakespeare to the comedy of manners that flourished during the period of the Restoration.

For the poetry of the period there is Spenser, whose "Faerie Queene," built upon the Arthurian story, subsumes all that the age thought and felt of romantic love and chivalry and religion. Somewhat too long and too cloying it is found for modern taste; but the reader who fails to get far in the "Faerie Queene" should not however stop at the "Shepherdes Calander" and the "Epithalamion." Of fugitive poems the "Lyrics from the Elizabethan Song Books," edited by A. H. Bullen, and Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics" will furnish what is required.

Poetic prose or Euphuism, the peculiar product of this time, will be found in Lyly's "Euphues" and in Sidney's "Arcadia," while the first steps in the criticism of poetry will be found in Sidney's "Defence of Poesie."

With the recommendation of the essays of Francis Bacon we shall leave the period of Elizabeth.

THE PERIOD OF MILTON

Milton was born after the death of Elizabeth and lived for fourteen years after the Restoration. Yet for the sake of a name we may call the period between 1603–1660, beginning and ending with the two mentioned events, the period of Milton. Supreme as was Milton in poetry, his age, on the contrary, was an age of prose. It was perhaps

not great prose—certainly not the greatest prose that the English have produced—but it is useful to look at the time in this way, for it was a period of development and a preparation for the prose of the eighteenth century. So of the prose of this time read Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici" and "Hydriotaphia," Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," Fuller's "Holy and Profane State," Sir Thomas Overbury's "Characters," and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Nearly all these men except Bunyan wrote in a highly Latinized style that seems inflated to modern taste; but we must bear in mind that readers were fewer in those days than at present and books were written mainly for people who had had a classical training. Indeed it was not very long after the time that Bacon had seriously contemplated producing his works in Latin to make sure of their immortality. Milton too was a writer of vigorous prose, and at least one specimen of it should be read, say, the "Areopagitica, a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing."

Turning now to the poetry of the time, we find Milton standing in almost solitary splendor. Begin with "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus," and "Lycidas." Read also some of his early poems, "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," "The Passion," "At a Solemn Music," "On Shakespeare." Read at least three books of "Paradise Lost"—the first three; beyond that point no guidance is needed.

It must not be overlooked that there was poetry awriting in this time besides Milton's, only it was so much less great as measured by the accepted standards. There was a group of lyric poets of Charles I.'s time called the Cavaliers—Carew, Suckling, Lovelace, and Herrick—who wrote charming verse about frivolous things—a piece of ribbon or a lady's girdle; and sometimes—witness Herrick especially—told a profound truth of human nature. There was also a group of satirical poets, like Joseph Hall, John Donne, and George Wither, who for their elaborate conceits of thought and diction are sometimes called Metaphysical.

Bare mention can be made of George Herbert, Abraham Cowley, and Edmund Waller. All these latter may be tasted in any anthology of English poetry.

Age of Dryden

A brief transitional period may be noticed here covering the time from 1660 to 1700. It began to emphasize the change that literature was undergoing from the time of Elizabeth. Man as affected by the passions had been treated with splendid vigor and naturalness by Shakespeare and the best of his contemporaries; but his successors had run into extravagance in their effort to simulate the feelings that had been exhausted. So unnatural had literature become that there was needed a period of criticism to correct the false standards that were being set up. A change was needed, and the change is marked in the work of Dryden. The writers of England began to regard man from the point of view of the intellect rather than the heart. They treated man in his social and political relations rather than as swayed by passion. The perfection of this new view was not achieved until a little later when Pope led the new school. We have now to suggest some of the transitional writers from the time of Milton to the time of Pope. Dryden as a purely lyric poet is best seen in the "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day." As a political partisan his "Astræa Redux" celebrated the return of Charles II.; as a satirist "Absalom and Achitophel" dealt with the Popish Plot and Exclusion Bill. The "Religio Laici" stated the case for the Church of England, as "The Hind and the Panther," after Dryden's change of religion, defended the Church of Rome.

No recommendations are made of the Restoration comedy, since the taste of modern readers has rendered the plays of Wycherley, Congreve and Farquhar practically obsolete in spite of the wit and gayety that they contain.

The prose of this transitional period was scientific, theological, and philosophical, and must be omitted from our course, which aims only at the purely literary. Yet it is advisable to become familiar with the significance of such

names as Sir Isaac Newton, Burnet, South, Barrow, Hobbes, and Locke.

The Queen Anne Period

The eighteenth century will always be pointed out as the period which supplied the model of classic prose. For simplicity and strength of diction, for clarity of thought, no age has equaled it. Other periods have more richness and imagination; this age was content to have its say without the use of ornament. For one who would write well the prose of the eighteenth century is his safest and surest model; consequently he should steep himself in the "Spectator" papers of Addison and Steele, following these up with a further acquaintance from the pages of the "Tatler," "Guardian," and "Freeholder." Swift was the greatest personality of his age, though not the most admirable. Read his "Battle of the Books," "Tale of a Tub," "Drapier's Letters," and "Gulliver's Travels." Then there is Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," and his remarkable narration, the forerunner of modern hoaxes, of "The Apparition of Mrs. Veal to Mrs. Bargrave."

In poetry Pope brought the critical style to perfection. His "Rape of the Lock," "Dunciad," "Essay on Man," and "Essay on Criticism" are sufficient to show his quality. Of minor poetry there was something, but not of sufficient importance to be noticed in so brief a sketch as the present.

The Period of the Novel

We must note another transition period from the age of Anne to that which has the European designation of the Age of Revolution. Its chief characteristic is the rise of the novel. Richardson was the first in the field and produced three novels, of which "Clarissa Harlowe," which is accounted the best, may be recommended. Fielding was only less great than Richardson, and is much more acceptable to many readers on account of his vigorous, breezy life. "Tom Jones" is his masterpiece. The novel of character was introduced by Sterne in "Tristram Shandy,"

and the realistic novel by Smollett in "Humphrey Clinker." From this point to Scott we shall have to content ourselves with simply naming the author and a single one of his books. There is Johnson's "Rasselas"; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield"; Miss Burney's "Evelina"; William Godwin's "Caleb Williams"; Miss Edgeworth's "Castle Rackrent"; Miss Austen's "Pride and Prejudice."

The reader will, of course, make the personal acquaintance of Dr. Johnson through the great biography of Boswell.

The reign of the comedy of manners was brought to an end by Goldsmith and Sheridan, the one producing "She Stoops To Conquer," and the other "The School for Scandal."

The poetry of this period passes by gradual stages into the poetry of the revolution. Already has the example of Pope been discarded. The life of the city is abandoned for the life of the country. On the threshold of the new world, however, stand two poets, Gray and Collins, only half answering to the romantic impulse while devoting their Muse to the service of the classic world. The "Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard," with the Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College" and "The Bard" may be taken to represent Gray. Collins should be read in his "Ode on the Passions" and "To Evening." Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," Thomson's "Seasons," Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," Crabbe's "Village," bring us up to a more considerable name, Cowper, with whom the transitional period may be said to end. Read "The Task" and "John Gilpin."

The revolution was thoroughly launched in 1798 by Wordsworth and Coleridge in "The Lyrical Ballads." Even before this time Burns had sung in his own way, which was sufficiently revolutionary when compared with the standards of the past century. One hesitates to select from Burns, there is so little one would choose to omit, but "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "To a Mountain Daisy," "Highland Mary," "To a Mouse," and "Tam o' Shanter," ought to be read.

One should find out what the "Lyrical Ballads" contained and read all that Wordsworth contributed; Coleridge's was the minor part, though the book contained the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." His "Kubla Khan" is exquisite music. His "Christabel" and the three odes, "To France," "To the Departing Year," and "To Dejection," ought to be read. Wordsworth may be further studied in some of his work that has less simplicity than that of the "Lyrical Ballads"; for instance, "Tintern Abbey," "The Prelude" (in part), "Laodamia," "Intimations of Immortality," and "Ode to Duty."

Scott's poetry, which was in line with the general romantic tendency, was, however, apart from the revolutionary purpose. There was in it no hint of social reaction, nor dream of the perfectibility of man, such as other poets of his and of a somewhat later period have caught from the writings of Rousseau. Scott's imagination was wholly possessed by the romantic past. His "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "Lady of the Lake" are the best.

Byron and Shelley came too late for the enthusiasm arising from the expected renovation of society and the dreams of the perfectability of man. The revolution had decided the case against these expectations, and when these poets came upon the stage the forces against man had seemed to tighten. Byron and Shelley were both ardent revolters, though with an individual distinction. Byron protested against the restraints set by society and religion to the free exercise of the personal will, or rather his own personal caprice. Shelley took a broader view and desired the freedom of mankind rather than the license of the individual. Of Byron read "Childe Harold," Cantos II and IV, "Prisoner of Chillon," "Manfred," and "Don Juan," Canto III. Of Shelley read "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," "Ode to the West Wind," "The Sensitive Plant," "The Cloud," "To a Skylark," "Adonais," "Alastor," and "Prometheus Unbound."

Keats remained entirely untouched by the revolutionary

spirit, and turned his attention to Greek and medieval life for his subjects. Read "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Ode to a Nightingale," "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "To Autumn," "La Belle Dame sans Merci," "Endymion," Book I, "Lamia," and "Hyperion," Books II and III.

VICTORIAN ERA

The Victorian era of English literature presents so wide and so rich a field that to continue in the practice of characterization hitherto followed is impossible, considering the limits at our disposal for this sketch. The reader's greater familiarity with recent literature renders the continuance less necessary. We shall have to content ourselves with a classification of writers into three groups—poets, prose writers in general, and novelists—in these lists giving only the greatest names and closing before reaching the field of contemporary writers.

Of Tennyson we suggest: "A Dream of Fair Women," "Break, Break, Break," "In Memoriam," "Ode on the Death of Wellington," "Idylls of the King," "The Coming of Arthur," "Lancelot and Elaine," "The Holy Grail," "Guinevere," "Locksley Hall," and "Crossing the Bar."

Robert Browning: "Pippa Passes," "Colombe's Birthday," "A Soul's Tragedy," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Two in a Campagna," "Evelyn Hope," "Cleon," "The Statue and the Bust," "Hervé Riel," "Andrea del Sarto," "Youth and Art," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "An Epistle of Karshish," and "Prospice."

Matthew Arnold: "Dover Beach," "The Youth of Man," "A Summer Night," "Rugby Chapel," "A Southern Night," "Balder Dead," "The Scholar Gypsy," "Heine's Grave."

A. H. Clough: "Dipsychus," "The Questioning Spirit," "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich."

Elizabeth B. Browning: "Rhyme of the Duchess May," "The Cry of the Children," "Sonnets from the Portuguese," "Casa Guidi Windows."

Prose Writers in General

S. T. Coleridge: "Biographia Literaria," Chapters I–IV, XIII–XXII.

T. De Quincey: "Confessions of an English Opium Eater," "The English Mail Coach," "Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrow."

Charles Lamb: "Essays of Elia," both series.

Walter Savage Landor: "Imaginary Conversations," "Pericles and Aspasia," "Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney," "Chaucer, Boccaccio, and Petrarca."

T. B. Macaulay: Essays, "Samuel Johnson," "Lord Clive," "Joseph Addison."

Thomas Carlyle: "Sartor Resartus." Essays, "Burns," "Johnson," "On the Study of History," "Heroes and Hero-Worship."

John Henry Newman: "The Idea of a University," "The Parting of Friends" (from Sermons on Subjects of the Day).

John Ruskin: "Sesame and Lilies," "The Crown of Wild Olives," "Fors Clavigera," Letters V, VIII, and IX.

Matthew Arnold: "Essays in Criticism," First Series; "Culture and Anarchy."

Novelists

Scott died before the beginning of the Victorian era, but his popularity being to-day so vital it is better to classify him at the beginning than at the end of an era. Into his novels the reader may dip as deeply as he chooses, being sure to read "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "Antiquary," "Quentin Durward," "The Bride of Lammermoor," and "Heart of Midlothian."

Charlotte Brontë: "Jane Eyre," "Villette."

Charles Dickens: "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Tale of Two Cities."

Thackeray: "Vanity Fair," "Henry Esmond," "The Virginians."

George Eliot: "Adam Bede," "Middlemarch," "Silas Marner," "Romola."

WHAT TO STUDY

French Literature

By FREDERICK ALLEN KING

THE literature of France, like that of Greece, Rome, and the Germanic countries, began with the production of the epic form of poetry. In France this form is called the *chanson de geste*, meaning the record of the heroic deeds of some noble person. The oldest surviving and the one regarded as the best is the "Song of Roland," which recounts the heroic death of the nephew of Charlemagne in his encounter with the Saracens at the pass of Roncesvalles. The story has a national character in that it presents the conflict of France, the champion of Christianity, with the pagan Moslem. The "Song of Roland" has been translated into English verse by John O'Hagan, M. A. (London, Kegan Paul, Trench and Co., 1883), and may be read in its entirety. If this edition is not available a prose version somewhat abridged may be found in "Popular Romances of the Middle Ages," edited by G. W. Cox and E. H. Jones. To read this will give an idea of the literary entertainment of the people of France about the time that Norman William, who had been victorious at Hastings, was settling his Norman French nobles throughout England as overlords of the conquered Saxons.

Taking a long stride to the early part of the thirteenth century we find produced a number of metrical romances. It would be well for the reader to consult some good but brief history of French literature, like that written by Ferdi-

nand Brunetière or by Edward Dowden, for a description of these romances, the product of the troubadours of the South and the trouveres of the North. The "Romance of the Rose" is the most famous, but may be difficult to find in translation. Some selections may be seen in Longfellow's "Poets and Poetry of Europe." That lovely little romance of the twelfth century, "Aucassin and Nicolette," ought to be read. It is available in several translations, one by Andrew Lang, one by A. R. Macdonough, and one by Rev. E. E. Hale.

The deeds of the age of chivalry are nowhere better conveyed than in the chronicles of Froissart, who flourished between 1337 and 1400. His work has been edited by Sidney Lanier.

François Villon (1431–1485), the man of reckless life and delightful fancy in poetry, wrote some lyrics well worth learning. Read the selections from his poetry in the "Library of the World's Best Literature," edited by Charles Dudley Warner, Vol. XXVI, page 15392, and also R. L. Stevenson's essay in "Familiar Studies of Men and Books."

An innovator in French poetry, one who was the head of a coterie called the Pleiades, who discarded the old metrical forms and invented many new ones that now pass as "society verse," was Pierre Ronsard (1524–1585). The Warner Library has an adequate sketch of him and perhaps selections enough from his poems to point his particular place. A book somewhat rare and difficult to obtain, A. Lang's "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France," will furnish specimens of several of the foregoing.

The first essayist of modern times, and the greatest of all time, perhaps, was Michel de Montaigne (1533–1592). He was early translated into English by John Florio and gained a great fame in England. This translation has the freshness and vigor of Elizabethan English; but if the reader prefers the easier English of modern times he will find it in the edition edited by W. H. Hazlitt. Montaigne is one of the good "bed-time" books, or the familiar of the quiet hour and the country walk. He aids to reflection, and in the

little Temple Edition will easily go into the pocket. One can scarcely go wrong in making one's own selection, but if guidance is sought the following essays are suggested: "Idleness," "Liars," "Punishment of Cowardice," "Custom," "Education of Children," "Friendship," "Custom of Wearing Clothes," "Relish of Good and Evil," "Names," "Sleep," "Age," "Liberty of Conscience," "Anger," "Resemblance of Children to their Fathers."

Next to Æsop the world ranks La Fontaine (1621–1695) as a fabulist. He has been translated by E. Wright (New York, 1819), but he may be tasted in the Warner Library or in Longfellow's "Poets and Poetry of Europe." One should not fail to pay the debt of gratitude to Charles Perrault (1628–1703), though one may long have remained stranger to the fact that he it was who provided our childhood with such old friends as "Little Red Riding Hood," "Blue Beard," the "Sleeping Beauty," and "Patient Griselda"; or that he first sent into the world the "Tales of Mother Goose."

In the year 1615 the Hôtel de Rambouillet was established in Paris (see Leon H. Vincent's essay on that title). Here were gathered together the coterie of *précieuses* who did much toward refining the French language. La Rochefoucauld (1613–1680), though not a member, illustrates the best development of their influence in his terse "Maxims of Worldly Wisdom." Again the Warner Library will serve to introduce.

French classic drama begins with Pierre Corneille (1606–1684), whose tragedies, "Horace" and "Polyeucte," have been translated in blank verse by Nokes; "The Cid" and "Cinna" being obtainable in literal translation. Molière (J. B. Poquelin, 1622–1673), the greatest master in French comedy, should be read in at least two or three plays, "Le Misanthrope," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," or "Les Précieuses Ridicules," the latter of the three being a satire on the extreme affectations of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Racine (1639–1699) developed the character tragedy of Corneille into the tragedy of passion. His "Phædra"

is still played by Sara Bernhardt. This with "Bajazet" and "Iphigenia," worthy of reading, may be found in Vol. II of the edition of Bohn. Voltaire (1694–1778) was the great revolutionary spirit of the eighteenth century, and something of him should be read. His play "Candide" and his "Life of Charles XII." may be recommended.

Next to Voltaire as a revolutionary influence comes J. J. Rousseau (1712–1778). He should be studied for his influence on all the literature, both French and English, of the immediately subsequent time. "The New Heloise" presented the superiority of the natural man to the man cultivated by society, and raised the famous cry "Back to Nature!" As a romance it is almost unreadable by the present generation. His ideas on education may be found in "Emile" (International Education Series, New York, 1893), and his ideas as to the needed reorganization of society in the "Social Contract" (Social Science Series, London, 1895).

One of his followers, Bernardin de St. Pierre, produced a well-known idyl of simple life, "Paul and Virginia." Another and a greater was Mme. de Staël, the foremost woman of her times. Some knowledge of her may be obtained in any good encyclopedia. A full history of her life and times has been written by Lady Blennerhasset. Little of Mme. de Staël's own work may be found in translation save perhaps "Corinne, or Italy," which was translated by Isabel Hill, New York, in 1859.

Of the novelists of the nineteenth century a small selection only can be suggested out of a very large field, but a fair representation is given of the foremost. First and greatest is Honoré de Balzac (1799–1850), the author of the Comédie Humaine. Of these are suggested "Père Goriot," "Eugénie Grandet," "The Magic Skin," "The Chouans," and "Lost Illusions." Next comes Alexandre Dumas (1803–1870), the incomparable romancer, author of "The Three Musketeers," "Twenty Years After," "Vicomte de Bragelonne," "The Count of Monte Cristo," all of which are recommended. Victor Hugo (1820–1885), the inspirer and for years the undisputed head of the romantic move-

ment, wrote "Les Miserables," "Notre Dame de Paris," "Toilers of the Sea."

George Sand (1804–1876) is sufficiently represented by "Consuelo," and Gustav Flaubert (1821–1880) by "Salammbo."

Alphonse Daudet (1840–19—) is sometimes called the Charles Dickens of France. His three humorous adventures of Tartarin, "Tartarin of Tarascon," "Tartarin on the Alps," and "Port Tarascon," are of a delightful quality. "Jack" and "Kings in Exile" are also recommended.

Emile Zola (1840–1902) suffers in reputation on account of the unpleasant subject-matter of much of his work, but two may be safely recommended from which the reader may gain an idea of his literary art. They are "The Attack on the Mill" and "The Dream."

Guy de Maupassant (1850–1893), the disciple of Flaubert, was a master of the art of short-story telling. A volume, "The Odd Number," contains thirteen tales, edited by Henry James, almost perfect in their way.

Pierre Loti (1850–) possesses an exotic flavor quite his own. Out of a number choose the "Iceland Fisherman," "Book of Pity and Death," and "A Phantom from the East."

French poetry is available to English readers in only limited quantities. Almost no poet save Victor Hugo, who may be read in the Bohn Library, is translated entire. A little volume of Paul Verlaine's charming lyrics was translated by Gertrude Hall; but for Lamartine, de Musset, Baudelaire, Gautier, etc., the reader is referred to the "Anthology of French Poetry, Tenth to Nineteenth Centuries," by Henry Carrington, published in 1900. Though the work of one man, it has the merit of being the most comprehensive.

WHAT TO STUDY

German Literature

By FREDERICK ALLEN KING

TO the student of German literature some books dealing with the history of that literature may be recommended. A very good short one is by James K. Hosmer (St. Louis, 1879). A "Classic German Course in English," by William Cleaver Wilkinson, forms one of the "Chautauqua Series," and is to be recommended for the copious selections it gives from the authors quoted. A larger work, and doubtless the standard, is the "History of German Literature," by Wilhelm Scherer. An interesting and valuable work is Kuno Francke's "Social Forces in German Literature." The Harpers' "Half-hour Series" contains a "Primer of German Literature," by Helen S. Conant, giving a brief survey. Longfellow's "Poets and Poetry of Europe" is to be recommended for selections and Carlyle's essays for critical and expository studies.

The age of the Hohenstaufens (1138–1254) was the first great period of German literature; in the opinion of Carlyle more splendid than the troubadour period of any other nation. The most important product of the age for modern times is the "Nibelungen Lied," the epic upon which Wagner founded his great tetralogy "The Nibelungen Ring." The author of the "Nibelungen Lied" is unknown, but his work was based upon the popular legends and folk tales of his Germanic ancestors. Prose versions of this tale may be found in Cox's "Popular Romances of the Middle Ages."

An English translation by W. N. Lettson (1890) should be read if it is available; and William Morris' "Sigurd, the Volsung," may be taken as a modern poetical rendering of the spirit of the ancient saga.

Another product of this age, the epic of "Parzival," by Wolfram von Eschenbach, should be read. It combines the legends connected with the Holy Grail with stories of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table, and from community of theme with works of English literature makes a strong appeal to English readers. For a similar reason the epic of "Tristan and Isolde," by Gottfried von Strassburg, should be studied in its original form. Not only is the story familiar through Wagner's opera, but through the "Tristram and Iseult" of Matthew Arnold, the "Tristram of Lyonnese" of Swinburne, and the "Last Tournament" of Tennyson: all poems which will serve to show how a single theme may be transformed in passing through the alembic of various minds.

A work which marked the close of the Hohenstaufen period was "Reineke Fuchs," or Reynard the Fox, a remarkable social satire; "a great world-book," says Carlyle. The most famous of the metrical forms of the legend was made by Goethe, and an English version by Naylor. Look it up also in Henry Morley's "Early Prose Romances," and see an essay on it in Froude's "Short Studies on Great Subjects," Vol. I.

Nearly two centuries pass before the birth of Martin Luther (1483–1546). As a reformer his work is outside a course of literature; as translator of the Bible into German he achieved lasting fame; his purely literary product is small though important. Every one should know his hymn, "Ein feste Burg," which with a Psalm translated by Carlyle may be read in Longfellow's "Poets and Poetry of Europe." The "Table-Talk" is full of biographical interest. See either the translation by William Hazlitt or the selections in Morley's National Library.

After another period of nearly two centuries German literature had a revival, beginning with the work of Klop-

stock (1724–1803). He is the author of an epic, "The Messiah," famous in its day, but now almost totally neglected. It is doubtful if he will interest English readers who have the choice of Milton on a similar theme; but for his once great fame he cannot be neglected in any historic survey of German literature. An idea of his personality may be obtained from a story by Margaret Fuller, "Life Without and Life Within," describing his life with his wife **Meta.**

Lessing (1729–1781) was both dramatist and critic. His "**Minna** von Barnhelm," accounted the greatest German comedy, was written to rebuke the practice of his age in aping the French. And indeed he stands in this respect as the German emancipator. His masterpiece is "Nathan the Wise" (translated by Ellen Frothingham, 1884). His great work as a critic is "Laocoön" (translated by E. Frothingham, 1883), in which he investigates the boundary line between the arts of poetry and those of painting and sculpture —arts that address the sense of hearing on the one hand and of sight on the other, endeavoring to establish the limitations of each. Lessing may be found in English in the Bohn Library.

Wieland (1733–1813), a poet and writer of fairy tales, was a man of great versatility and abundant production, but little of his work has been rendered into English.

Herder (1744–1803), the friend of Goethe, the preacher of Weimar, the critic, author of a "Philosophy of History" that has been a mine of ideas where many have delved, and a point of departure for all subsequent writers on the history of civilization, comes next in chronological sequence. Out of all his vast work some one selection must be made, and the "Leaves of Antiquity," translated by C. A. Sawyer in 1893, seems most suitable.

Goethe (1749–1832) was the greatest genius of the last two centuries and all the time that can be devoted to him will be well spent. The "Sorrows of Werther," a product of his youth, gave the name of Wertherism to a phase of feeling that for a time permeated the literature of Europe. It

was a refined sentimentalism, and has now gone out of fashion as well as out of life; but one cannot understand the English literature of Byron's day or the French literature of the days of Chateaubriand and Alfred de Musset without knowing the work of Goethe. Read his "Travels in Italy," his great drama "Faust," and his novel "Wilhelm Meister." Carlyle made a translation of the latter and versions of the drama have been made by Bayard Taylor and Anna Swanwick. Carlyle has written much upon the life of Goethe. Read also Matthew Arnold's "A French Critic on Goethe."

Schiller (1759–1805) stands as the greatest genius whose quality was purely German. He was less great than Goethe in that Goethe cannot be described by any national qualification; his genius was universal in character. Of Schiller read the "Wallenstein," a poetical translation of which was made by Coleridge. Of his other dramas "William Tell" and "Maria Stuart" may be suggested. The latter is still found in the repertoire of modern actresses. Do not overlook his poems, notably the "Song of the Bell" and "The Diver."

The group of men just mentioned includes the classic writers of Germany—classic in the sense which accords writers a high and permanent place in the literature of a country, and not in the sense which allies them in thought and feeling with the writers of Greece and Rome.

Even this qualification must be made with reservations in the case of Goethe, who was acutely sensitive to the best that is to be found in the ancient literatures. So much it seems necessary to say to avoid confusion in speaking of another group of writers who are known as Romanticists, which term, however, may be quite as justly applied to Goethe and Schiller—and indeed is so applied by Heine in his "Germany"—when we consider the character of "Faust" or of "Wallenstein"; but the men who are grouped under the term Romanticists—men like Jean Paul Richter, Tieck, the Schlegels, Novalis, the brothers Grimm, Uhland, and Heine—are distinguished for their gradual with-

drawal from the point of view of extreme individualism held by the classic writers to take their stand as exponents of the development of democracy.

Richter (1763–1825), who is better known as Jean Paul, is the forerunner of this group of new writers, at the same time being a man whose relation to the classics may be likened to the position of Ben Jonson in relation to Shakespeare as marking the first stage in the process of decadence. Richter was a man of enormous erudition, of extravagant fancy, and original humor. The latter quality has probably saved his works for posterity. His productiveness was commensurate with his learning, but he is mainly read to-day in detached passages that have been brought together by modern editors. Something of his writing may be found in the "Library of the World's Best Literature."

Johann Ludwig Tieck (1773–1853) and the two brothers Grimm, Jacob Ludwig Karl (1785–1863) and Wilhelm Karl (1786–1859), are best remembered as the collectors and redactors of medieval legends, fairy tales, and folk-lore. Tieck's little wonder-tale, "The Fair-haired Eckbert," is found in translation in the Charles Dudley Warner Library of Best Literature. His "Folk-lore" and "Fancies" may be suggested for further reading, while the "Household Tales" of the Grimm brothers will not be neglected, if indeed readers are to be found who have not already made their acquaintance.

Friedrich von Schlegel (1772–1829) achieved distinction as a university lecturer and exerted a deep influence on the culture of his time. His principal work is the "Lectures on the History of Europe."

Of Novalis (Friedrich von Hardenberg, 1772–1801) there is little that is available for the English reader. He was a dreamer who found the objects of his contemplation in the impalpable world of spirit. Dying at the age of twenty-nine, he left behind him little more than a collection of thoughts, reflections, and aphorisms, with a small body of poems bearing the title of "Spiritual Songs."

Uhland (1787–1862) is regarded after Schiller with the most favor among German poets. Indeed he holds the coveted place of poet of the people. He was a pure lyrist and a man of delightful fancy, whose verse is in the higher sense romantic without any extravagant qualities. By David Friedrich Strauss he was called "the classic of Romanticism." His poetry has been often translated into English. Longfellow's "Poets and Poetry of Europe" and the Warner Library will furnish specimens.

Heinrich Heine (1799–1856) was one of the party of Young Germany, who worked so ardently for the revival of nationality after the Napoleonic struggle. But Heine was obliged to live most of his life away from his native country, and during the many years of his sojourn in Paris he became strongly imbued with Gallic ideas. Still he always claimed for himself a place among the Germans, and posterity has accorded him an eminent one. See Matthew Arnold's essay on his influence. His "Pictures of Travel," "Florentine Nights," and "Book of Songs" have been translated by Charles G. Leland, and a volume of "Poems and Ballads" by Emma Lazarus.

A few of the subsequent writers may be mentioned with only a word of comment. Richard Wagner, though more a musician, is yet regarded as a great poet of modern Germany, and his music dramas are to be studied as literature. Besides, his two prose essays, "Art and Revolution" and "The Art-Work of the Future," prophesy the character of the dramatic development that may be traced in such men as Sudermann and Hauptmann. Of the former the drama "Heimat" is known to the stage under the name of "Magda," while the fairy drama "The Sunken Bell" has been translated by Charles H. Meltzer. Hauptmann's strongest play is "The Weavers," not yet available in English, nor is his "Hannele."

Chamisso was a Frenchman who became Germanized. He wrote some charming poetry and a story, "Peter Schlemihl," describing a man who sold his own shadow for untold wealth and found himself the loser.

Some of the novelists of this century are Louisa Mühlbach, whose historical fiction is too well known to need recommendation; Georg Ebers, who has taken Egypt as his theme in "Uarda," "Cleopatra," and "The Egyptian Princess"; Auerbach, author of "On the Heights"; Paul Heyse, the author of two "purpose" novels, the "Children of the World" and "In Paradise"; Spielhagen, whose best novels are "Hammer and Anvil," and "Problematic Characters"; and Freytag, who wrote "The Lost Manuscript," and "Debit and Credit."

WHAT TO STUDY

The Use of Translations

By CHARLES F. RICHARDSON

A FEW words concerning the use of translations of the masterpieces of other languages may be properly given here, because it is a subject concerning which most guides to reading have nothing whatever to say, and to which the majority of intelligent readers, even, have given very little thought. Great as is the neglect of good reading in one's own language, still greater is the lack of attention to English translations of the noble books of other literatures than our own.

An intelligent comprehension of one's needs in the choice of books should certainly include due attention to the literature of France, or Germany, or Italy, or Greece, or Spain —or, in other words, such a comprehension should never forget that good literature is not an insular affair, bounded by the limits of one country or by the letters of one language. Of course it is both natural and proper that the greater part of our reading should be of books of American or English authorship; but our culture and training will be greatly impoverished if, because of a partial or complete unfamiliarity with the languages in which they wrote, we take no account of Homer, or Virgil, or Dante, or Goethe.

Speaking in general terms, the entire body of the best literature of other lands is accessible in adequate English translations. And of the use which may be made of them, let Emerson speak, in one of the most familiar passages of

his essay on books: "The respectable and sometimes excellent translations of Bohn's Library have done for literature what railroads have done for internal intercourse. I do not hesitate to read all the books I have named, and all good books, in translations. What is really best in any book is translatable—any real insight or broad human sentiment. Nay, I observe that, in our Bible, and other books of lofty moral tone, it seems easy and inevitable to render the rhythm and music of the original into phrases of equal melody. The Italians have a fling at translators—*i traditori traduttori;* but I thank them. I rarely read any Greek, Latin, German, Italian, sometimes not a French book, in the original, which I can procure in a good version. I like to be beholden to the great metropolitan English speech, the sea which receives tributaries from every region under heaven. I should as soon think of swimming across Charles River when I wish to go to Boston, as of reading all my books in originals, when I have them rendered for me in my mother-tongue." If such a man as Emerson thus recognizes the utility of translations, surely the average reader cannot afford to ignore them; whether from his feeling that he must read books in the original or not at all, or because he carelessly permits himself to forget that vast land which lies beyond the bounds of his immediate literary horizon.

Emerson is one of the scholarly men of his age; an author who has, in an especial degree, made the wisdom of all times pay tribute to him. If any contemporary writer could properly be "above" reading translations, he might be supposed to be that one; and yet he takes advanced ground in the matter, and speaks ten times as boldly as a mere village pedant would dare to speak. Let us also hear what Hamerton has to say on the same subject—bearing in mind that his testimony is of special value, because he might well be thought likely to take exactly the contrary view, inasmuch as he has lived in France and England, married a French wife, and uses the French and English languages with absolute indifference. He says: "Mature life brings so many professional or social duties that it leaves scant time

AN OLD CHRONICLE

for culture, and those who care for culture most earnestly and sincerely are the very persons who will economize time to the utmost. Now, to read a language that has been very imperfectly mastered is felt to be a bad economy of time. Suppose the case of a man occupied in business who has studied Greek rather assiduously in youth and yet not enough to read Plato with facility. He can read the original, but he reads it so slowly that it would cost him more hours than he can spare, and this is why he has recourse to a translation. In this case there is no indifference to Greek culture; on the contrary, the reader desires to assimilate what he can of it, but the very earnestness of his wish to have free access to ancient thought makes him prefer it in modern language."

Hamerton also points out effectively that even an intelligent and apparently deep study of another language may not bring with it an insight into its spirit, or a true knowledge of its richest treasures: "Suppose a society of Frenchmen, in some secluded little French village, where no Englishman ever penetrates, and that these Frenchmen learn English from dictionaries, and set themselves to speak English with each other, without anybody to teach them the colloquial language or its pronunciation, without ever once hearing the sound of it from English lips, what sort of English would they create among themselves?" This is a question that I happen to be able to answer very accurately, because I have known two Frenchmen who studied English literature just as the Frenchmen of the sixteenth century studied the literature of ancient Rome. One of them, especially, had attained what would certainly in the case of a dead language be considered a very high degree of scholarship indeed. Most of our great authors were known to him, even down to the close critical comparison of different readings. Aided by the most powerful memory I ever knew, he had amassed such stores that the acquisitions, even of cultivated Englishmen, would in many cases have appeared inconsiderable beside them. But he could not write or speak English in a manner tolerable to an Englishman; and although he knew nearly all the words in the language, it

was dictionary knowledge, and so different from an Englishman's apprehension of the same words that it was only a sort of pseudo-English that he knew, and not our living tongue. His appreciation of our authors, especially our poets, differed so widely from English criticism and feeling that it was evident that he did not understand them as we understand them. Two things especially proved this: he frequently mistook declamatory versification for poetry of an elevated order; whilst, on the other hand, his ear failed to perceive the music of the musical poets, as Byron and Tennyson. How could he hear their music, he to whom our English sounds were all unknown? Here, for example, is the way he read "Claribel":

> At ev ze bittle bommess
> Azvart ze zeeket lon
> At none ze veeld be ommess
> Aboot ze most edston
> At meedneeg ze mon commess
> An lokez dovn alon
> Ere songg ze lintveet svelless
> Ze clirvoiced mavi dvelless
> Ze fledgling srost lispess
> Ze slombroos vav ootvelless
> Ze babblang ronnel creespess
> Ze ollov grot replee-ess
> Vere Claribel lovlee-ess."

Plainly, then, "liberally educated" people, as such, have no right to affect superiority over such persons as venture to assert that English translations of foreign works are not only permissible reading, but that they sometimes convey a far better idea of foreign literature than may be obtained from any save the most complete and successful study of other tongues. The average college graduate is almost certain to be a mere baby in his knowledge of the ancient and modern literature of Europe, though he has professed to study Latin six or seven years, and Greek four or five years, and French and German two or three terms. Of this study, fully nine-tenths has been of grammatical forms, and

etymological niceties, and syntactical constructions, and his translating has been done piecemeal, in such a way as to destroy pretty effectually all idea of the largeness and noble quality of the text in hand—and still more of the literature of which that text is a part. Etymology is not literature; syntax is not literature; the conjugation of a verb is not literature. They may or may not be the gateways of an adequate knowledge of literature—more often they are not, in our usual scheme of college education. Whatever advantages may be derived from the grammatical study of a language—and they are great, perhaps essential—the student should not imagine that grammatical study, unsupplemented by something more, is literary study. I am not decrying grammar. I am only saying that philology is one thing, and a knowledge of the spirit and life of a foreign literature is quite another thing.

HOW TO STUDY

Forming a Study Circle

By GEORGE J. BRYAN

IN the multitude of books there is wisdom indeed, but wisdom obscured by their multiplicity. The problem for busy people, eager to increase their acquaintance with literature, is to find out, first, which are the accepted best books, and, second, which are the best books for our particular needs. A general knowledge of the accepted best books is essential if we aspire to the level of culture which marks the man and woman of the world, the standard of what our fathers termed polite society, rather than that of the literary profession.

There are many lists of "best books," each excellent of its kind yet all open to modification from the individual point of view. Peruse them all and it will be found that there are from a hundred down to a select group of twenty or so, which are universally held to be books that are necessary to a well-rounded, rather than a profound, literary culture. Of these a few will, by their own fascination, allure us to use them as life companions. Others will prove so serviceable in various ways that our reading of them will deepen into pleasing study. Again, others will commend themselves as being invaluable as keys to storehouses of inexhaustible treasures of book lore, of character insight, of world knowledge, of profitable entertainment. Each must make his own choice of what are the best books for his individual case, governed by his tastes and circumstances, but he will

scarcely be in a position to decide on the best books for himself until he has fairly read those which the general verdict has pronounced supreme.

Having made our selection comprehensively the questions arise, Where shall I begin? What books shall I read? How shall I read them?

To the young man and young woman these questions are more important than are the transient questions of Imperialism or Municipal Ownership of Franchises. Did you ever ask them? Did you ever receive an intelligent and satisfactory answer? Are you desirous of obtaining light on these subjects? If you are, it will at least prove a very interesting story, and probably a most profitable and helpful exercise, to read the following account of the work done by a Study Circle, on a method designed to give a thorough, if necessarily an incomplete, answer to the above questions.

Intelligent young men and maidens who have finished their school education—clerks, mechanics, stenographers, teachers, publishers, and preachers—often grow weary of the trivialities of ordinary reading and ordinary society, and long for progress in the direction of genuine self-culture and self-improvement. They know that the truest culture comes from wisely reading the best books. But who shall name the best books for them, and who shall show them how to read wisely and well?

The thoughtful young man knows—though he may know it dimly—that there is satisfaction and exhilaration and glory in thinking new and lofty thoughts. He has splendid and inspiring visions of communion, through books, with the master-spirits who have created literature worthy of the name. But he meets with difficulties at the very beginning of his quest. He asks: "What books should I read first, and what next in order?" "How can I acquire a taste for the highest and best kinds of literature?" But the wise and satisfactory answers to these questions are long in coming.

The sensible young woman who reads only the lighter and the trashier books knows that she is reading herself down instead of up. She knows—or ought to know—that

the trashy literature in which she delights points its votaries in the direction of frivolity of thought, weakness of feeling, and irresoluteness of purpose. In her truer and loftier moments she longs for an acquaintance with those writers who would elevate her taste, inspire the purest and tenderest emotions and confirm good and noble principles.

An Object Lesson in Reading

The Circle referred to is the literary department of the Epworth League in connection with Sumner Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn. A recent Syllabus contains features that invite the attention of persons contemplating a systematic study of general or special literature. It is quoted liberally here as showing the actual working of a plan which has been exceptionally successful in its practical results and in holding the interest of its members. The conductors of the department announce their intention to answer the questions stated above.

"We have selected a series of good novels, essays, and poems for study. We have tried to illustrate, by suggestions and questions, correct methods of reading. We earnestly desire to assist you in an effort to secure self-culture through the judicious reading of good books. We trust that these studies may help you to find more pleasure in literature—to discover more than ever before that it gives strength to the mind and truth to the heart.

"The Syllabus and the accompanying description provide a plan for the formation of circles or societies, the object of which shall be to begin and pursue the serious study of literature, its nature and significance in human life and education. It is distinct from any of the courses of study now used in church 'young peoples' societies' or 'leagues.' It may be used either to supplement or to supersede them. Its object is the study of pure and genuine literature, not the study of science or history, except as they are related to literature. The committee believe the course has been wisely arranged to the end that all working members will

obtain a broader knowledge of, and a truer love for, pure literature.

"This year three typical forms of English literature will be studied—the Essay, the Novel, and the Poem.

"The course provides for studies reaching over thirty-two weeks, and arranges for sixteen meetings of the Circle. Six evenings are devoted to novels, five to poetry, and five to essays. Under each of these general divisions are given reading lists, topics for special study and suggestive questions. The work to be done by the members consists of home reading, writing essays, and taking part in the discussions at the meetings of the Circle. Each member should do the required reading, and should come to the meetings with suggestions, helpful thoughts, questions, and quotations.

"The Syllabus, or outline of study, is particularly full of suggestions and directions. It contains not only a general outline of the entire course, but also an abundance of topics for special investigation. It 'blazes the way' to wide reading and serious thought. Long before the first meeting in October the Syllabus should be read and re-read by each member. The suggestions for study are neither too easy nor too difficult. Not all of them apply directly to the subjects under which they appear. They are partly designed to bring to the attention of the members, and into the discussions, many important thoughts on general literature. They are intended to help in teaching the best method of studying a Novel, an Essay, or a Poem.

"It is by carefully and attentively reading a few well-chosen books that we make progress in the direction of true culture. To make the reading of a book most profitable, we should have some object in view—the writing of an essay on the book, or discussing it with some friend, or taking part in a debate on it in a Study Circle. Most of us, before we can read a good novel or a great poem in such a manner as to make it the means of the greatest self-improvement, need to be wisely directed and guided. These truths have been constantly in the minds of the Committee which prepared this Syllabus.

Books that are Books

"Our system provides for the study of genuine literature. Some courses of instruction with which the writer is familiar provide for studies about or concerning literature. We believe that the best way to study literature is *to study literature*. We believe that a great poem like 'The Deserted Village' or 'Locksley Hall' is just as interesting to a healthy mind as is alleged poetry of the base and trivial sort, and that great novels like 'A Tale of Two Cities' or 'Jane Eyre' can be made as interesting to the average young person as the ephemeral novels of the day which are now selling by the hundred thousand, but which will be entirely forgotten in a dozen years. And so we attempt a serious and earnest study of enduring literature—of great masterpieces—not masterpieces that might be considered 'too good for human nature's daily food'—but such as 'Vanity Fair,' 'The Idylls of the King,' 'Macbeth,' and 'Kenilworth.'

Literature and More

"The basis of our work is literary masterpieces. On this foundation we build a course of study that includes some history, politics, sociology, theology, literary criticism, and many other things. Thus, in connection with our study of 'Elsie Venner,' the physician of our Circle reads an essay on Heredity. When our subject is 'The Biglow Papers,' we read and discuss the history of the Mexican and Civil Wars. The evening with Kingsley and 'Hypatia' will show that our members have not only studied the author and the book, but also the period and place in which the scene of the story is laid. Thus we study literature both as an outgrowth and as an exponent of life—personal, social, and national.

"The course for the present year has been carefully arranged for those who have but little time for study, as well as for those of ample leisure and studious habits. To

do the 'required reading' will take, on an average, thirty or forty minutes daily. This much should be done by every member of the Circle. Those who have time and inclination will find that the 'suggested readings' and the 'study hints' point the way to the use of two hours or more daily, in earnest reading and research.

"To secure the best results from the course of study for the present year, every member of the Circle should own the books which constitute the required readings. [Their names and prices are given.] We believe they have been wisely selected, not only on account of the high quality of the literature they contain, but also because they can all be obtained in inexpensive editions.

"The Syllabus gives a list of 'required' or necessary readings. The study of these selections, as stated elsewhere, will take only about thirty or forty minutes daily. All of them should be read by each member. The 'Suggested' readings broaden the field of study and research, but do not lead away from the general plan. They map out a broad course of interesting study in harmony with the 'Required' readings and the 'Hints for Study.'

AIDS TO SOUND READING

"Very few young people, and not many of any age, know the best and most approved methods of reading a poem, a novel, or an essay. Most reading is careless and desultory. Our Study Circle attempts to teach correct methods of reading masterpieces of literature. The carefully prepared Study Suggestions for each evening excite the spirit of investigation and point the way to proper methods of study. They have been arranged by those who recognize that the proper study of a poem, an essay, or a novel, should be broad and general as well as specific and minute.

"Some wise members of our Circle have methods of keeping clippings and memoranda of thoughts pertaining to the meetings, or to each subject or author studied. One, at least, uses a series of large common envelopes for the

preservation of these notes. If, at the beginning of the season, one masters and memorizes a general outline of the course, it will be found that many ideas, many bits of information, pertaining to the subjects studied, will constantly be found in miscellaneous reading and general conversation.

Importance of Good Leaders

"The success of this course of study largely depends upon the efficiency of the leader or leaders. Each leader should become especially familiar with the subjects for the particular evenings of which he has charge. His preparation should cover all the required readings and all the suggested topics for study; it should go still further and enable him to suggest other topics. His research and thought should have been so broad that he will be able to grasp —and grasp quickly—any question, suggestion, or statement of fact, in harmony with the subject of the evening, that comes from the Circle. He should personally answer but few questions. His success is to be measured partly by his ability to guide and control the discussions, giving to the Circle full opportunity to answer questions or amplify suggestions. He should be an autocrat in his peculiar field, allowing no member to talk too long, and firmly stopping the discussion of a subject whenever he deems the fit moment to have arrived. It may be necessary for him to repress the overtalkative, as it will surely be his duty and pleasure to encourage the modest to take part in the debates. If he has any reason to believe that a sufficient number of the Circle will not prepare to take intelligent part in the discussion, he should, in advance, assign some of the suggested topics to other members, and ask for their special study of those topics along certain lines indicated. A poor leader may not spoil a good Circle; but a good leader is a most important force for inspiration and efficiency. Leaders should see that discussions do not degenerate into trivialities or platitudes, or wander far away from the subject of the evening. Any leader who finds it necessary to be absent from a meeting should provide a substitute.

"In order to render a study Circle ideally efficient, provision should be made for one leader for the entire course. It is seldom, however, that any one member can give the time necessary to assume the leadership of every meeting. We therefore recommend that for the present year there be three leaders appointed—one for poetry, one for essays, and one for the study of the novel. Each one should commence his special preparation one or two months before the date of the first meeting of which he is to take charge. We believe that in every church of considerable size competent leaders can be found. Often the 'elect' person is a woman; and frequently it is some one who is not a college graduate. It is strange how few of our college-bred men or women have a genuine love for good literature.

"Every Circle should have a president, a secretary, and a treasurer. The duties of the president are obvious—the calling of meetings to order, conferring with the leaders, and presiding in the absence of the regular leader unless other arrangements have been made. One person should act as both secretary and treasurer. He should keep in touch with the writers of essays, and should secure a substitute in case a regularly appointed essayist fails to respond. He should have charge of the funds of the Circle—not usually a burdensome task. At the last Social of the season, in June, the secretary should read a paper on the study of the year. At regular meetings no minutes are read.

General Suggestions

"Experience has clearly demonstrated the advisability of having two essays read at each meeting. Both should be on kindred, related topics. For example, a biographical estimate of Tennyson may well be followed by a paper on 'The Idylls of the King.' These essays should be from fifteen to twenty-five minutes (usually not more than twenty minutes) in length. They should be carefully prepared a sufficient length of time before the date of the meeting at which they are to be read, to become seasoned. Being thus

made ready in advance, they can be read by the secretary or some other member, in case of the absence of the writer.

"We believe that a well-conducted Study Circle should hold two meetings each month, and that the sessions should begin promptly at eight o'clock, and close promptly at ten. It is proposed to hold our meetings on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. Soon after the meeting is called to order the first essay should be read, and this should be followed by a discussion of some forty minutes' duration. With or without an intermission of five minutes the second essay should be read, and a discussion or *conversazione* of forty minutes would then bring the meeting to a close. The best place to hold all meetings, including the 'Social,' is in the church parlor, or in some other suitable room in the church edifice. It should be understood that the meetings are not public, and that only members should regularly be permitted to attend. Occasional visitors, however, should be made welcome.

"The annual dues of members should be about fifty cents each, depending somewhat upon the size of the Circle. Money is necessary to defray the cost of the Syllabus or outline of study, to furnish refreshments at 'Socials,' and to pay small incidental expenses.

"We have deemed it advisable to have two or three 'Socials' during the season. Light refreshments should be served, and an Entertainment Committee should provide for games, recitations, or singing. A query box (or hat) in which may be deposited questions, suggestions, or comments, may be a feature of the 'Socials.' Bright men and women, drawn together by the desire to study genuine literature, will find that the exercises and conversation of their social evenings become more and more serious, earnest, and thoughtful."

THE NOVEL

Here follow examples of the method in which the Novel, the Essay, and the Poem were studied.

"Some Thoughts on Novels and Novel-writing." Sug-

gestions for Study: Some best methods of novel reading and study. How can you distinguish between novels of character and novels of incident? Consider the various classes of fiction, as novels of sentiment, satire, life, and manners. The historical novel. Are the best novels "feigned history"? In what sense is a well-written novel a biography? What class of novels are bad morally? Should novelists depict scenes of vice and moral degradation? Meaning of "decadent" novels? Difference between "moral," "immoral," and "unmoral" books? Mention a few great novels containing critical and philosophical reflections intermingled with pure fiction; do you prefer them to novels of incident and thrilling situations? Do the words "fiction," "romance," and "novel," mean the same?

Suggested Readings: Encyclopedic articles on "Novel," "Fiction," and "Romance." See Poole's Index to Periodical Literature.

"'Jane Eyre' and the Novel of Sentiment." Suggestions for Study: Life of Charlotte Brontë. Her rank as a novelist; perception of character; lack of restraint; lack of humor. Is "Jane Eyre" autobiographical? In what respect does this novel mark a decided advance in the development of the novel? What is its attitude toward the social system of the day? Point out in what respect it was considered immoral. Would it be so considered to-day? Does it shadow forth a prophecy of "woman's rights"? What new and radical truth became a part of the social life of to-day? What is the greatest moral teaching of the book, as given in a short passage? Consider the purity, loveliness, and redeeming power of true love as depicted in novels. How may novel-reading become injurious? What proportion of our reading should novels be allowed? What is meant by "knowledge" literature and "power" literature? Is it better to read the great novels of many authors or all the novels of a few great authors?

Required Reading: "Jane Eyre."

Suggested Reading: Life of Charlotte Brontë.

POETRY

"Some Thoughts on Poetry." Suggestions for Study: Elements of great poetry, originality, and perpetual charm; great subject greatly treated; correct poetic construction; vital idea coherently worked out; must quicken the emotions. Beauty of simple poetry in "Dora" and Book of Ruth. No metaphor, figure of speech, or decorative adjective in "Dora." The meaning of iambic pentameter, dactyllic hexameter, etc. What is "Society Verse"? Name the ten greatest poets of all ages. Have all great poets believed in immortality? Is there such a thing as "American" poetry? The poetry which delights and sustains. Characteristics of the poetry of this century. The spiritual element in poetry. Great hymns, are they great poetry? Contemporary and universal interest in poetry. Literature of knowledge and literature of power, define each. The Bible in Tennyson and other poets. Study a poem as a whole, its plan, story, plot, vital idea, and larger teaching; note the meaning of paragraphs, sentences, phrases, also the poet's use of words.

Suggested Readings: The best short poems in the English language. Consider the real meaning and lesson of each poem studied. The secret of its music and beauty. The secret of power to move or inspire.

"Tennyson, the Man and the Poet." Suggestions for Study: An uneventful life. Development of his mind and art. From form to spirit. The poet's ideals; reverence for law; sacredness of home life. The sanctity and degradation of love. Friendship with Arthur Hallam. The story of a true friendship. The poet's conception of ideal manhood. Redemption through love. The power to feel, rather than the power to think, the safeguard in the conduct of life. The poet's treatment of patriotism, death, immortality, nature. The larger hope. The finding of God. Immortal love. Is Tennyson a great poet? Has he borrowed from earlier poets?

Suggested Reading: Life of Tennyson.

"'Idylls of the King.'" Suggestions for Study: Sources of the poet's information. Consider the story in the poems. Are the poems a history, allegory, or parable? Is this a true epic? Treatment of chivalry, of loyalty, of kingly duty. Profounder teachings. The poem contains thought of an earlier age and also of the present age. Is the poem a "great picture of man's conflict with sin and fate"? How long did the poet work on the composition of the poems? Are they real "Idylls"? Was Arthur a real king? Consider the style of the poems, music of rhythm, beauty of diction and richness of illustrations. Consider the substance of the poems, history, allegory, conflict between the soul and false ambition, false love and other forms of sin. The character of King Arthur. What other writers have treated the Arthurian legends? Is the poet a master of blank verse?

Required Readings: "The Coming of Arthur"; "The Holy Grail"; "Lancelot and Elaine"; "The Passing of Arthur"; "Dedication."

Suggested Readings: All the "Idylls."

"Poetry and Poets." Suggestions for Study: What is poetry? Its essential qualities that differentiate it from prose. Our need of poetry. Aims and methods in the study of poetry. The relation of poetry to music, painting, and oratory. Poetry gives enjoyment, and teaches duty, endurance, etc. Can love of poetry and other literature be taught? Correct methods of reading. How to study a poem.

Suggested Readings: Stedman's "Nature and Elements of Poetry." Gummere's "Handbook of Poetics." Articles on poetry in cyclopedias.

THE ESSAY

"The Rise and Fall of the Essay." Suggestions for Study: Beginnings and development of the essay in Greece, in Rome, in France. The essay in ancient times—Seneca, Plutarch. Its esteem among the classicists; its lapse during

the mediæval epoch; its regeneration—when, where, and how? The height of its power in England; in America; its position to-day. Modern newspaper editorials as a dominant factor; "tracts"; the mission of the essay. What is an essay? Why is Dr. Johnson's definition inadequate? Decline of the essay—when, where, and whether temporary or permanent? The "coffee-house" and its influence.

Suggested Readings: Mabie's "The Essay and Some Essayists" ("Bookman," Vol. 9). Encyclopedic articles. Henley's "A Book of English Prose."

"Francis Bacon, the Man and the Essayist." Suggestions for Study: Did Bacon follow any school? Did he owe anything to Montaigne? Contrast his essay on "Friendship" with that of Montaigne. Contrast his type or essay with that of his English successors. His grasp of subject; temper of feeling; purpose; trend of thought. Lobban's opinion of the "typical essayist." Are Bacon's essays "typical"? What did *he* think of them? His use of Latin, and obligation to classics. His predilection for pithy, learned epigrams. His ode at thirteen an indicator of the coming man. In above essays, what striking characteristic do we find? Do you agree with the epigrams beginning "Reading maketh a full man," etc.? Why?

Required Readings: "Of Seeming Wise"; "Of Studies."

Suggested Readings: Life of Bacon. Life of Montaigne. Further essays by these authors. "Bacon's Essays with Memoirs and Notes."

HOW TO STUDY

How to Work Up a Subject

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE

MY business now is to answer as well as I can such questions as young people ask who are beginning to have their time at their own command, and can make their own selection of the books they are to read. And all my intelligent young friends are asking each other such questions, and so ask them of me every day. I shall answer these questions by laying down some general rules, but I shall try to put you into the way of choosing your own books, rather than choosing for you a long, defined list of them.

I believe very thoroughly in courses of reading, because I believe in having one book lead to another. But, after the beginning, these courses for different persons will vary very much from each other. You all go out to a great picnic, and meet together in some pleasant place in the woods, and you put down the baskets there, and leave the pail with the ice in the shadiest place you can find, and cover it up with the blanket. Then you all set out in this great forest, which we call Literature. But it is only a few of the party who choose to start hand in hand along a gravel-path which leads straight to the Burgesses' well, and probably those few enjoy less and gain less from the day's excursion than any of the rest. The rest break up into different knots, and go some here and some there, as their occasion and their genius call them. Some go after flowers, some after berries, some after butterflies; some knock the

rocks to pieces, some get up where there is a fine view, some sit down and copy the stumps, some go into water, some make a fire, some find a camp of Indians and learn how to make baskets. Then they all come back to the picnic in good spirits and with good appetites, each eager to tell the others what he has seen and heard, each having satisfied his own taste and genius, and each and all having made vastly more out of the day than if they had all held to the gravel-path and walked in column to the Burgesses' well and back again.

This is a long parable for the purpose of making you remember that there are but few books which it is necessary for every intelligent boy and girl, man and woman to have read. Of those few I had as lief give the list here.

First is the Bible, of which not only is an intelligent knowledge necessary for your healthy growth in religious life, but it is as necessary for your tolerable understanding of the literature, or even science, of a world which for eighteen centuries has been under the steady influence of the Bible. Around the English version of it, the English language of the last three centuries has revolved, as the earth revolves around the sun. Although the language of one time differs from that of another, it is always at about the same distance from the language of King James' Bible.

Second, every one ought to be quite well informed as to the history of the country in which he lives. All of you should know the general history of the United States well. You should know the history of your own state in more detail, and of your own town in the most detail of all.

Third, an American needs to have a clear knowledge of the general features of the history of England.

Now it does not make so much difference how you compass this general historical knowledge, if, in its main features, you do compass it. When Mr. Lincoln went to Norfolk to see the Confederate commissioners, Mr. Hunter, on their side, cited, as a precedent for the action which he wanted the President to pursue, the negotiations between Charles the First and his Parliament. Mr. Lincoln's eyes twinkled and

he said: "Upon questions of history I must refer you to Mr. Seward, for he is posted upon such things, and I do not profess to be. My only distinct recollection of the matter is, that Charles lost his head." Now you see it is of no sort of consequence how Mr. Lincoln got his thoroughly sound knowledge of the history of England—in which, by the way, he was entirely at home—and he had a perfect right to pay the compliment he did to Mr. Seward. But it was of great importance to him that he should not be haunted with the fear that the other man did know, really, of some important piece of negotiation of which he was ignorant. It was important to him to know that, so that he might be sure that his joke was—as it was—exactly the fitting answer.

Fourth, it is necessary that every intelligent American or Englishman should have read carefully most of Shakespeare's plays. Most people would have named them before the history, but I do not. I do not care, however, how early you read them in life, and, as we shall see, they will be among your best guides for the history of England.

Lastly, it is a disgrace to read even the newspaper without knowing where the places are which are spoken of. You need, therefore, the very best atlas you can provide yourself with. The atlas you had when you studied geography at school is better than none. But if you can compass any more precise and full, so much the better.

When people talk of the "books which no gentleman's library should be without," the list may be boiled down, I think—if in any stress we should be reduced to the bread-and-water diet—to such books as will cover these five fundamental necessities. If you cannot buy the Bible, the agent of the County Bible Society will give you one. You can buy the whole of Shakespeare for fifty cents in Dicks' edition. And, within two miles of the place where you live, there are books enough for all the historical study I have prescribed. So, in what I now go on to say, I shall take it for granted that we have all of us made thus much preparation, or can make it. These are the central stores of the

picnic, which we can fall back upon, after our explorations in our various lines of literature.

Now for our several courses of reading. How am I to know what are your several tastes, or the several lines of your genius? I cannot tell. Perhaps you could not tell yourselves, not being skilled in self-analysis; and it is by no means necessary that you should be able to tell. Perhaps we can set down on paper what will be much better, the rules or the system by which each may read well in the line of his own genius, and so find out what the line of that genius is, as far as there is any occasion.

Do not Try to Read Everything

That is the first rule. Do not think you must be a Universal Genius. Do not "read all Reviews," as an old code I had bade young men do. And give up, as early as you can, the passion, with which all young people naturally begin, of "keeping up with the literature of the time." As for the literature of the time, if one were to adopt any extreme rule, Mr. Emerson's would be the better of the two possible extremes. He says it is wise to read no book till it has been printed a year; that, before the year is well over, many of those books drift out of sight which all the newspapers are telling you to read.

Here I must warn my young friend Jamie not to go on talking about renouncing "nineteenth-century trash."

It will not do to use such words about a century in which have written Goethe, Fichte, Cuvier, Schleiermacher, Martineau, Scott, Tennyson, Thackeray, Browning, and Dickens, not to mention a hundred others whom Jamie likes to read as much as I do.

No. We will trust to conversation with the others, who have had their different paths in this picnic party of ours, to learn from them just the brightest and best things that they have seen and heard. And we will try to be able to tell them, simply and truly, the best things we find on our own paths. Now, for selecting the path, what shall we do—since one cannot in one little life attempt them all?

You can select for yourself, if you will only keep a cool head, and have your eyes open. First of all, remember that what you want from books is the information in them, and the stimulus they give to you, and the amusement for your recreation. You do not read for the poor pleasure of saying you have read them. You are reading for the subject, much more than for the particular book, and if you find that you have exhausted all the book has on your subject, then you are to leave that book, whether you have read it through or not. In some cases you read because the author's own mind is worth knowing; and then the more you read the better you know him. But these cases do not affect the rule. You read for what is in the books, not that you may mark such a book off from a "course of reading," or say at the next meeting of the "Philogabblian Society" that you "have just been reading Kant" or "Godwin." What is the subject, then, which you want to read upon?

Half the young folks who read this have been so well trained that they know. They know what they want to know. One is sure that she wants to know more about Mary, Queen of Scots; another, that he wants to know more about fly-fishing; another, that she wants to know more about the Egyptian hieroglyphics; another, that he wants to know more about propagating new varieties of pansies; another, that she wants to know more about "The Ring and the Book"; another, that he wants to know more about the "Tenure of Office Bill." Happy is this half. To know your ignorance is the great first step to its relief. To confess it, as has been said before, is the second. In a minute I will be ready to say what I can to this happy half; but one minute first for the less happy half, who know they want to read something because it is so nice to read a pleasant book, but who do not know what that something is. They come to us, as their ancestors came to a relative of mine who was a librarian of a town library long ago: "Please, sir, mother wants a sermon book, and another book."

To these undecided ones I simply say, now has the time come for decision. Your school studies have undoubtedly

opened up so many subjects to you that you very naturally find it hard to select between them. Shall you keep up your drawing, or your music, or your history, or your botany, or your chemistry? Very well in the schools, my dear Alice, to have started you in these things, but now you are coming to be a woman, it is for you to decide which shall go forward; it is not for Miss Winstanley, far less for me, who never saw your face, and know nothing of what you can or cannot do.

Now you can decide in this way. Tell me, or tell yourself, what is the passage in your reading or in your life for the last week which rests on your memory. Let us see if we thoroughly understand that passage. If we do not, we will see if we cannot learn to. That will give us a "course of reading" for the next twelve months, or if we choose, for the rest of our lives. There is no end, you will see, to a true course of reading; and, on the other hand, you may about as well begin at one place as another. Remember that you have infinite lives before you, so you need not hurry in the details for fear the work should be never done.

Now I must show you how to go to work, by supposing you have been interested in some particular passage. Let us take a passage from Macaulay, which I marked in the "Edinburgh Review" for Sydney to speak, years ago—I think before I had ever heard Macaulay's name. A great many of you boys have spoken it at school since then, and many of you girls have heard scraps from it. It is a brilliant passage, rather too ornate for daily food, but not amiss for a luxury, more than candied orange is after a state dinner. He is speaking of the worldly wisdom and skillful human policy of the method of organization of the Roman Catholic Church. He says:

"The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when com-

pared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back, in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared to the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine; and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila.

"She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

I. We will not begin by considering the wisdom or the mistake of the general opinion here laid down. We will begin by trying to make out what is the real meaning of the leading words employed. Look carefully along the sentence, and see if you are quite sure of what is meant by such terms as "the Roman Catholic Church," "the Pantheon," "the Flavian amphitheatre," "the Supreme Pontiffs," "the Pope who crowned Napoleon," "the Pope who crowned Pepin," "the republic of Venice," "the missionaries who landed in Kent," "Augustine," "the Saxon had set foot in Britain," "the Frank had passed the Rhine," "Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch," "idols in Mecca," "New Zealand," "London Bridge," "St. Paul's."

For really working up a subject—and this sentence now

is to be our subject—I advise a blank-book, and, for my part, I like to write down the key-words or questions, in a vertical line, quite far apart from each other, on the first pages. You will see why, if you will read on.

II. Now go to work on this list. What do you really know about the organization of the Roman Catholic Church? If you find you are vague about it, that such knowledge as you have is only half knowledge, which is no knowledge, read till you are clear. Much information is not necessary, but good, as far as it goes, is necessary on any subject. This is a controverted subject. You ought to try, therefore, to read some statement by a Catholic author, and some statement by a Protestant. To find out what to read on this or any subject, there are different clews.

1. Any encyclopedia, good or bad, will set you on the trail. Most of you have or can have an encyclopedia at command. There are one-volume encyclopedias, better than nothing, which are very cheap. You can pick up an edition of the old "Encyclopædia Americana," in twelve volumes, for $10 or $12. Or you can buy Appleton's, which is really quite good, for $60 dollars a set. I do not mean to have you rest on any encyclopedia, but you will find one at the start an excellent guide-post. Suppose you have the old "Encyclopædia Americana." You will find there that the "Roman Catholic Church" is treated by two writers—one a Protestant, and one a Catholic. Read both, and note in your book such allusions as interest you, which you want more light upon. Do not note everything which you do not know, for then you cannot get forward. But note all that specially interest you. For instance, it seems that the Roman Catholic Church is not so called by that church itself. The officers of that church might call it the Roman Church, or the Catholic Church, but would not call it the Roman Catholic Church. At the Congress of Vienna Cardinal Consalvi objected to the joint use of the words Roman Catholic Church. Do you know what the Congress of Vienna was? No? then make a memorandum, if you want to know. We might put in another

for Cardinal Consalvi. He was a man who had a father and mother, perhaps brothers and sisters. He will give us a little human interest if we stop to look him up. But do not stop for him now. Work through "Roman Catholic Church," and keep these memoranda in your book for another day.

2. Quite different from the encyclopedia is another book of reference, "Poole's Index." This is a general index to seventy-three magazines and reviews, which were published between the years 1802 and 1852. Now a great deal of the best work of this century has been put into such journals. A reference, then, to "Poole's Index" is a reference to some of the best separate papers on the subjects which for fifty years had most interest for the world of reading men and women. Let us try "Poole's Index" on "The Republic of Venice." There are references to articles on Venice in the "New England Magazine," in the "Pamphleteer," in the "Monthly Review," "Edinburgh," "Quarterly," "Westminster," and "De Bow's Reviews." Copy all these references carefully, if you have any chance at any time of access to any of these journals. It is not, you know, at all necessary to have them in the house. Probably there is some friend's collection or public library where you can find one or more of them.

When you have carefully gone down this original list, and made your memoranda for it, you are prepared to work out these memoranda. You begin now to see how many there are. You must be guided, of course, in your reading, by the time you have, and by the opportunity for getting the books. But aside from that, you may choose what you like best for a beginning. To make this simple by an illustration, I will suppose you have been using the old "Encyclopædia Americana," or "Appleton's Cyclopedia," and "Poole's Index" only, for your first list. As I should draw it up, it would look like this:

Cyclopædia.	Poole's Index.
ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.	
See (for instance)	Eclectic Rev., 4th S. 13, 485.
Council of Trent.	Quart. Rev., 71, 108.
Chrysostom.	For. Quart. Rev., 27, 184.
Congress of Vienna.	Brownson's Rev., 2d S. 1, 413; 3, 309.
Cardinal Consalvi.	N. Brit. Rev., 10, 21.
THE PANTHEON.	
Built by Agrippa. Consecrated, 607, to St. Mary ad Martyros. Called Rotunda.	
THE FLAVIAN AMPHITHEATRE.	
The Coliseum, *b.* by T. Flavius Vespasian.	
SUPREME PONTIFFS.	
Popes. The line begins with St. Peter, A.D. 42. Ends with Pius IX., 1846.	New Englander, 7, 169. N. Brit. Rev., 11, 13.
POPE WHO CROWNED NAPOLEON.	
Pius VII., at Notre Dame, in Paris, Dec. 2, 1804.	For. Quart. Rev., 20, 54.
POPE WHO CROWNED PEPIN.	
Probably Pepin le Bref is meant. But he was not crowned by a Pope. Crowned by Archbishop Boniface of Mayence, at the advice of Pope Zachary. *b.* @ 715, *d.* 768.	
REPUBLIC OF VENICE.	
452 to 1815. St. Real's History.	Quart. Rev., 31, 420.
Otway's Tragedy, Venice Preserved.	Month. Rev., 90, 525.
Hazlitt's Hist. of Venice.	West. Rev., 23, 38.
Ruskin's Stones of Venice.	
MISSIONARIES IN KENT.	
	Dublin Univ. Mag., 21, 212.

AUGUSTINE.

There are two Augustines. This is St. Austin, *b.* in 5th century, *d.* 604–614.	
Southey's Book of Church.	
Sharon Turner's Anglo-Saxons.	
Wm. of Malmesbury.	
Bede's Ecc. History.	

SAXON IN BRITAIN.

Turner as above.	Edin. Rev., 89, 79.
Ang.-Saxon Chronicle.	Quart. Rev., 7, 92.
Six old Eng. Chronicles.	Eclect. Rev., 25, 669.

FRANK PASSED THE RHINE.

Well established on west side at the beginning of 5th century.	For. Quart. Rev., 17, 139.

GREEK ELOQUENCE AT ANTIOCH.

Müller's Antiquitates Antiochianæ.	Greek Orators. Ed. Rev., 36, 62.

IDOLS IN MECCA.

Burckhardt's Travels.	
Burton's Travels.	

NEW ZEALAND.

3 islands, as large as Italy. Discovered 1642; taken by Cook for England 1769.	N. Am. Rev., 18, 328.
Gov. sent out 1838.	West. Rev., 45, 133.
Thomson's story of N. Z.	Edin. Rev., 91, 231; 56, 333.
Cook's Voyages.	N. Brit. Rev., 16, 176.
Sir G. Gray's Poems, etc., of Maoris.	Living Age.

LONDON BRIDGE.

5 elliptical arches. "Presents an aspect unequaled for interest and animation."	

ST. PAUL'S.

Built in thirty years between 1675 and 1705, by Christ. Wren.

Now I am by no means going to leave you to the reading of dull cyclopedias. What is done for this passage of Macaulay in the lists above is only preliminary. It could be easily done in three hours' time, if you went carefully to work. And when you have done it, you have taught yourself a good deal about your own knowledge and your own ignorance—about what you should read, and what you should not attempt. So far it fits you for selecting your own course of reading.

I have arranged this only by way of illustration. I do not mean that I think these a particularly interesting or particularly important series of subjects. I do mean, however, to show you that the moment you will sift any book or any series of subjects, you will be finding out where your ignorance is, and what you want to know.

Supposing you belong to the fortunate half of people who know what they need, I should advise you to begin in just the same way.

For instance, Walter, to whom I alluded above, wants to know about *Fly-fishing*. This is the way his list looks:

FLY-FISHING.

Cyclopædia.	Poole's Index.
For instance)	Quart. Rev., 69, 121; 37, 345.
W. Scott, Redgauntlet.	Edin. Rev., 78, 46, or 87; 93, 174, or 340.
Dr. Davy's Researches, 1839.	Am. Whig Rev., 6, 490.
Cuvier and Valenciennes, Hist. Naturelle des Poissons, Vol. XXI.	N. Brit. Rev., 11, 32, or 95; 1, 326; 8, 160; or Liv. Age, 2, 291; 17, 1.
	Blackwood, 51, 296.
Richard on's Fauna Bor. Amer.	Quart. Rev., 67, 98, or 332; 69, 226.
De Kay, Zoölogy of N. Y.	Blackwood, 10, 249; 49, 302; 21,
Agassiz, Lake Superior.	815; 24, 248; 35, 775; 38, 119, 63, 673; 5, 123; 5, 281, 7, 137.
	Fraser, 42, 136.

See also,

Izaak Walton, Compleat Angler. (Walton and Cotton first appeared 1750.)

Humphrey Day's Salmonia, or The Days of Fly-Fishing.

Blakey, History of Angling Literature.

Oppianus, De Venatione, Piscatione et Aucupio. (Halieutica translated.) Jones' English translation was published in Oxford, 1722.

Bronner, Fischergedichte und Erzählungen (Fishermen's Songs and Stories).

Norris, T., American Angler's Book.

Zouch, Life of Iz. Walton.

Salmon Fisheries. Parliamentary Reports. Annual.

"Blackwood's Magazine, an important landmark in English angling literature." See Noctes Ambrosianæ.

H. W. Beecher: N. Y. Independent, 1853.

In the New York edition of Walton and Cotton is a list of books on angling, which Blakey enlarges. His list contains four hundred and fifty titles.

American's Angler's Guide, 1849.

Storer, D. H., Fishes of Massachusetts.

Storer, D. H., Fishes of N. America.

Girard, Fresh-Water Fishes of N. America (Smithsonian Contributions, Vol. III.).

Richard Penn, Maxims and Hints for an Angler, and Miseries of Fishing, 1839.

James Wilson, The Rod and the Gun, 1840.

Herbert, Frank Forester's Fish of N. America.

Yarrel's British Fishes.

The same, on the Growth of Salmon.

Boy's Own Book.

Please to observe, now, that nobody is obliged to read up all the authorities that we have lighted on. What the list means is this: that you have made the inquiry for "a sermon book and another book," and you are now thus far on your way toward an answer. These are the first answers that come to hand. Work on and you will have more. I cannot pretend to give that answer for any one of you—far less for all those who would be likely to be interested in all the subjects which are named here. But with such clews as are given above you will soon find your ways

into the different parts that interest you of our great picnic grove.

Remember, however, that there are no royal roads. The difference between a well-educated person and one not well-educated is, that the first knows how to find what he needs, and the other does not. It is not so much that the first is better informed on details than the second, though he probably is. But his power to collect the details at short notice is vastly greater than is that of the uneducated or unlearned man.

In different homes the resources at command are so different that I must not try to advise much as to your next step beyond the lists above. There are many good catalogues of books, with indexes to subjects. In the Congressional Library there is an "Index of Subjects." In Harvard College Library they have a manuscript catalogue referring to the subjects described in the books of that collection. The "Cross-References" of the Astor Catalogue, and of the Boston Library Catalogue, are invaluable to all readers, young or old. A teacher can help you in nothing more useful than in directing you to the books you need on any subject.

I do not mean that all your reading is to be digging or hard work. I can show that I do not by supposing that we carry out the plan of the list above, on any one of its details, and write down the books which that detail suggests to us. Perhaps Venice has seemed to you the most interesting head of these which we have named. If we follow that up only in the references given above, we shall find our book list for Venice, just as it comes, in no order but that of accident, is:

St. Real, Relation des Espagnols contre Venise.
Otway's Venice Preserved.
Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.
Howell's Venetian Life.
Blondus, De Origine Venetorum.
Muratori's Annals.
Ruskin's Stones of Venice.

D'Israeli's Contarini Fleming.
Contarina, Della Republica di Venetia.
Flagg, Venice from 1797 to 1849.
Crassus, De Republica Veneta.
Jarmot, De Republica Veneta.
Voltaire's General History.
Sismondi's History of Italy.
Lord Byron's Letters.
Sketches of Venetian History, Fam. Library, 26, 27.
Venetian History, Hazlitt.
Dandolo, G. La Caduta della Republica di Venezia (The Fall of the Republic of Venice).
Ridolfi, C., Lives of the Venetian Painters.
Monagas, J. T., Late Events in Venice.
Delavigne, Marino Faliero, a Historical Drama.
Lord Byron, the same.
Smedley's Sketches from Venetian History.
Daru, Hist. de la République de Venise.

So much for the way in which to choose and use your books.

HOW TO STUDY

How Shall We Learn to Observe?

By MRS. ELIZA CHESTER

"MY girls are going abroad this summer," said a gentleman. "Martha will see everything, and Mary will see only what she goes to see; but then, Mary will know best what she wants to see."

The world over we find this distinction between the natural observers and the natural thinkers. When the two are combined we have genius.

To those who see everything I have only a few words to say at this point:

(1) Take pains to look at the things worth seeing.

(2) Take time to think about what you see.

Two girls, who both had remarkable powers of observation, were visiting a friend who invited them to take a drive to a historic spot in the vicinity. But one stipulated that they should drive through the principal streets of the city on their way. In the evening, while talking over their drive, she electrified everybody by appearing to know who lived in every house they had passed. She had observed the doorplates and had asked questions. She remembered the monument they had visited, too; but her interest in it was languid, and her ideas of the event it celebrated confused.

The other guest remembered the houses equally well, but she had not noticed whether Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones lived in some commonplace structure. On the other hand,

she knew the historic ground inch by inch, and slipping away to the library, went over the narrative again while the details were fresh in her mind.

Both these girls had the faculty of seeing everything. One of them used it as a means of culture and the other did not. Most persons, even among those who are considered observing, see only certain things.

A gentleman and lady, both enjoying nature, were driving through the woods one day when the gentleman said, "What an eye you have for flowers! I haven't seen one of those you have mentioned for the last half-hour!" The lady laughed. "What an eye you have for rabbits and other 'small deer'!" she said. "I haven't seen one this whole afternoon."

So it will be clear that unless we have some definite training in observation, we shall not see half we should like to see.

I remember the heroine of a novel who describes her own education. She was sent out every day to take a walk, and when she came in she was expected to describe fully and accurately everything she had seen. Such practice is good and within the reach of everybody. Even a solitary individual can think over what she has seen, and if she finds the mental picture misty, she can go to the same place again and observe more carefully. Still, I am so great an enemy to the waste of any force that I should not think it worth while to spend strength in trying to observe everything; I should rather look at things which would bear some fruit in thought.

Any science studied in a rational way is a positive help to one who is learning to observe. The sciences most accessible to those who must study alone are, I think, botany and mineralogy.

I knew a young lady living in the country who wished to understand botany, but who had no teacher. She bought Gray's "Lessons in Botany"—a small book, clearly written—and thoroughly mastered it. She verified everything so far as she could; she planted beans and watched their

growth; she looked at the shrubs about the garden to see whether they multiplied by suckers or stolons; she noticed how seed-pods were formed, and found out for herself the difference between a blackberry and a strawberry. She gathered leaves and compared their shapes with those described by Gray, and soon learned the technical names.

By the time she had finished the book she had formed the habit of seeing a thousand details of vegetable life which had formerly escaped her, though she was observant. Then she took Gray's "Manual of Botany." Perhaps most beginners could do better with the "Field and Garden Botany" of the same author, though this is much less complete. Our student worked with the artificial key; and beginning with a few common flowers whose English name she knew, and tracing them till she found their Latin synonyms and saw how they were related to other species, she finally learned how to classify and name any unknown flower she might encounter. She soon became an expert in this fascinating work. Of course she made blunders. Of course she found words she did not understand; but she looked for these faithfully in the glossary, and as she had to apply her definition on the spot to the flower in hand, she learned it practically, and seldom had to look for the same word twice. It was a pleasure to find out the name of a flower; but it was something more than that, for the necessity of examining every part to make sure that the specimen agreed with the description brought out many a beautiful feature which would otherwise have been unsuspected. In short, our young friend learned to observe.

Hugh Miller is the most illustrious example of a self-taught geologist. He was a stonecutter, poor, and knowing no one who could teach him. He made a collection of all the different kinds of minerals he found in the course of his stone-cutting, and being ignorant of their names, he labeled them 1, 2, 3, etc. He examined and compared them till he knew their properties perfectly; and when several years later he was able to buy a book on mineralogy, all the numbers fell into place as by magic—he had nothing to do but

to substitute the names quartz, feldspar, tourmaline, etc., for the numbers he had used so long. He had real genius, and was capable of seeing for himself some of the laws which govern facts; but any one who wished to know about minerals could learn something by following his plan.

It is easier, however, to get help now than it was in his day. Some one who was about to spend ten cents for a Christmas card to send to a friend remembered that this friend was interested in looking at stone walls, and mailed to her instead a little pamphlet on mineralogy by Mrs. Richards of the Boston Institute of Technology. The young woman receiving it saw that its brief pages were full of instruction for her. She showed it to two or three friends of similar tastes, and they formed a little club for studying mineralogy with specimens. As they went on, they bought a few larger books—Dana, Brush, etc.—and they soon became better mineralogists than most girls who study the subject in school. They learned to see everything about their own homes. As the analysis of minerals by Dana's or Brush's method required more knowledge of chemistry than they had, they contented themselves with Crosby's little book of "Tables," which deals chiefly with simple physical tests. They also studied rock-structures with the aid of another little book of Professor Crosby, "Science Guide No. 12," published by the Boston Natural History Society. The volume costs forty cents, and a hundred typical minerals which illustrate it $2 more. I give these details, thinking that some one else may like to follow their example.

I have known several people who learned something of ornithology, and increased their observing faculty greatly, by simply walking in the fields and woods and listening to the birds. At first the vocal concert seemed bewildering; then they began to distinguish the different performers; then they would be fortunate enough to see one of the singers; and by this time they would be ready to concentrate their attention so that they could give a fair description of the bird. Now all that was wanting was the name. Perhaps

is pretty well proved that the cultivated eye has a different sense-lining from the uncultivated one. And Tyndall tells us that each generation adds something to the organ itself.

The line between the sense itself and the power of observation is hard to draw. I knew a young lady who became partially deaf, but it was a long time before any one but her aurist knew it, for she was so clever and quick-witted that she watched others, and learned from their motions and expression what they said. An oculist said to a friend the other day, "Ah, you do not tell me the truth! You cannot really read at that distance; you are one of those who read with the will and not with the eyes." She was surprised, but when suitable glasses were fitted to her she found he was right.

There is a certain moral element in observation. Let us decide henceforth to see not only what we go to see but what we ought to see. I once knew a quiet girl who never seemed to be observing anything, yet when a chair was needed she was always ready to set it in place; she always opened the door when any one whose hands were full wished to pass. Perhaps she could not have told you what everybody wore, but I think she understood the true uses of the observing faculty.

HOW TO STUDY

How Shall We Learn to Remember?

By MRS. ELIZA CHESTER

FEW in these days are inclined to glorify the memory at the expense of the other mental faculties. I heard a lady say not long ago, in reference to a young girl who had come into her school with extravagant recommendations from former teachers, "She has ability; that is, she can learn by the yard, but I doubt whether she has real intellect." The capacity to learn by the yard, however, is not to be despised, if it is not allowed to overshadow more important powers. For instance, we might choose to have good judgment rather than a good memory. Nevertheless, if we could not remember the facts we were to judge, our judicial powers, admirable as they might be, would prove rather unfruitful. Memory should have its own honorable place in our mental equipment. It converts our various observations into available knowledge, ready to be acted upon by the judgment. First, we must see clearly, then we must remember accurately, then we must judge truly.

Some of us may be able to remember all kinds of things without difficulty, but most of us are not so endowed; and therefore, since we must concentrate our efforts on learning a few of the many things we should like to know, it is well to consider what we most wish to retain before we make plans how to accomplish our object.

First, we want to remember whatever it is our duty to remember.

I have heard of a lady so engrossed in study that she forgot to see that dinner was provided for the family; I have no doubt she enjoyed some sublime thoughts meantime, but they could not have really elevated her character. Children sometimes forget to feed their pets; they often forget little commissions given them by their mothers; they forget to take the right books to school; they forget where their lessons are, and a hundred things which inconvenience other persons as well as themselves.

Then we want to remember whatever will add to the happiness of others. This is perhaps a branch of our first proposition; yet I emphasize it, because there are so many small acts not strictly our duty which we could do every day, and which we should be glad to do if we could only think of them. These are the

"Little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love,"

though they may not be strictly our duty. The quality we call "thoughtfulness for others," which lends a special charm to the character, is greatly due to this fine use of memory.

In these two directions we want to remember certain definite things, and we are justified in resorting to the most artificial means for the purpose. If I have promised to lend you a book, it is quite right for me to remind myself of it by changing a ring to another finger. Much more would this be right if I had reason to suppose I should forget to return a book I had borrowed.

Now, third, we want to remember as many facts as we can make use of in any way, either to aid our judgment or to enlarge our minds. I hope that few of us fancy that isolated facts have much value. Once during my childhood a lecturer came into our village with the announcement that he had invented a system for remembering everything. He selected one of the brightest little girls in school, and after training her one afternoon, he exhibited her to his audience in the evening. He asked for dates of the most disconnected facts one after another, and she gave every one tri-

umphantly. Then the lecturer explained his method of teaching her. She had said that Judge Story died in 1845. Each figure corresponded to some letter in the professor's scheme. The "1" being disregarded, "8 4 5" represented f r l. This was to remind the learner of the word "farewell," from which it was an easy step to say that Judge Story bade farewell to the world at that date! She then retranslated the word "farewell" into figures, and had won her fact. I am positive that she had no idea who Judge Story was or why it was essential to know the date of his death. Indeed if any one tells me that I myself am wrong as to the date of his death I shall not insist that I am not; or rather, I know I am not mistaken in the date, but it may be that it was some other judge who died then! So it does not seem to me that this was a very fructifying fact for either of us to know.

However, it is no doubt an innocent ambition to wish to be well-informed, so I will add to the list of things we want to remember—the things that others about us know and expect us to know.

When I was a girl I heard a cousin of mine, then in college, tell the story of a fellow-student who was discovered reading one of Scott's novels in a corner of the library, and who inquired very earnestly, "Who was this 'Waverley,' anyhow?" That struck us as a great joke. None of us could understand how anybody who could read could be so ignorant. Since then, however, I have no doubt that all of us have made blunders which stamped us as equally ignorant in the estimation of those who detected them. We are always ready to laugh at anybody who does not know what we know, and that is one reason we have such agonies of fear lest somebody should discover the weak spots in our own armor. But why should we be ashamed not to know a thing? No one can know everything. The greatest men, if they would take you into their confidence, would probably tell you that they had sometimes made mistakes at which a schoolboy would blush; yet the most philosophical among us do suffer more from involuntary slips of mem-

ory than from the infraction of some weightier matters of the law.

And now, how shall we make our own all the manifold facts we want to remember?

A lady connected with a great Boston daily paper relates that the number of details she feels obliged not to forget is so great that she keeps a diary laid out for months in advance, and that in May of one year she entered the memorandum, "Nov. 12. To be married to—— ——." Perhaps we should not all need such scrupulous notes as that, but I think any of us may use those we do need without compunction.

For learning those things which are to be a permanent addition to our stock of knowledge, a few simple principles must be observed.

(1) We must get an accurate impression of what we want to remember.

I once knew a young woman whose early education had been neglected. At last the opportunity to go to school came to her. She was full of ambition, and ready to study night and day; but she could never learn a lesson. She failed so utterly one day on some rules for parsing that the teacher spoke to her privately of the matter. The poor girl grew red in the face, and then burst into tears. "I studied, Miss Smith, till I fainted away," she said. And yet she did not know the very first rule: "Adjectives and participles belong to nouns and pronouns." The teacher wondered how such hard study could produce such a small result, and on inquiry learned that the poor student, in her desire to be thorough, had studied each word twenty times before going on to the next—"Adjectives, adjectives, adjectives, etc.; and, and, and, etc.; participles, participles, participles, etc." She had a perception of the separate words, but naturally saw no connection between them. We need a whole impression of whatever we are trying to learn.

(2) We must think about what we are learning.

As long as we are looking at an object, or reading about an event, our minds may wander without our knowing it.

But when we shut our eyes and try to recall the object or the event, we find out our deficiencies at once, and can go back to the study with an intelligent idea of the way to supply them.

(3) Frequent repetition is necessary to keep anything in our minds.

Even when we have mastered some subject completely for the time being, yet if we put it aside and go on to another subject, we shall find on coming back to it a few months later that some of the outlines are beginning to fade. We must see that they are traced firmly once more, or we shall soon lose the whole picture. If, however, we learned the subject thoroughly at first, it is easy to review it.

There are various kinds of repetition suited to the different things we try to learn. For instance, let us consider a moment the different ways of studying history and poetry, for these two studies are particularly adapted to the exercise of the memory, though that is by no means the highest use of either of them.

In a poem every word has a value; it cannot be changed or misplaced without destroying the beauty of the passage. We must learn poetry *verbatim;* indeed, unless we do so we never quite take in the full meaning of even our favorite poems. This is one reason why learning poetry has such an elevating influence. Once learned, it must be repeated over and over again, every day at first, then every week perhaps, and then at longer intervals. But all this repetition takes time, and has neither the mental nor the moral value of the first learning of a poem. Besides, we may wish to learn something new. I am sure none of us can afford to let the habit of studying the best poetry ever be lost out of our daily lives. We need its high companionship constantly. Fortunately, though it is often thought that young people learn more readily than older ones, it is not altogether true. A middle-aged friend of mine tells me that she has made it a point to learn a few lines of poetry every day for many years, and that she does so more and more easily; but she says she often forgets what she learns, simply be-

cause it is impossible to repeat the great numbers of poems she knows as often as she could repeat the comparatively small number she knew when a girl. Some of us think it would be hard to find time every day to learn even a few lines; but surely we must give a part of every Sunday to such elevating study, and if we learn half a dozen lines on Sunday, and take pains to repeat them every day through the week, we shall soon have much good treasure laid up where moth and rust will not corrupt.

It would be mere folly to learn history *verbatim*. Here we want facts, first as a foundation, but, far more, relations between facts. It may be a good exercise for us when an examiner asks us all sorts of questions in a breath: "Who won the battle of Waterloo?" "When was Charles the First beheaded?" "What is the Rosetta Stone?" Indeed, I once knew a very entertaining teacher of history who contended that the true way to equip her pupils to meet sudden demands upon them was to ask them such a jumble of questions every day. "Nobody in society," she would say, "will ever inquire whether you can give a clear account of the English Revolution or not, but anybody may turn to you and ask when Charles the First was beheaded." She was right; but, after all, culture does not consist in being able to answer other people's questions—though, indeed, as that is very convenient, I think a little sharp practice of this kind would occasionally be good for most of us. We like to have our facts well in hand, ready for instant use; but if we hope to remember much of history, or to make it in any way vital to us, we must study very differently. We must take an epoch as a whole; we must learn about all the great men of the time, and understand their acts; we must learn the geography of the country, the condition of its arts and sciences and literature, until all our study blends and forms a living whole. When we have once studied an epoch in this way we shall always remember the main features of it; but we shall forget details, and it would of course be impossible to go over all the same ground again and again. It is not even desirable, for many of the details we have

forgotten were only of use as they served to make the whole picture more vivid, and other details would answer the purpose as well.

And now a word as to dates. There are not more than twenty or thirty dates that it is absolutely necessary for us to know; but it is often disgraceful not to know the epoch in which any event occurred. For instance, we need not feel ourselves ruined for life if we should happen to think Columbus discovered America in 1493—though I admit that is one of the mistakes an American ought not to make; but to fancy that he discovered it in 1392 or 1592 would be fatally wrong—though the figures themselves would be no more askew—because such an error would affect our whole conception of the last part of the fifteenth century. If we know the story of the discovery well, the one date, 1492, will tell us a great many things—that Ferdinand and Isabella ruled Spain at that time, that Henry VII. was then on the throne of England, etc. If we know how to group our facts, eighteen dates will give us approximately the time of every great event of the Christian era.

I should be willing to learn a few dates artificially; and I am not one of those who despise the lists of Roman emperors and English kings. These lists are good pegs to hang miscellaneous knowledge upon until we have collected enough of it to arrange in some organic form.

How Shall We Learn to Think?

By MRS. ELIZA CHESTER

IF we have learned how to observe in any broad sense, and if we have then learned how to fix essential facts in our memory, we shall be already far on the way toward learning to think, for in intelligent observation or memory we must use judgment.

For example, we look at a wild rose till we know every part in detail, and then we examine a strawberry-blossom. If we have made the observation faithfully it will not take a teacher to tell us that the two plants belong to one family. A spark of understanding will flash across from one set of observations to the other; we shall then be ready to test the whole floral kingdom by comparing every member of it with a rose. Is this flower like a rose, or is it not? If not, how does it differ? One might study botany on an uninhabited island in this way, and group plants naturally, making a close approximation to the well-known written systems. A lily is far removed from a rose, and both are very different from a dandelion. Which of the three does a buttercup most resemble? The first steps in the study of any science are steps of observation, but they lead directly up to comparison and inference, and, in other words, to judgment.

Or suppose we are trying to learn something of an epoch in history—for instance, the French Revolution. We cannot even remember the leading facts unless we understand

them. We must think of the causes which brought on the Revolution before we can remember the difference between the Jacobins and the Girondists. We must consider the character and circumstances of individual actors in the drama before we can remember unerringly the part they took. Was Madame Roland a Jacobin or a Girondist? The girls who can answer that question six months after they have read her life will be able to do so because they have thought about her character and have understood something of her relation to the times. To remember essential things, we must first use our judgment in deciding what are essential.

I have already spoken of Science and History as studies which cultivate respectively observation and memory; but it will be clear that they both have a far higher use in teaching us to think. The sciences which are learned principally by trying experiments—like chemistry and physics—are especially of use here, for we always have to ask ourselves what the experiment proves? History develops the power to form a different class of judgments; and a broad study of history is indispensable to all who wish to be able to think wisely on current affairs.

For precision of thought there is no instructor like mathematics, and geometry beyond all other branches of them. Such an overwhelming majority of girls hate mathematics that it is hard to know just how to persuade them of its importance. I knew one indefatigable teacher, who used to labor with each pupil in private till she had absolutely convinced her that she (the pupil) wanted to master her mathematics in the most complete and thorough way. This teacher not only had a beautiful and noble character, but possessed such sympathy and power of attraction that the girls' love for her probably formed a preponderating factor in their enthusiasm for the study. At all events, they yielded, to the very last girl; the most stupid one found that she could understand what she had thought she could not; and that wonderful teacher set her impress upon the school, so that the high standard in mathematics was maintained there long after she was in her grave. More than

that, all her scholars carried out into life the habit of asking, "Why?" when any new course of thought or action opened before them; and "Why?" is one of those little words which have a far-reaching effect in teaching us how to think on all subjects.

Most people—boys as well as girls—are naturally rather dull at mathematics; but boys like them better than girls do, and they are always taught that practical success in life depends on knowing at least arithmetic well. Girls have practical need of arithmetic, too, though they do not often require quite as many of its technicalities. But they are tacitly encouraged to indulge their dislike, which is usually extreme, on the ground that they will not need to earn their living by figures, though, as a matter of fact, a great many of them are obliged to do this.

My present plea for mathematics, however, is based entirely on their importance in teaching precise thinking. I know girls' schools in which they hold an honored place, and others in which they are virtually ignored. In the latter the girls sometimes have a broader culture when they leave school, but their tone of mind is less vigorous, and ten years later, the mathematicians have often distanced them in general culture. Of course, exclusive devotion to mathematics would be narrowing; though when they are carried into the domains of chemistry and crystallography, etc., they do open a vast and splendid territory to the thinker. As I have yet to hear of the girls' school which lays undue stress on such study, I think it safe to advise every girl who reads these pages to make the most of her opportunities in this direction. No doubt too much precision is fatal to large judgments, but I do not happen to know any girl who is in danger of being too precise.

An accomplished lady, who during several years had taught the same set of girls a variety of subjects, ranging from mathematics and physics to botany and rhetoric, said: "It was more delightful at the time to take them botanizing in the woods, or to discuss the figures of speech, than to drill them in mathematics; but in looking back on the

work, the mathematics give me most satisfaction, for I could see how the minds of the girls gained in power from year to year."

But as I write my thoughts are often with those who have no teachers and must learn their mathematics alone. This is not always a misfortune. I am sorry to say that a great deal of the confusion girls find in mathematics is due to incompetent primary teaching. Advanced teachers are usually capable, but the mischief is done before the pupil comes into their hands. Now, a girl who finds mathematics a puzzle, and who has no teacher to help her, may be excused for not trying to do great things in this department; but there are two subjects within her reach. One is mental arithmetic—altogether the most important part of arithmetic. I do not believe there are many young women twenty years old who are sufficiently in earnest to study Warren Colburn's ancient "Mental Arithmetic" fifteen minutes a day, following his processes exactly, who could not conquer the book in six months, and be the better for it ever afterwards.

The other subject I would recommend is geometry, for here the reasoning is not so based on arithmetic and algebra that ignorance of these will be an insuperable obstacle in the path. Take any text-book, learn the axioms at the beginning, set down the first proposition with its figure on paper, and then shut your book and see if you do not already know enough to prove the proposition; if not, you will have to read the proof, but that is no reason why you should not try to prove the next proposition for yourself. It will be as interesting as an enigma and more productive of results. Of course, if you have no gift whatever for geometry, you can easily stop at any time; but if you have any natural capacity for it, you will succeed with some propositions, and you will understand the proofs you are obliged to read. When you finish the book you will know a great deal more of geometry than most school-graduates do. And after such a course you will never be as contented with loose and vague arguments on any topic as you were before.

I have heard of a man who reads a new book in the fol-

lowing manner. He first thinks over its subject, and perhaps puts down on paper the headings of the different subdivisions which he believes ought to be treated. Then he refers to the table of contents, where of course he finds some points which he has omitted, though sometimes perhaps he has taken a more comprehensive view than the author. Then he considers the question to be treated in each chapter, and settles in his mind his own opinions upon it. Now, when he reads the chapter, he is prepared to judge whether his first ideas were correct or not. If the author has anything to teach him, he is pretty sure to learn it. Such a plan of reading would not do for all kinds of books, but is of great use in cases where an appeal is made to our judgment. I should be very glad if some young girl would try the experiment with the little volume I am now writing. Let her take the subject of any chapter in the book, and think about it before she reads it. Perhaps her ideas would be clearer if she would write them down. When she reads the chapter, she may find that she has anticipated all the good advice I mean to give her, and that she positively disagrees with some of my opinions; she will then be all ready to consider the opinions which those wiser than I have expressed on the same subject in better books. Whether what I have to say is useful in itself or not, the exercise will have been useful to her in teaching her how to think.

It will be still more to the purpose if she will try the same experiment with some masterpiece of literature. I remember an earnest young woman who was interested in Plato's "Dialogues," and coming to the question, "Can virtue be taught?" she set herself the task of writing a composition on the subject. Of course she was all the more able to appreciate the words of Socrates when she came to read them.

To learn to think, we must think. If we do not know how to think, we must try to think. Every day brings experiences which ought to make us ask ourselves the pregnant little questions, "How?" and "Why?" We must

not grudge the strength and time necessary to answer them for ourselves; but we must answer them humbly. We must hold ourselves ready for new light, and be willing to correct our judgments by comparing them with those of wiser thinkers. We know books and people to be trusted. Let us go to them for help, while we hold ourselves free to weigh their views in the balances with our own. This attitude of mind will, I feel, do more in teaching us to judge justly than any special study; logic itself could hardly help us so much; and a serious study of logic is rather too difficult for most young girls who have to work alone, though it seems to me that even the alphabet of the science is worth something.

Still, there are certain studies which are particularly beneficial to those who are trying to form the judgment. The science of criticism is of the greatest value. Read your Shakespeare, for instance, not so that you may be ready with quotations, but in such a way that you may understand life and character. Think of the heroes and heroines, and try to grasp their motives of action. Try their deeds by the highest standards, and see whether they will meet the test. You need not read a single volume of criticism to do this, you must simply live with these great men and women. Afterwards you may compare your thoughts with those of the critics, and you will find that others have a wider horizon than yours, and that with them you can climb to higher mountain-tops.

And then, for the best thought one must study poetry. Matthew Arnold says that "the essential part of poetic greatness is the noble and profound application of ideas to life." This is the spirit for the study of poetry. We must look for the noble and profound ideas and endeavor to apply them to life. Perhaps most young girls will find it hard to do this at first without help. But does not the most obscure among you know some one who can help you a little, if in no other way, at least by suggesting books to read? At any rate, you can begin with Shakespeare, and you cannot help being elevated by constant contact with so grand a mind. I heard a lady say once, in speaking of an acquaint-

ance, "She would be more likely to know that a poem was a good one, if she saw it in a book than if she saw it in a newspaper!" Now, you ought to know whether a poem gives you high thoughts, whether you see it in a book or in a newspaper. But inasmuch as there is more good poetry in books than in periodicals, you will learn discrimination more quickly if you spend your time over the great poets than if you waste it in trying to sift the wheat from the chaff in the daily newspapers—at least at first. By-and-by the time will come when you will know a fine thing in a moment wherever you see it by this infallible test—it will uplift and comfort you.

HOW TO STUDY

Word-by-Word "Reading"

By JOHN RUSKIN

WHEN you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?" And keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling and patientest fusing before you can gather one grain of the metal.

And, therefore, first of all, I tell you earnestly and authoritatively (I *know* I am right in this) you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter. . . . For if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter—that is to say, with real accuracy—you are forevermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it) consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many

languages, may not be able to speak any but his own, may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly. Above all, he is learned in the *peerage* of words, knows the words of true descent and ancient blood, at a glance, from words of modern mongrel breed, remembers all their ancestry, their intermarriages, distant relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national *noblesse* of words at any time and in any country. But an uneducated person may know, by memory, many languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any—not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports, yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person; so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence, will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted, by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilized nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing forever.

And this is right; but it is a pity that the accuracy insisted on is not greater and required to a serious purpose. . . . Let the accent of words be watched, and closely; let their meaning be watched more closely still, and fewer will do the work. A few words, well chosen and distinguished, will do work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting, equivocally, in the function of another.

Now, in order to deal with words rightly this is the habit you must form. Nearly every word in your language has been first a word of some other language—of Saxon, German, French, Latin, or Greek (not to speak of Eastern and primitive dialects). And many words have been all these; that is to say, have been Greek first, Latin next, French or German next, and English last—undergoing a certain change of sense and use on the lips of each nation, but retaining a deep vital meaning, which all good scholars feel in employing them, even at this day. If you do not

JOHN RUSKIN.

know the Greek alphabet, learn it. Young or old, girl or boy, whoever you may be, if you think of reading seriously (which, of course, implies that you have some leisure at command), learn your Greek alphabet; then get good dictionaries of all these languages, and whenever you are in doubt about a word, hunt it down patiently; never let a word escape you that looks suspicious. It is severe work; but you will find it, even at first, interesting, and at last, endlessly amusing. And the general gain to your character in power and precision will be quite incalculable.

Mind, this does not imply knowing, or trying to know, Greek or Latin or French. It takes a whole life to learn any language perfectly. But you can easily ascertain the meanings through which the English word has passed, and those which in a good writer's work it must still bear.

And now, merely for example's sake, I will, with your permission, read a few lines of a true book with you carefully, and see what will come out of them. I will take a book perfectly known to you all. No English words are more familiar to us, yet few perhaps have been read with less sincerity. I will take these few following lines of "Lycidas":

> Last came, and last did go,
> The pilot of the Galilean lake.
> Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
> (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
> He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
> "How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
> Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
> Creep and intrude and climb into the fold!
> Of other care they little reckoning make
> Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
> And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
> Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
> A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else, the least
> That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
> What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
> And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
> Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw.
> The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
> But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,

> Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread,
> Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
> Daily devours apace, and nothing said."

Let us think over this passage, and examine its words.

First, is it not singular to find Milton assigning to Saint Peter not only his full episcopal function, but the very types of it which Protestants usually refuse most passionately? His "mitred" locks! Milton was no bishop-lover; how comes Saint Peter to be "mitred"? "Two massy keys he bore." Is this, then, the power of the keys claimed by the bishops of Rome, and is it acknowledged here by Milton only in a poetical license, for the sake of its picturesqueness, that he may get the gleam of the golden keys to help his effect?

Do not think it. Great men do not play stage tricks with the doctrines of life and death; only little men do that. Milton means what he says, and means it with his might too —is going to put the whole strength of his spirit presently into the saying of it. For though not a lover of false bishops, he *was* a lover of true ones; and the Lake-pilot is here, in his thoughts, the type and head of true episcopal power. For Milton reads that text, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven" quite honestly. Puritan though he be, he would not blot it out of the book because there have been bad bishops—nay, in order to understand *him*, we must understand that verse first; it will not do to eye it askance, or whisper it under our breath, as if it were a weapon of an adverse sect. It is a solemn, universal assertion, deeply to be kept in mind by all sects. But perhaps we shall be better able to reason on it if we go on a little farther, and come back to it; for clearly this marked insistence on the power of the true episcopate is to make us feel more weightily what is to be charged against the false claimants of episcopate, or generally, against false claimants of power and rank in the body of the clergy, they who "for their bellies' sake creep and intrude and climb into the fold."

Never think Milton uses those three words to fill up his verse, as a loose writer would. He needs all the three—

especially those three, and no more than those—"creep" and "intrude" and "climb"; no other words would or could serve the turn, and no more could be added. For they exhaustively comprehend the three classes, correspondent to the three characters, of men who dishonestly seek ecclesiastical power. First, those who "creep" into the fold, who do not care for office, nor name, but for secret influence, and do all things occultly and cunningly, consenting to any servility of office or conduct, so only that they may intimately discern, and unawares direct, the minds of men. Then those who "intrude" (thrust, that is) themselves into the fold, who by natural insolence of heart and stout eloquence of tongue and fearlessly perseverant self-assertion obtain hearing and authority with the common crowd. Lastly, those who "climb," who, by labor and learning both stout and sound, but selfishly exerted in the cause of their own ambition, gain high dignities and authorities, and become "lords over the heritage," though not "ensamples to the flock."

Now go on:

> "Of other care they little reckoning make
> Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast.
> *Blind mouths—*"

I pause again, for this is a strange expression—a broken metaphor, one might think, careless and unscholarly.

Not so; its very audacity and pithiness are intended to make us look close at the phrase and remember it. Those two monosyllables express the precisely accurate contraries of right character in the two great offices of the Church—those of bishop and pastor.

A "bishop" means "a person who sees."

A "pastor" means "a person who feeds."

The most unbishoply character a man can have is therefore to be blind.

The most unpastoral is, instead of feeding, to want to be fed—to be a mouth.

Take the two reverses together, and you have "blind mouths." We may advisably follow out this idea a little.

Nearly all the evils in the Church have arisen from bishops desiring *power* more than *light*. They want authority, not outlook; whereas their real office is not to rule, though it may be vigorously to exhort and rebuke. It is the king's office to rule; the bishop's office is to *oversee* the flock, to number it, sheep by sheep, to be ready always to give full account of it. Now, it is clear he cannot give account of the souls, if he has not so much as numbered the bodies, of his flock. The first thing, therefore, that a bishop has to do is at least to put himself in a position in which, at any moment, he can obtain the history from childhood of every living soul in his diocese, and of its present state. Down in that back street, Bill and Nancy knocking each other's teeth out—does the bishop know all about it? Has he his eye upon them? Has he *had* his eye upon them? Can he circumstantially explain to us how Bill got into the habit of beating Nancy about the head? If he cannot, he is no bishop, though he had a mitre as high as Salisbury steeple. He is no bishop—he has sought to be at the helm instead of the masthead; he has no sight of things. "Nay," you say, "it is not his duty to look after Bill in the back street." What! the fat sheep that have full fleeces—you think it is only those he should look after, while (go back to your Milton) "the hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw" (bishops knowing nothing about it) "daily devours apace, and nothing said"?

"But that's not our idea of a bishop." Perhaps not; but it was Saint Paul's, and it was Milton's. They may be right, or we may be; but we must not think we are reading either one or the other by putting our meaning into their words.

I go on.

> "But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw."

This is to meet the vulgar answer that "if the poor are not looked after in their bodies, they are in their souls; they have spiritual food."

And Milton says, "They have no such thing as spiritual

food; they are only swollen with wind." At first you may think that is a coarse type, and an obscure one. But again, it is a quite literally accurate one. Take up your Latin and Greek dictionaries and find out the meaning of "Spirit." It is only a contraction of the Latin word "breath," and an indistinct translation of the Greek word for "wind." The same word is used in writing, "The wind bloweth where it listeth," and in writing, "So is every one that is born of the Spirit"; born of the *breath*, that is, for it means the breath of God in soul and body. We have the true sense of it in our words "inspiration" and "expire." Now there are two kinds of breath with which the flock may be filled—God's breath and man's. The breath of God is health and life and peace to them, as the air of heaven is to the flocks on the hills; but man's breath—the word which *he* calls spiritual—is disease and contagion to them, as the fog of the fen. They rot inwardly with it; they are puffed up by it, as a dead body by the vapors of its own decomposition. This is literally true of all false religious teaching; the first and last and fatalest sign of it is that "puffing up."

Lastly, let us return to the lines respecting the power of the keys, for now we can understand them. Note the difference between Milton and Dante, in their interpretation of this power; for once the latter is weaker in thought. He supposes *both* the keys to be of the gate of heaven; one is of gold, the other of silver. They are given by Saint Peter to the sentinel angel; and it is not easy to determine the meaning either of the substances of the three steps of the gate, or of the two keys. But Milton makes one, of gold, the key of heaven, the other, of iron, the key of the prison in which the wicked teachers are to be bound who "have taken away the key of knowledge, yet entered not in themselves."

We have seen that the duties of bishop and pastor are to see and feed, and of all who do so it is said, "He that watereth, shall be watered also himself." But the reverse is truth also. He that watereth not, shall be *withered* him-

self; and he that seeth not, shall himself be shut out of sight —shut into the perpetual prison-house. And that prison opens here as well as hereafter; he who is to be bound in heaven must first be bound on earth. That command to the strong angels, of which the rock-apostle is the image, "Take him, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him out," issues, in its measure, against the teacher, for every help withheld, and for every truth refused, and for every falsehood enforced; so that he is more strictly fettered the more he fetters, and farther outcast as he more and more misleads, till at last the bars of the iron cage close upon him, and as "the golden opes, the iron shuts amain."

We have got something out of the lines, I think, and much more is yet to be found in them; but we have done enough by way of example of the kind of word-by-word examination of your author which is rightly called "reading"—watching every accent and expression, and putting ourselves always in the author's place, annihilating our own personality, and seeking to enter into his, so as to be able assuredly to say, "Thus Milton thought," not "Thus *I* thought, in misreading Milton."

HOW TO STUDY

The Study of Poetry

By FRANCIS HOVEY STODDARD

CLEVER men of action, according to Bacon, despise studies, ignorant men too much admire them, wise men make use of them. "Yet," he says, "they teach not their own use, but that there is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation." These are the words of a man who had been taught by years of studiousness the emptiness of mere study. It does not teach its own usefulness, and gives its most important lesson if through it we learn that beyond lies a region from which may come a truer wisdom won by observation. This, when all is said, is the one great defect of any system of study, in that it teaches not its own use. No amount of study of the principles of barter will make a man a great merchant. One can study painting and learn all the characteristics and methods and schools of the art and yet not be able to paint a picture. No amount of study of poetry will make a man a poet. So the crafty men of action "contemn studies," and the wise men who use them look beyond them for their value. "English literature," said a noted professor not long ago, "cannot be taught"; and certain it is that even with the most advanced analytical text-book one cannot get a final satisfaction from "doing a sum" in English literature as one would work a problem in arithmetic. When applied to the higher arts, study, deep and true as one can make it,

leaves one the surer that there is a wisdom beyond, which cometh not by study alone.

Least of all can the deepest things in poetry be learned by mere study. Poetry deals with feeling, which study excludes. Study, indeed, seems to belong exclusively to the prose habit; it seems to be of the intellect and not of the emotions; to be of the mind and not of the spirit. We cannot write a text-book in poetry, nor can we ever in a text-book written in prose put all the secret of poetry. Beyond the text-book always lies the higher wisdom born of that which Bacon called observation, which most of us now call insight, that immediate apprehension of the highest relations which comes as a revelation in our inspired moments.

In spite of all this the study of poetry has an important function, and it is the purpose of this article to show how to use it most effectively. Poetry is one of the most difficult of all arts to study, so difficult that it has had few text-books and no complete exposition. The inquirer searching for help will find only a few hand-books, the most useful of which are these: Gummere: "Beginnings of Poetry" and "Hand-book of Poetry"; Schipper: "Metrik"; Lanier: "Science of English Verse"; Guest: "English Rhythms"; Stedman: "The Nature and Elements of Poetry." Excellent as these are he may lament when he has read them that he has found the history of poetic forms, and the technique of poetic method, where he hoped to find the secret of poetry. He will be likely to get as much help from writings on poetry that are not text-books, such as Matthew Arnold's Essays: "On Translating Homer," "Last Words on Translating Homer," "Celtic Poetry," "Introduction to the Poetry of Wordsworth"; and the "Introduction to Humphry Ward's English Poets"; Emerson's Essays: "The Poet" and "Poetry and Imagination"; Wordsworth's Introduction to the "Lyrical Ballads"; Poe's striking little essays on the art of poetry; Aristotle's "Rhetoric"; Macaulay's "Essay on Milton"; Lowell's "Essay on Dryden"; and many a passage of illuminative comment from

Milton, from Pope, from Dryden, from Coleridge and from many another. For one who has not known and read much poetry the best introduction to its study may well be the pleasurable reading of some, or of all, of these works, though remembering that such reading is not study, but only the reviewing of records of work done by others, useful mainly as a preparation for the real study which is to follow.

From all these works the student will not be likely to get a definition of poetry which will satisfy him. One may say indeed with truth that poetry is such expression as parallels the real and the ideal by means of some rhythmic form. But this is not a complete definition. Poetry is not to be bounded with a measuring line or sounded with a plummet. The student must feel after its limits as these authors have done, and find for himself its satisfactions. One can feel more of its power than the mind can define; for definitions are prose-forms of mind action, while poetry in its higher manifestations is pure emotion, outpassing prose limits. Yet one can know poetry if he cannot completely define it. The one essential element which distinguishes it from prose is rhythm. In its primal expressions this is mainly a rhythm of stresses and sounds—of accents and measures, of alliterations and rhymes. Poetry began when man, swaying his body, first sang or moaned to give expression to his joy or sorrow. Its earliest forms are the songs which accompany the simplest emotions. When rowers were in a boat the swinging oars became rhythmic, and the oarsman's chant naturally followed. When the savage overcame his enemy, he danced his war dance, and sang his war song around his camp fire at night, tone and words and gesture all fitting into harmony with the movement of his body. So came the chants and songs of work and of triumph. For the dead warrior the moan of lamentation fitted itself to the slower moving to and fro of the mourner, and hence came the elegy. In its first expression this was but inarticulate, half action, half music, dumbly voicing the emotion through the senses; its rhythms were

all for the ear and it had little meaning beyond the crude representation of some simple human desire and grief.

It became poetry when it put a thrill of exultation in work, of delight in victory, or of grief at loss by death, into some rhythmic form tangible to the senses. There grew up thereafter a body of rhythmic forms—lines, stanzas, accents, rhythms, verbal harmonies. These forms are the outward dress of poetry, and may rightly be the first subject of the student's study. We properly give the name of poetry to verses such as Southey's "Lodore," Poe's "Bells," or Lanier's "Song of the Chattahoochee," which do little more than sing to our ears the harmonies of sound, the ultimate rhythms of nature. Yet it is not merely the brook or the bell or the river, that we hear in the poem, but the echoing of that large harmony of nature of which the sound of the brook or the bell is only the single strain. Through the particular it suggests the universal, as does all poetry, leading through nature up to something greater, far beyond. This rhythm is best studied in poems that were written to be sung or chanted. If one could read Greek, or Anglo-Saxon, or Old High German, or the English of Chaucer's day, he could quickly train his ear to be independent of the handbooks on versification, by reading aloud, or listening as one read aloud, the "Odyssey" or the "Beowulf," or the "Nibelungen Lied" or the "Canterbury Tales." These would be better for this purpose than any modern verses, for the reason that they were intended to be sung or chanted, and so all the rhythms are real to the senses. Since the barrier of language bars out for most of us this older verse, we can read the early ballads, the lyrics of the Elizabethan time, when as yet verses spoke mainly to the ear, or some modern poems of the simpler type, such as "Evangeline" or "Hiawatha."

Such poetry, which is mainly to delight and charm the ear, is really a primal form of verse and we may properly call it the poetry of the senses. In studying it Lanier's "Science of English Verse" is a delightful companion and many minor hand-books besides those named above, such as

are found in most schools, and some of the shorter accounts of versification such as are found in works on rhetoric, will give assistance.

Yet the pathway to the mastery of the problems of meter is for each student to tread alone. The best plan is to read aloud a considerable quantity. Then the technical language of the books will lose its terrors and the simplicity of construction of good poetry will become apparent. If the student will read so much of this poetry that his senses become responsive to its music, he will no longer need a hand-book. For this purpose let him read such poems as can be sung, chanted, or spoken to the ear; such as Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," Scott's "Marmion," Browning's "Pied Piper," and "How They Brought the Good News," Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." Let him read mainly for the senses rather than for the mind, getting the reward in the quickening of life through the throbbing rhythms; then the metrical system of poetry will become as real to him as the rhythmic movements of the planets are to an astronomer. There is no other way to get a feeling for the pulsations of poetry than through this intimate acquaintance. Without this, months of reading of amphibrachs and trochees and dactyls will not avail. It should be read aloud as much as possible to make the swing of its verses perfectly clear. When it sings to us as we read, it has begun to teach the message of its rhythms.

Thus far the text-books have been pleasant companions, even when unable to give as much aid to the student as he could wish; but the fact will come to him at length that there is something more in poetry than the hand-books permit him to consider. These books deal with the forms, and most of them with the forms only. They analyze the methods, work out the meters, show how the parts are woven together, explain how the chords produce the harmonies. But just in proportion as the student becomes learned in these rhythms, and can distinguish minute or subtle variations of metrical structure, does he realize that this study teaches not its own use and that there is something beyond

which must be won by his own observation. He finds in his search for rhythmical perfection that there are poems which make little appeal to his senses, whose lines do not sing themselves through his day-dreams, which yet affect his imagination even more powerfully than the musical strains thrilled his senses. He finds that there is much more in poetry than its rhymes and jingles, that there is a rhythm greater than that of the senses. In its more complex forms poetry is rhythm of thought, leading the mind to find relations which prose may describe, but which poetry alone can re-create. There is such a thing as a prose thought and such a thing as a poetic thought. The one gives with exactness the fact as it exists, clearly, honestly, directly, and for all completed and tangible things is the natural medium of expression. The other parallels the actual with a suggestion of an ideal rhythmically consonant with the motive underlying the fact. Justice, for example, deals in prose fashion with a crime and awards the punishment which the law allows; poetic justice suggests such recompense as would come of itself in a community perfectly organized. The prose of life is honest living, a worthy endeavor to do the best one can in the world as it is; the poetry of life is the feeling for, and the striving after, the bringing of this life into harmony with a nobler living. So we rightly give the name of poetry to such verse as Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," Johnson's "London," Gray's "Elegy," Wordsworth's "Excursion," Milton's "Paradise Lost," Chaucer's "Knight's Tale," Browning's "Ring and the Book," Tennyson's "In Memoriam," which do not much stir our senses. They parallel the real with the ideal, suggesting the eternal rhythms of infinite mind as the poetry of the senses suggests the eternal rhythms of omnipotent nature.

This Poetry of the Intellect is the second great division of the poetic realm. Beyond it lies still another; for there are spiritual harmonies which the mind alone cannot compass, and which the senses alone cannot interpret. The hand-books know little of spiritual harmonies, and do not go beyond their academic classifications of lyric and epic,

and their catalogues of pentameters, hexameters, or alexandrines. But the student can for himself push his observation beyond, and come to the poetry of the higher imagination, where he can be forgetful of the mere form and disdainful of the merely logical relations, where his spirit can as it were see face to face the truth beyond the seeming. This is the poetry of the spirit, and ought to come as a revelation to the searcher. He may first find it in some pure lyric such as Shelley's "Skylark," or in some mystical fantasy such as Moore's "Lallah Rookh" or Coleridge's "Christabel," or in some story of human abnegation such as Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," or some wail of a soul in pain, as in Shelley's "Adonais," or in some outburst of exultant grief such as Whitman's "Captain, My Captain," or in some revelation of the unseen potencies close about us as in Browning's "Saul," or in some vision of the mystery of this our earthly struggle such as "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came," or in some answer of the spirit to a never stilled question such as Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality." When he thus finds it he has come to poetry in its highest use. In his "Alexander's Feast" Dryden hints at two great functions of poetry in the lines:

> "He raised a mortal to the skies,
> She drew an angel down."

The office of poetry is to parallel the actual with the ideal, to cast upon an earthly landscape something of a heavenly glow, to interpret earthly things in terms of the spirit. The poetry of the senses lifts a mortal to the skies, thinking the thought of one higher than itself as the poet muses, singing the song of an angelic choir in harmony with the rhythm of the verse. The poetry of the spirit brings the message of the angels down to men and makes the harmonies they speak the music of this earthly life.

The highest type of poetry lends itself perfectly to earnest and profound study. In class work it is usually better to study poets as well as poems, and to study thoroughly a few works of a great master. Poetry is essentially a synthetic

art; it unites the wandering desires of our hearts and spirits to make one single and enduring impression. Poetry speaks also the mood, the aspiration and the deepest intent of its author, so that the great poet is the one who brings us most directly to understand its art. For most student classes it is best to take a single poet for interpretation, and to study in succession a small number—say six to ten—of his works, making one, or at least, two or three, the subject of the conferences for each week. The choice of author will be dependent on many considerations and cannot here be positively advised, but one will not go astray in choosing Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, or Whittier, or three of them, for a season's work. Intelligent direction is of great assistance in making the study definite and progressive. Choose first of all the poems which seem to have influenced men, for to move men is the final test of poetry. If there is no class, and no leader, let the student make his choice by a preliminary examination. Let him read rapidly, and for the single impression, the poems of Wordsworth whose titles seem most familiar to him as he scans them over; such as "Tintern Abbey," "Yarrow Unvisited," "Solitary Reaper," "Lucy," "We are Seven," "The Intimations of Immortality," "She was a Phantom of Delight," and a few of the lyrical ballads; then let him read Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," "Maud," "The Idylls of the King," and a few of the shorter poems; let him read Browning's "Saul," "Abt Vogler," "The Grammarian's Funeral," "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came," "Pippa Passes," one or two dramas, and a few of the brief poems in the volume "Men and Women." Then let him make his own list for study, taking those poems which have most stirred him, those which he remembers vividly after his reading, those which have become a part of himself. If the student makes his choice frankly and sincerely, he has, in making it, begun his study. Then let him frame for himself or get from his leader, if he has one, a list of the questions which each poem is to answer for him. If the work be really poetry, its study ought to give a help toward the

solution of the first great problems: "What is poetry?" and, "What is its revelation to the life of our senses, our hearts, and our souls?" We have a right to ask of each poem three questions: "How does it charm our senses?"; "How does it make the meaning of things clearer for us?"; "How does it bring to us a renewal of life?" The first question is better fitted for private study than for class investigation, the senses being delicate organs and shy in company. Let the minute matters of form and structure be gone over at home. Let the student work out the meter, the typical line, and the variations by which the poet gets his effects, the metaphors, the alliterations, the consonant and vowel harmonies. It will aid if this work be made as definite and as exact as an investigation in a scientific laboratory. But all this should be the student's home work. In the class the large divisions of the poem should be sympathetically shown, so that each student will comprehend the poem as a whole as the poet must have conceived it. Then as some one reads aloud the lines the music of the rhythms will come by assimilation rather than by analysis. Poetry parallels the real with the ideal to make a harmony before undreamed of. So in the lines sound re-echoes sound, and a subtle music but half perceived sings itself out of the moving notes.

What burden this music bears is the second question. Poetry differs from prose in that it lifts the thought so that its highest relations and suggestions are made known. We have a right therefore to parallel the prose sight with the poetic visions and to find in what the one transcends the other. If we are studying the "Idylls of the King," for instance, we may fitly ask what was the story as the poet took it, and into what he has transformed it for us. This study of the thought of the poem is an excellent subject for class work. The questions should be made definite and so grouped that sections of the class can choose one or another phase of the problem; the conferences should be so directed that a few clearly worked-out and thoroughly unified poetic thoughts will be left in the mind of each student.

In all things practice may fitly supplement precept. In

a reading circle of which one of the editors of this series was a member the poems of Tennyson were studied by a method closely resembling that advocated in this article. As a suggestion the topics and questions for one of the poems are here given. One of the members acted as leader. A brief essay reciting the history of the poem was read. The entire poem was read aloud by one of the members of the class. Then the topics given below were discussed as presented in turn by groups of students who had given especial attention to one of the topics. In the discussions the entire class joined, and at the close a very brief summing up by the leader gathered up the threads of thought.

Topic: "Locksley Hall" and "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After."

Required Readings: "Locksley Hall"; "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After"; "Lady Clara Vere de Vere"; "Sir Galahad."

Suggested Readings: In connection with the earlier poem, "Ulysses" and "The Two Voices," in connection with the later poem, "Maud"; "Memoir of Tennyson," by Lord Hallam Tennyson.

Suggestions for Study: (A) The physical basis of the poem.

Study the meter. Why called Trochaic Octameter? In what way does this meter resemble and in what way differ from Lowell's "Present Crisis," Swinburne's "Triumph of Time," Browning's "There's a woman like a dewdrop" (from "The Blot i' the Scutcheon"), and Mrs. Browning's "Rhyme of the Duchess May"? Why is this meter peculiarly adapted to the sentiment of "Locksley Hall"? How does the meter differ in effect from that of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and Bryant's "The Death of the Flowers" and Tennyson's "May Queen"? Is the effect of the rhythm optimistic as opposed to the pessimism of the "Triumph of Time," and why? Why are the lines of this poem so easily carried in the memory? What is there in the use of words which gives such

sweetness to the verses as one reads them aloud? Has the poem for you a music of its own which haunts you like a remembered vision? Find out, if you can, something of the secret of this music. (B) The intellectual interest of the poem.

(1) Consider the meaning of difficult passages, such as "Fairy tales of science." Explain the meaning of stanzas containing the following quotations: "Smote the chord of self"; "Cursed be the social wants"; "That a sorrow's crown of sorrow"; "But the jingling of the guinea"; "Slowly comes a hungry people"; "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."

(2) How long an interval elapsed between the writing of the above two poems? Does any change in style or trend of thought indicate the lapse of time? The earlier poem was and is immensely popular. Why? Why is the later one less popular?

(3) What is the story in the poem, and in what manner is it told? How is the story continued in "Sixty Years After"? Was Locksley Hall an inland or a seashore residence, and why? Describe the surroundings from suggestions in the poems. Sum up what the hero tells of himself and his love-story. What suggestions are there regarding the characters of Amy and Edith? Is the emotional side of the hero as finely balanced as the intellectual side? What light is thrown on the character of his love by his outbursts against Amy? Would it be fair to judge of Amy and her husband by what he says of them in his first anguish? Does he ever admit that he judged them harshly? If so, do you agree with him altogether? Was it well for Amy to marry as she did? When obedience to parental wishes and love are in conflict, which should be followed? Did the hero's evil prophecies come true? Whose love do you think was the greatest, Amy's, or his, or the squire's?

(4) How does Tennyson all through the poem make it a parable of human life?

(C) The emotional influence of the poem. How has this poem influenced you? For many persons, Tennyson, out

of a simple love-story, has made a prophecy of ideal love. Has he for you? For many persons Tennyson made poetry out of this simple story when he paralleled the tale of earthly passion with a vision of completer life, so vivid that the pain and tragedy of this present life come to be for us but the preparation for the better life to come, as the poet sings to us that

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

Has he to you in like manner through this poem given a truer conception of the nature and use of poetry?

Systematic study such as that suggested above will help in answering the questions, "What charm has this poem for us?" and "How does it put a deeper meaning into the events it records?" But it is difficult to frame formal questions the answers to which will show how a poem quickens life. The influence of a poem is so much a matter of temperament and of emotion, both of the author and of the reader, that one has to feel its power rather than to work it out logically. Poetry passes beyond prose in that it quickens life by moving us to feel its nobler emotions. It will teach its own lesson to the appreciative reader, and the student who gets fully into sympathy with a great poem will have his whole life made brighter. Class work, done sympathetically and sincerely, will aid in finding the truest interpretations. Yet studies teach not their own use. The higher blessings come to us unbidden if we as little children hope for them. We shall find the highest uses of poetry in remembering always that it may at its best come to us as an

"Angel of light
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night."

HOW TO STUDY

Poetry

By CHARLES F. RICHARDSON

SOME people read a great deal of poetry, with constant zest and unfailing advantage; others, though they may be "great readers" of other classes of literature, find little pleasure or profit in poetry. Is it a duty to read poetry? Should those who seem to have no natural taste for it endeavor to cultivate a taste; or should they rest content with the conclusion that some minds appreciate, and profit by, poetical compositions, while other minds have no capacity for their enjoyment?

It may not be a downright duty to like poetry, or to try to like it; but certainly it is a misfortune that so large and lovely a division of the world's literature should be lost to any reader. The absence of a poetic taste is a sad indication of a lack of the imaginative faculty; and without imagination what is life? "The study and reading of poetry," says President Porter, "exercises and cultivates the imagination, and in this way imparts intellectual power. It is impossible to read the products of any poet's imagination without using our own. To read what he creates is to recreate in our own minds the images and pictures which he first conceived and then expressed in language."

If a reader finds that the ideal has little or no place in his intellectual life or in his daily processes of thought and feeling, then he should consider, with all soberness, the fact that a God-given power is slipping away from him—a power

without which his best faculties must become atrophied; without which he loses the greater half of the enjoyment of life, day by day; without which, in very truth, he cannot see all the glory of the open door of the Kingdom of Heaven. Children are poets; they see fairyland in a poor broken set of toy crockery or in a ragged company of broken-nosed dolls. Their powers of imagination ought never to be lost in the humdrum affairs of a workaday world; their habit of finding the real in the ideal is one which cannot be laid aside without great detriment to the individual life and character. There may, then, be persons who "have no capacity for poetry," and who cannot cultivate a taste for it; but this inability, if real, is to be mourned as a mental blindness and deafness, shutting out whole worlds from sight and hearing.

There is, of course, a great deal of imaginative literature which is not poetry, in the technical sense; but if one can read Hawthorne or Richter with pleasure, he is quite sure to find no stumbling-block in Schiller's "Song of the Bell," or Drake's "Culprit Fay." It is the poetic spirit that we should recognize and take to our hearts, whatever be the outward form in which it may be enshrined.

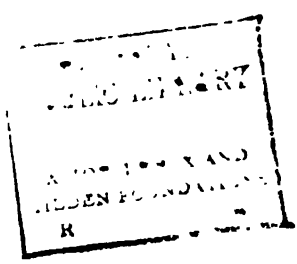
What is the poetic spirit? Many have been the attempts to define it; but, after all, we can only say, in the words Shelley wrote in his "Hymn to the Spirit of Nature": "All feel, yet see thee never." Or again, is not poetry to be described, as nearly as we may describe it, in two more lines from the same fine poem?

> "Lamp of Earth, where'er thou movest
> Its dim shapes are clad with brightness."

In W. P. Atkinson's excellent lecture on reading is a passage concerning poetry, which is both imaginative and practical. "I have no thought," says he, "of attempting here a definition of poetry, though I should like to come and give you a lecture on the art of reading it. Whether we call it, with Aristotle, imitation; whether we say more worthily, with Bacon, 'that it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness because it doth raise and erect the

A FLORENTINE POET

From a painting by A. Cabanel.



mind by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind, whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things'; whether, in more modern times, we define it, with Shelley, as 'the best and happiest thoughts of the best and happiest minds'; or say, with Matthew Arnold, that 'poetry is simply the most beautiful, impressive, and widely effective mode of saying things'; and, again, that 'it is to the poetical literature of an age that we must in general look for the most perfect and the most adequate interpretation of that age'; or whether we say with the greatest poet of the last generation, that 'poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science'—all I am concerned to say here is, that poetry is that branch of the literature of power preëminently worthy of study, and that without study we shall know but little about it."

We need not think, then, that the reading of poetry is a matter of whim or accident, to be undertaken without thought or study. President Porter says that "a taste for poetry, especially that of the highest order, is to a great extent the product of special culture." The foundation for this culture lies in the individual mind; for its development he must seek his material from the treasures around him, and must work out his methods of utilizing that material with the same care—or even greater—which he applies to other departments of intellectual exercise. Let him, if he finds his taste in need of cultivation, begin with such poems as he likes; read them more than once; learn their teachings; apprehend their inner spirit and purpose. Whatever the beginning, it is sure to lead to something better, if the reader will but resolutely determine to know what the writer meant to say; to see the picture that he portrayed; and to share his enthusiasm and warmth of feeling.

The Rt. Hon. G. J. Goschen, an English banker, political economist, and a distinguished statesman, declares that the cultivation of the imagination is essential to the highest success in politics, in learning, and in the commercial business of life. No one is too dull, or too prosaic, or too much

absorbed in the routine of "practical life" to be absolved from the care of his imaginative powers; and no one is likely to find that this care will not repay him even in a practical sense. He who thinks wisely, he who perceives quickly that which others do not see at all, is better equipped for any work than one whose mind works slowly and feebly, and whose apprehensions have grown rusty from disuse.

Poetry is not for the few, but for the many, for all. The world's great poems, absolutely without exception, have been poems whose meaning has been perfectly clear and whose language has been simple—poems which have addressed themselves to the plain and common sense of the ages. Obscurity and whimsicality may belong to the Brownings of literature—to the star-gazing Transcendentalists of 1840, or to the posturing "impressionists" of to-day. But Homer and Virgil and Dante and Chaucer and Shakespeare need no mystical commentary to explain their meaning; like Mark Antony, they "only speak right on." If a poem is obscure, you may know by that mark alone that it is a second-rate—or tenth-rate—affair, and that it is not worth your while to vex your brain over it at all. If a poet has not made himself clear, it is his fault and not yours, if you are a person of average intellectual capacity. Feel not abashed if you do not comprehend the "orphic" or the "intense"; most likely the author did not comprehend it himself. Sunlight, air, water—these are not for the few; nor is poetry to be cooped and confined any more than these.

True poetry has a far nobler mission than to puzzle, or to amuse, or to excite; it is the voice of all that is best in humanity, speaking from man to man. Not all of us can thus speak, but we can all hear, and incorporate what we hear in our best and truest life, day by day.

Why Young Men Should Study Shakespeare

By C. ALPHONSO SMITH

FOR a Knowledge of History. "Men differ from the lower animals, in part," says Professor C. C. Everett, in his "Ethics for Young People," "because whatever one generation gains is passed on to the next, so that each starts with some little advantage over the one that went before it." But we do not inherit this knowledge; we are not born "heirs of all the ages." Every young man or woman who wishes to get the advantage of the generations that have gone before and make a fair start with the one that is just beginning must study history; for history, in the largest sense, is the record of what the race has thought and done. And in the realm of history, as both teacher and interpreter, it would be hard to overestimate the influence of Shakespeare.

Shakespeare's historical dramas give history in so vital and attractive a form that for many readers they have usurped the place of text-books of history. Walter Scott, the founder of the historical novel, did little more than carry on the work begun by Shakespeare, that of popularizing the great characters and the leading events of history. So vivid is the dramatist's portrayal that the names of Cæsar, Brutus, Antony, Cleopatra, Coriolanus, Troilus, Cressida, and others are inseparably linked with the name of Shakespeare.

But in the domain of English history our debt to Shakespeare is still greater. "All the English history that I know," said the Duke of Marlborough, "I learned from Shakespeare." In Shakespeare's day, Warwickshire, in whose borders the decisive battles of the Wars of the Roses had been fought, was a storehouse of history and legend. A wealth of material had been handed down by oral tradition. The battle of Bosworth Field was fought only eighty years before Shakespeare's birth. Thus the history that he narrates is the history that he must have heard recounted in his youth and early manhood.

This gives a peculiar value to Shakespeare's English historical plays, a value that historians are just beginning to appreciate. In the preface to "The Houses of York and Lancaster," Mr. James Gairdner says: "For this period of English history we are fortunate in possessing an unrivaled interpreter in our great dramatic poet Shakespeare. Following the guidance of such a master-mind, we realize for ourselves the men and actions of the period in a way we cannot do in any other epoch. . . . The doings of that stormy age, the sad calamities endured by kings, the sudden changes of fortune endured by great men, the glitter of chivalry, and the horrors of civil war, all left a deep impression upon the mind of the nation, which was kept alive by vivid traditions of the past *at the time that our great dramatist wrote.*"

Shakespeare's nearness, therefore, in time and place to the events that he records—to say nothing of his unrivaled powers of insight and presentation—not only gives him an advantage over modern historians, but makes him a peculiarly fitting guide for those who are just entering upon the serious study of English history.

For Maxims of Conduct. "Three-fourths of our daily thought," says Matthew Arnold, "is devoted to questions of conduct. In the case of the young, in whom conduct has not yet crystallized into matured and unconscious habit, the proportion would be nearer four-fifths."

To realize the influence of Shakespeare in the direction

of conduct and in the formation of character one needs only to remember that as an English classic Shakespeare ranks next to the Bible, Shakespeare and the Bible having long since become a current phrase. And one has only to glance over a book of Shakespeare quotations, noting the number and familiarity of those that interpret or enforce conduct, to see that there is sound basis for the popular grouping of Shakespeare with so authoritative a book of conduct as the English Bible.

As a guide in conduct Shakespeare is quoted consciously and unconsciously by learned and unlearned alike, for his dramas are essentially studies in conduct. In these dramas personal responsibility is never merged or abjured; a man remains the architect of his own fortunes. The ghosts, dreams, and witches occasionally employed by Shakespeare do not compel conduct; they only illustrate it. Hamlet suspected his uncle before the appearance of his father's spirit; Clarence's dream was but the confession of guilt; Macbeth was a murderer at heart before he became a prey to "supernatural soliciting."

When Cassius says,

> "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings,"

he touches upon one of the central differences between the Greek drama and the Elizabethan drama; he suggests also the chief reason why Shakespeare has furnished so many more maxims of conduct than Æschylus, Sophocles, or Euripides. The Greek dramatists portrayed man as evil-starred or fortune-starred at birth; he was a mere puppet in the hands of fate. With wider vision and clearer insight Shakespeare puts the emphasis not on fate or destiny but on character and conduct; not only crimes but venial sins, mere errors of judgment, carry within them the seeds of their own punishment. It is this fruitful and essentially ethical point of view that has stored Shakespeare's pages with maxims of daily conduct. It is this that invests his characters with so vital a significance for all those who are

reaching up into maturity, and who, beginning to feel the possibilities of life, wish to probe deeper into its meaning and to know the principles of its right conduct.

For a Better Knowledge of Human Nature. "All the world's a stage," says Shakespeare, and of the men and women who play their parts upon it he has not merely sketched, but completely individualized two hundred and forty-six. In mere number Balzac surpasses Shakespeare; but when we consider not only the gross number but the variety of types and the clearness and fullness with which they are portrayed, Shakespeare takes easy supremacy over all other writers, ancient and modern. George Eliot has individualized one hundred and seven characters, Dickens one hundred and two, and Thackeray forty, their sum total being hardly more than equal to Shakespeare's single output.

It is a mere truism to say that no one may hope for success in any calling to-day without a knowledge of human nature. In many vocations—and these the highest—success is not only conditioned on, but proportioned, to an insight into character. No one can expect to become a successful preacher, teacher, doctor, editor, lawyer, or business man, who does not have a keen appreciation of the motives that govern men in the ordinary affairs of life. Knowledge in this domain is power and influence, while ignorance is weakness and inefficiency.

The knowledge of human nature that a young man or woman has gained from experience and observation may be good as far as it goes; but it is neither wide enough nor deep enough, and is purchased in many cases by needless errors and heartaches. "The essence of provincialism," says Mr. Mabie, in "Books and Culture," "is a substitution of a part for the whole; the acceptance of the local experience, knowledge, and standards as possessing the authority of the universal experience, knowledge, and standards; the local experience is entirely true in its own sphere; it becomes misleading when it is accepted as the experience of all time and all men."

For a knowledge of men and women as deep as it is wide, for insight into social life as well as individual life, for appreciation of the depths to which an over-tempted nature may descend or the heights to which, in spite of hostile environment, a determined spirit may rise—Shakespeare remains our supreme teacher. There is no text-book of human nature taught in our schools or colleges; such a text-book may be found in Shakespeare. Three centuries have served only to accentuate his preëminence and to enhance his authority as a guide through the mazes and inconsistencies of our common nature.

For Training in Expression. It would seem at first glance as if blank verse written three hundred years ago could help but little to-day in training one to speak and write clear and forceful prose. While it is true that Macaulay, Hawthorne, and Kipling, for example, furnish something not found in Shakespeare, it is also true that Shakespeare furnishes still more that is not found in them.

The art of composition is to see clearly and to see whole. Whatever be the theme, if the writer or speaker has first *individualized* it, his words will be clear and apt; if he has then viewed it *in its relations*, whether these be the relations of similarity or contrast, of mere analogy or illustration, his treatment will be vital and impressive. In these two respects, the ability to see clearly and to see whole, Shakespeare is as yet unrivaled.

Every character that he has portrayed, every plot that he has employed, every incident narrated, every scene described, and every sentence constructed shows that the great dramatist had seen before he wrote. He had so communed with his characters and so thought through his plots that he knew the very lineaments of the one and every possible unfolding of the other. Shakespeare's work may have been done quickly; it could not have been done hastily. Thought and emotion were held in solution until they precipitated in sharp and definite outline. In spite of obsolete words and idioms, his style is a model of clearness and vividness; it is a series of pictures the study of which is a liberal education

in that clearness and directness of vision which must precede any attempt at clearness of presentation.

But clearness is not enough. Euclid and Blackstone are as clear as Shakespeare. What is the secret of Shakespeare's wealth of illustration, analogy, and contrast? May the secret be learned? The principle at least may be learned; it is the principle followed by every writer or speaker who has touched the heart and imagination. Shakespeare not only visualized his characters and incidents as units in themselves, he saw them as organic parts of a larger whole. To see a thing in its entirety one must see it in its relations to other things. Every illustration employed by a writer or speaker—whether it be drawn from nature, art, history, or experience—is the statement of a suggested relationship and is prompted by this faculty of seeing things in their connections.

To see clearly one must see individually; to see as a whole one must see collectively. Both faculties may be greatly increased by training; the first demands more of the intellect, the second of the imagination; the one separates, the other combines; the one may be compared to a straight line, the other to a surface. And in both, Shakespeare offers to young and old alike an inexhaustible store of material for study and practice. At his touch the abstract becomes concrete, the ideal real, the remote near, the shadowy substantial, the invisible visible. To appreciate his style at the very outset of one's career, before vague and ineffective methods of expression have become ingrained, is to drink at a source of unfailing pleasure and of increasing power.

For Culture. "Culture implies growth. It is the unfolding of the mind and heart that comes from contact with what is best and highest. It means enrichment of character and emancipation from what is low and provincial. No one, especially if in the impressionable years of early manhood or womanhood, can commune with Shakespeare's characters or think Shakespeare's thoughts after him without receiving an access of culture. Intellect, imagination, and sympathy

are enlarged. The limitations of time and space cease to be felt. The reader shares in the fullness of universal truth; he feels afresh the depth of Shakespeare's remark that—

> "All places that the eye of Heaven visits
> Are to a wise man ports and happy havens";

he assimilates the wit and wisdom and beauty of a race that was already "in the foremost files of time" when Shakespeare became its spokesman; he sees new meanings in life, feels a new awe in its mysteries, a new depth even in its homelier aspects, and a new stimulus in its possibilities. Old things seem new to him by the novelty of their presentation, and new things seem old because of the force and directness with which they are brought home to his consciousness. Insensibly he ceases to admire what is crude, shallow, fragmentary, and inartistic; and grows into appreciation of what is true, vital, whole, and harmonious. He is made to realize that life is more than thought, and that sympathy and imagination have a depth and richness beyond the reach of intellect and learning.

But culture is not only growth through ideas and feelings; it is growth through will and service. Shakespeare portrays men not in isolated but in close relation to the society about them. He viewed them, as we have seen, not only as individuals, but as social factors. The most fruitful lesson to be learned from Shakespeare is culture as social service, a lesson incomparably phrased in the dramatist's own words:

> "Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
> Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
> Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
> As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched
> But to fine issues."

How to Study Shakespeare

By HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

"You might read all the books in the British Museum, if you could live long enough, and remain an entirely illiterate, uneducated person. But if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter—that is to say, with real accuracy—you are forevermore, in some measure, an educated person."—RUSKIN.

IT is one thing to read and another thing to study; and yet reading is the chief means and the best method of study when one is trying to understand a writer or a piece of literature. The lover of Shakespeare begins by reading the plays for pure pleasure and ends by reading them for greater pleasure. In the meantime, he may, so to speak, have taken them to pieces, examined their construction, looked at the words in which they are written with a microscope, traced their historical connections, gone back to their sources. In doing this work of analysis—for it is necessary to take a thing to pieces in order to find out how it is put together—he may become so much interested in the detail of the work that he loses sight of Shakespeare altogether and becomes a student of language, grammar, the structure of style, the evolution of the drama. This is what sometimes happens to the scholar; in studying what may be called the mechanics of a work of art he loses sight of the art itself. To such a student the plays of Shakespeare become a quarry out of which great masses of knowledge may be taken. This is the study of Shakespeare's language, methods, con-

struction; but it is not the study of Shakespeare; and it is with the study of Shakespeare that this paper concerns itself.

The best approach to a great book is by the way of simple enjoyment. If I am to see the Sistine Madonna for the first time I wish, above all things, to give myself up to the pure delight of looking at the most beautiful picture ever painted by man; I wish to surrender myself to the great painter and let his thought, expressed on the canvas, sink clear and deep into my spirit. I wish to keep myself out of sight; to postpone analysis, minute study of detail, the critical attitude. First and foremost I want to hear what Raphael has to say, and I can best do that by keeping silent myself. After I have heard him I can argue with him, criticise him, condemn him if I choose; but I must first hear him to the end and without interruption.

In like manner, if I wish to know Shakespeare, I must give him a full, free opportunity of telling me what he thinks of life, how he understands it, what it means as its workings are revealed in the careers of men and women; and if I am to get any impression of his way of telling his story I must surrender myself to him and let him do what he can with me. These are the first things I must do; and, if I care more for the substance of things than for their peculiarities of structure, more for the truth they have to impart than for the order of words in which they impart that truth, more for the living spirit than for the skeleton in which it is lodged, these are the things to which I shall come back when I have taken the plays to pieces and examined their mechanism with a microscope. The end of art is to deepen the sense of life and to give delight and exhilaration; any kind of study which secures these results is good; all kinds which miss them are bad.

To begin with, then, the student of Shakespeare is to remember that he is dealing with a great human spirit and not with a mass of literary material; that he is never to lose the feeling of reverence which such a spirit inspires; that he is handling human documents and not the stuff of which grammars and rhetorics are made. To keep the mind open,

the heart tender, the imagination responsive: these are the prime qualities in our friendships for one another, and they are the prime qualities in our friendships with the great writers.

This vital study, for the man who wishes to know Shakespeare and does not expect to gain an expert's knowledge of Shakespeare's works, is a very simple matter. All fundamental ways of dealing with the great realities are simple; it is the tricks of manner, the skill with small details, which are abstruse and obscure. To know Shakespeare one needs, first of all, a good edition of his works; this means a well-printed and well-bound set of his plays and poems, of a size that is easy and comfortable to the hand. There are several editions of small size, but printed from large, clear type, which have the advantage of fitting into a pocket without discomfort. If one has little, or even a great deal of time at command it is a matter of prime importance to keep Shakespeare within reach; to be able to put ten or twenty minutes into reading "Hamlet" or "The Tempest" on a train, in a cable car, or while one is waiting at a station. Many men have educated themselves by using the odds and ends of time which most people waste because they have never learned what Mr. Gladstone called "thrift of time."

Having become the possessor of a good edition of the works, read them through as you would read a novel, giving yourself up to the interest of the story. People forget that many of the plays were suggested to Shakespeare by the stories of his time and of earlier times, and that every one of them is a condensed novel. If Shakespeare were not placed so high on the shelves as a great classic it is probable that more people would read him for simple entertainment; for he is one of the most interesting writers in the world. Many of the plays carry the reader along without any effort on his part; just as "The Mill on the Floss," "Vanity Fair," "The Tale of Two Cities," and "The Scarlet Letter" carry him along. Many men have gained their most vivid impressions of English history from the historical plays, and at least one English statesman has not hesitated

to confess that Shakespeare taught him nearly all the English history he knew.

Read the plays, therefore, and re-read them continually; for after one is familiar with the story one begins to be interested in the people, anxious to understand them and to know why they think, speak, and act as they do. Great books, like the men who make them, are many-sided and cannot be seen at the first glance; one must approach them from different points of view, as one must approach a mountain if one is to have an adequate idea of its size and shape. One must read the plays many times before one hears all they have to say and sees clearly what Shakespeare is trying to do; and as one reads he reads with increasing insight and with more deliberation. He gets first a view of the whole scene which Shakespeare spreads before him, and then he begins to recognize the number and variety of the objects which are grouped together and combined in a whole.

This familiarity is the beginning of intimacy, and so naturally and inevitably leads on to the best and truest knowledge that very little suggestion need be made to the man who has begun to read the plays frequently and regularly because he enjoys them. Have the plays at hand in a convenient form, carry one with you if you are to have any leisure moments, cut down the time you give to newspapers, put aside the miscellaneous books you have been in the habit of reading or are tempted to read, and study your Shakespeare as often and regularly as you can; if you do this Shakespeare will meet you more than half way and reveal himself to you in ways you will not suspect at the start.

You will not need, at the beginning, any elaborate apparatus of books of reference. There are many admirable books about Shakespeare which you may wish to read and to own later, but at the start you will not need them. The best editions of Shakespeare supply all the information essential to the beginner. They contain introductions which tell you when each play was written, where the materials were found, how each play is related to the other plays, and convey other information which helps you to understand each

play and put it in its proper place; and they also contain notes which explain historical and other references and allusions, the uses of words, obscure passages, and disputed points. Add to a good edition of the plays Mr. Sidney Lee's biography, a concordance of the plays, Professor Dowden's "Shakespeare's Mind and Art," and read the essays on Shakespeare by Coleridge, Lowell, Bagehot, and other standard writers, whose works you will find in the libraries, and you have all the machinery of study you need. Read, in addition, the history of Shakespeare's age in English history as it is told in Green's "History of the English People."

The time will probably come when you will desire a closer intimacy with the dramatist who has so broadened your knowledge of human nature. It will be stimulating, too, with one or more friends who are of your mind, to begin a more systematic study, which need not demand too much time. There are a number of excellent manuals which present suggestions for careful and thorough study of the plays.

The following "Suggestions for Study" are taken from the programme of a literary society in New York City, and may serve as one example of the kind of guidance needed by students in the earlier stages of Shakespearean study. This society devoted a number of evenings to the play of "Macbeth," and to the special consideration of "The Nature of Poetry."

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

Suggestions for Study: Read the whole play carefully, then read it a second time. Consider the plot and principal characters. Has it a distinct moral purpose? Has it a historical basis? Sources of plot, and incidents. Reasons why it is a great drama. What is a drama? a tragedy? a comedy? Does "Macbeth" contain genuine and lofty poetry? Which is the strongest passage in the play and why? Name some of the character qualities of Lady Mac-

beth. Are Shakespeare's women inferior to his men? Was Macbeth a poet? What does the knocking at the gate typify? What the sleep-walking scene? The weird sisters; why does Shakespeare make them real, instead of introducing them to Macbeth in a dream? what do they stand for in the play? Who has the more conscience, Macbeth or Lady Macbeth? What utterances or what actions prove it? How do you explain Macbeth's hesitancy before the murder, and his resolute energy and audacity afterward? What is the clew to the great change in the will power of Macbeth?

What is the difference between Lady Macbeth and the two sisters in "King Lear"? In what does Macbeth's punishment consist? What one word contains it all? Was Macbeth a coward? If he was a coward how do you explain his bravery in battle? If he was not a coward, how do you explain his hesitancy and scruples? What broke down Lady Macbeth at the end? Was it the same cause which broke down Macbeth himself? Malcolm and Macduff: were they cowards in fleeing for their lives? Did anything justify Macduff in leaving his family? What is there essentially significant about the play of "Macbeth," more than the obvious truth that "murder will out"? Do you regard this as Shakespeare's greatest tragedy? If so, why? What elements determine the greatness of a play?

Required Reading: "Macbeth."

Suggested Readings: Tennyson's "The Foresters," "Hamlet."

Suggestions for Study: What is poetry? What are the qualities that differentiate it from prose? What is lyric poetry? Are psalms and hymns lyric poetry? What is the meaning of the phrase, "Lyric beauty in Shakespeare's plays"? Describe "epic," "lyric," and "dramatic" poetry. Define the words "ode," "sonnet," and "elegy." Is Shakespeare the greatest English dramatist? Define the essential qualities of a great drama. Can love of poetry and other literature be acquired? Elements of great poetry; originality; charm; great subjects greatly treated; correct

poetic construction; vital ideas coherently worked out must quicken the emotions. Beauty of simple poetry in "Dora" and Book of Ruth. No metaphor, figure of speech, or decorative adjective in "Dora." The meaning of iambic pentameter, dactyllic hexameter, etc. What is "Society Verse"? Is there such a thing as "American" poetry? Characteristics of the poetry of the nineteenth century. The spiritual element in poetry. Contemporary and universal interest in poetry. Literature of knowledge and literature of power; define each. The Bible in Tennyson and other poets. Study a poem as a whole, its plan, story, plot, vital idea, and larger teaching; note the meaning of paragraphs, sentences, phrases, and the use of words.

Suggested Readings: A selection of the best short poems in the English language. Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman's "The Nature of Poetry."

The following example is by Samuel Thurber, Girls' High School, Boston, and is taken from Prof. Homer Sprague's edition of the "Merchant of Venice."

Every good teacher will have methods of his own; but the following suggestions, or some of them, may be of practical value to most instructors:

The poem should be read very hastily, at first, for the outline of the story or course of thought.

Having thus grasped it as a whole, it should again be read through; this time with some care for the details of the story and course of thought.

Then the thorough study of each and every part should be begun.

At the beginning of the class exercise, or as often as needful, require of the pupil a statement of—(*a*) The main object of the author in the whole poem, oration, play, or other production of which to-day's lesson is a part. (*b*) The object of the author in this particular canto, chapter, act, or other division or subdivision of the main work.

Read or recite from memory (or have the pupils do it) the finest part or parts of the last lesson. The elocutionary

talent of the class should be utilized here, in order that the author may appear at his best.

Require at times (often enough to keep the whole fresh in memory) a *résumé* of the "argument," story, or succession of topics, up to the present lesson.

Have the student read aloud the sentence, paragraph, or lines, now (or previously) assigned. The appointed portion should have some unity.

Let the student interpret exactly the meaning by substituting his own words; explain peculiarities. This translation or paraphrase should often be in writing.

Let him state the immediate object of the author in these lines. Is this object relevant? important? appropriate in this place?

Let him point out the ingredients (particular thoughts) that make up the passage. Are they in good taste? just? natural? well arranged?

Let him point out other merits or defects—anything noteworthy as regards nobleness of principle or sentiment, grace, delicacy, beauty, rhythm, sublimity, wit, wisdom, humor, *naïveté*, kindliness, pathos, energy, concentrated truth, logical force, originality; give allusions, kindred passages, principles illustrated, etc.

From "Shakespeariana" for January, 1887, we take the following character analysis by M. W. Smith:

Antonio. His intellect. Adapted to business, I, i. Prudence blinded by affection, I, i. Deceived by Shylock's hypocrisy, I, iii; Practically philosophical, IV, i. His moral nature. Generous, III, iii; Good, III, i; Affectionate, I, i; II, viii; III, ii, iii, iv; IV, i; Sincere, II, viii; Frank, I, iii; Magnanimous, III, ii; Honest, III, i; Opposed to usury, I, iii; Melancholy, I, i; IV, i; Patient and resigned, IV, i.

Bassanio. His intellect. Philosophical, III, ii; Good executive ability, II, ii; Forethought, II, ii; Easily deceived by Shylock, I, iii; A scholar, I, ii. His moral nature. Too proud to economize, I, i; Trusts to luck, I, i; Takes advantage of friendship, I, i; Frank, II, ii; III,

HOW TO STUDY

Study of the Novel

By FRANCIS HOVEY STODDARD

IT has not till very recent years been easy to connect the notion of serious study with novel-reading. To most of us a novel is an appropriate amusement for an idle hour, and suggests a hammock on a cottage piazza in the summer days of rest. To the appointed guardians of books and of reading fiction is rather a trial. Librarians are apt to advise readers to take other literature than novels, and to be proud when they show at the end of a year that the proportion of readers of fiction is somewhat lessened. They urge the reading of history, of philosophy, of poetry, of criticism, of biography, in preference; they place special restrictions on romances; they put forth lists of useful books to draw the novel-reader back to earnest work; they oppose "serious literature" to fiction in the reports. By one founder of libraries the proposal is made that no novel less than two years old shall be bought. The general attitude seems to be that the serious study of fiction is hardly to be considered, and that the reading of stories is a habit to be tolerated rather than to be encouraged.

Even this condition of toleration, however, is something gained for fiction as compared with its earlier standing in professional circles. In former days it was rather dreaded than tolerated. The distinction between that which has not actually happened and that which is not in accord with truth was not very clear when the novel first made its appeal, and

Shylock will be defeated in his purpose, III, i? Is Portia correct in her estimate of Antonio, III, iv? Does the likeness between persons tend to promote friendship? Would Shylock make such a statement in court as in IV, i, about hating Antonio? Could Portia so completely disguise herself, IV, i? Is not her decision purely technical, IV, i, 297, etc.? Would Shylock say this [the expression of acquiescence, IV, i, 385, etc.] to save his life? Did Portia have large hands, IV, i, 417, etc.? Why is scene ii, Act IV, introduced? Why is Act V usually omitted on the stage?

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a prejudice against it on the score of lack of verity had to be overcome. Serious objections were urged against all fiction, on the ground of the distorted views of life which it presented, on the ground of the dissatisfaction with the routine of life which it engendered, and on the ground of the emotional unrest which it brought to young minds. For reasons such as these many parents forbade their children to read any works of fiction; most teachers kept such works rigidly out of their courses; many clergymen openly condemned them. Taken as a whole, fiction, up to a very recent period, was limited in its province to the field of amusement and light diversion; to keep it in its proper place the older disciplines felt themselves in honor bound to wage continual war.

Against this feeling of distrust, which now seems to us to have been born partly of prejudice and partly of justifiable hesitancy in accepting cordially a new method of expression, fiction has certainly made some head. In quarters where it was first feared it is now enjoyed; where it was first only a means of enjoyment, it is now seriously entreated. Certain of the greater works of fiction are now approved even by the librarians; certain of the older works of fiction are now appointed to be read in schools, discussed in academies, lectured upon in universities. Even in the list of books required to be read as preparation for entrance to college three or four novels are to be found. In the courses offered in literature in colleges fiction has taken a permanent place.

Clubs study novels; social movements are based upon them or helped by them; the most serious religious problems are discussed in them. That which seemed lighter than the finger of a man's hand has come to be the whip of scorpions to modern society; now more than ever the essay, the drama, and fiction are the means of teaching the serious lessons of manners and of morals. So great a change as this is an indication that fiction has found its place in modern life. It is the purpose of this article to show what are its relations and influences and how we may best make use of the opportunities which it affords.

A good novel is a composite biography. It becomes a novel because it tells the story of a life. If veritable biography could always be written, if the story of an actual life as lived could always be told by an ideal biographer, without malice and without extenuation, with inter-play of influence and desire, of circumstance, intention and propinquitous association, the field of the novel would be taken. A few such biographies each one of us knows, told by some Boswell who builded better than he knew. But they are very few. The cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches choke the word when the biographer speaks. The biography he writes becomes even less historical than most histories, far more unreal than most romances. The novel in its best estate is a real biography told by an artist who has studied his hero, who has lived with him in his days of passion, trial, or achievement, and who is unhampered in the telling of the story. The novel thus has a field as broad as life, and in common with the drama has become a great exponent, in literature, of human relations. Its scope is broader than the drama, though less absolute, for the reason that the novel can tell us the story of the quiet, unvexed soul living itself upward through the serene years, while the drama must speak of action. The crash of broken commandments, to use the happy phrase of Thomas Hardy, is as necessary to tragedy as is the clash of cymbals to a military march, while, on the other hand, life's calm deeps are but lightly skimmed in comedy.

There are whole regions of living that are essentially undramatic though palpitant with life, and of these the novel is the fit historian. It is both less and more than biography. It is less in that the final touch of reality can never be given by any artist, be he ever so skillful, to that which is after all but a creation of his fancy; it is more, in that it is a composite portrait which the artist draws for us, showing a life into whose web of existence have been woven threads to form a pattern, the secret motives of which he only can fully know whose outlines print themselves upon our memory. So the novel rightly moves us, for it is begotten of desire,

and in its highest state is a true record of emotional life. It is biography touched with emotion.

In real life the days of extreme emotion are somewhat rare, and so in fiction the novel of extreme emotion is likewise rare. Yet at the basis of all fiction is the emotion motive. One may even define a novel in terms of emotion, and say that a novel is a story of the progress of some passion and its effect upon a life. The type-form is the story of a life influenced by a passion of attraction, or a passion of aversion—by a strong hate or a strong love. Since we all love loving more than we love hating, the love novel has the broadest field of influence; and since we all love to be in a winning game, the novel of love triumphant over obstacles—the old three-decker of which Kipling sings, riding into its haven in the last chapter, and "taking tired people to the Islands of the Blest"—is the one dearest to most of us. It gives us an ideal hero and heroine; it takes us back to summer days of gladness; it keeps us young with its pictures of youth. Had the novel no other mission than this of rest and recreation, it could justify itself. The burdens of life roll off from us as we read how the hero won his victory.

To some weak minds every-day duties grow distasteful in comparison with the pleasant trials of life in fiction, and so far as this is true, novel reading works harm. But minds are more healthful than we are apt to think, and to healthful minds contact with the heroes and heroines of fiction is a stimulant. If it does nothing more for the reader than to extend the boundary of acquaintance, it has served its purpose. What a gallery of portraits of friends have the novels we have read painted for us! Strike out Trollope, Dickens, Thackeray, Dumas, Jane Austen, George Eliot, Hawthorne, and Walter Scott from our memories and how slight is the acquaintance we have left. Leaving study quite out of the reckoning, taking the novel simply as a companion for hours of rest and easy desire, who can say it has not been a solace and a charm?

The pleasures of life gain, rather than lose, when made

intelligent. The pleasure of looking at pictures increases with every broadening of knowledge of art, and the pleasure of traveling grows greater with study of the regions to be visited. So the intelligent study of the art of fiction gives assistance even to the page-skimmer of a summer afternoon and mightily strengthens the enjoyment of the serious reader. For such study there are two methods which appeal with unequal interest to different minds. The first is to learn what can be known of the history of the art, of its beginnings, progress, and present state, of its methods, opportunities, and limitations, and then to set the particular work in hand in its proper place in the entire recital.

The second method of study begins with a single work, and by finding its secret, gains the key to the other forms. In the one case we study inward from the general, and narrow the search to the work in hand; in the other we study outward from the single example. To the scholarly mind the second method has most attraction; and the earnest student, however he may begin, will be apt to come to it in any case as his work goes on. But there is an advantage in beginning with at least an opening glance at the history and essentials of the art. The novel as we know it belongs to the last two centuries. It is modern in its every characteristic—as in its insistence on equal rights of men and women in affairs of love, in its interest in social problems, in its interest in the individual man whatever his degree or condition, in its interest in the conduct of life—and its historical study is therefore easily within reach.

For such study there are now several excellent hand-books * which treat of the ancestry of fiction and of its history since Defoe and Richardson made it a fact in English literature. In using all such hand-books students will be aided by adopting some system of classification so that the study can be by development of kind as well as by sequence in order of time.

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* Dunlop: "History of Fiction." Warren: "History of the Novel Previous to the Seventeenth Century." Raleigh: "The English Novel." Cross: "The Development of the Novel." Stoddard: "The Evolution of the English Novel."

The universe about us is an orderly system so that any scientific study becomes of necessity an orderly grouping of facts. We distinguish species in birds and orders of families in plants; we work out the relations of constellations in astronomy; we group the metals and non-metals in chemistry; we find periods of activity in geology. The mind naturally expects to find that a family system will show itself in the productions of the mind as well as in the phenomena of nature. We have the feeling that "consciousness of kind" will come to literary works and that they can be grouped like living organisms. To a great extent this expectation on the student's part is justified, for some system of classification, more or less natural and more or less complete, is sure to come to his aid.

In fiction we find well-defined groups. A novel is an artistic biography. It has a motive, which is emotion, and an object, which is the telling of the story of a life in such an artistic fashion as shall illuminate its incidents, recreate its environment, make clear its hidden secrets, and suggest its moral. Three fields of activity are thus opened to fiction. The first is that of contemporaneous actual life, and gives us the fiction of personality. The second is that of past life, and gives us historical fiction. The third is of the unrealized life, which has no limit of date, and gives us the fiction of romance. Under these three heads—the novel of the present, the novel of the past and the novel unconditioned—may be grouped all serious fiction.

The fiction of contemporaneous life gives us the novel of manners, of satire, of problem, of purpose. The fiction of past life gives us that historical study of the real or imaginary hero of the past of which the world will never tire. The fiction of romance gives us the fascinating recital of the impossible life of a hero whose deeds make the incredible as natural as our desires, or whose soul-struggles make distress delightful.

Taking these three divisions as the beginning of study, serious work can readily be planned. The novel of contemporaneous life—that novel which in any period tells the

story of the emotional passages in the life of some hero of that day and generation—is the most common form. If the student is working alone, the best plan of study will be for him to read first the general story of the predecessors of the novel, as found in Dunlop and Warren, and then, with more care, to read the history of fiction as it has existed in English literature since the novel first found itself in the pages of Richardson, Smollett, Sterne, and Fielding.

If a group of students are working together in a club, class, or reading circle, this historical, preliminary work will be much lightened by having part of it given in lectures by the leader, and part in special studies, by members of the class, of periods, divisions, or special questions of interest. This preliminary work may properly occupy two or three weeks, at the end of which time a bird's-eye view of the whole field should have been gained by every student. Its best result will be to locate for the inquirer the works that are worth his attention in subsequent study. It is as if an explorer, entering a region totally new to him, had the fortune to climb a mountain from which the surrounding country was all in view. He could not from such quick view get the detail or know the country with any thoroughness, but he would get a knowledge of the high places and the low places, of the general trend of things, which no amount of valley exploration could give him.

In like manner, not to press the figure too far, the student, from this preliminary survey, can get a clear notion of the high places and the low places in fiction's history, of the trend of things, and of the works worth minute study. Having completed this the student, if he be alone, or the leader, or better still, the whole class if there is a club, should choose a series of master-works to be read and studied. These works must be chosen, of course, on information and belief, as the lawyers say, as to their logical sequence, but they will be well chosen if the list be confined to works that have reputation and are in each case representative of an idea.

Each book taken should stand for a personality. There

is a wealth of choice—Pamela, Roderick Random, Clarissa Harlowe, Tom Jones, Dr. Primrose, Emma, Hawkeye, Jane Eyre, Pickwick, David Copperfield, Adam Bede, Romola, Hester Prynne, Becky Sharp, Lorna Doone, Pendennis—and every life is told by a biographer untrammeled by social pride or family feeling. Let the class choose half a dozen typical personages whose biographies as told in fiction they would like to study. These may be taken in chronological order as far as possible, but the basis of selection should be the vitality of the hero, or heroine, remembering that since the novel of personality is a biography its hero must live for us in its pages.

In studying these examples, it is better to follow a definite line of inquiry. Let the student ask for himself, or the leader ask for him, specific questions—as to the type of character represented, as to the clearness with which it is painted, as to the growth of the art of story-telling shown in the successive examples, as to the honesty and truth of the tale that is told, and as to the worth of the life that is there unfolded. The last question especially we have a perfect right to ask in studying the novel of personality. Life should be fruitful, and any study of a life, even in a novel, must be a study of one made fruitful through experience, or of one whose failures show us how a better life might have been lived. It is not that the great novel teaches a moral so much as that it is moral. All the issues of things are so brought out that the harmony of true living is shown even in the failures. We have a right to ask, also, if the novelist's art is just and strong. If such a series can be chosen as shall answer these questions, their study will educate as well as inform the student.

The historical novel presents a somewhat simpler field, and it is for most students better to take it up before undertaking the subdivisions of the personality novel—the novels of satire, introspection, purpose, and problem. Scott is still the great master of the lighter historical novel. After reading him a series of half a dozen subsequent examples down to the latest success of the present day, will fairly illustrate

the delightful mingling of real and ideal which gives the historical novel its charm. The student may well remember that a poor historical novel is neither history nor fiction, and that only a few works in this field are masterpieces worthy of serious study. Yet he will not keenly feel the need of a guide until he reaches the third great division, that of the romantic novel.

I have called this the novel of the unrealized life, for its motive is always the desire of an unsatisfied soul exploring the dim days of the past, or the misty regions beyond the physical, mental, or spiritual horizon, in search of something which the present day and the present experience has failed to give. Romantic fiction is as old as time and as new as to-morrow. Its illusiveness and intangibility make it one of the most difficult of all fields of study, as it is one of the most fascinating of all fields of intellectual pleasure. It is best approached, even by the serious student, through the gateway of desire. In romance let him study what he loves, and the lesson of the search will come unasked.

These general studies will probably make up about half of the year's work. To follow them may come the special, detailed, and critical—though, if to be beneficial, always appreciative—examination of a few of the greater works. When possible make this also the study of a great author, for the personality of a biographer molds the biography, be it a real or an imaginary one. Take also, when possible, the greatest work of a novelist, and give all the sessions of a definite period—say a week or a fortnight—to this one work. If the circle is large, the range of study may well be large also, separate groups of students taking the various phases of the subject. For illustration a study of "Vanity Fair," made by a reading circle of which one of the editors of this series was a member, is appended, but only as a suggestion. If the group is small the study can be correspondingly intensive and special. But it will be, in either case, productive of best results when made most definite.

With such a scheme of work a class can in a year read with reasonable thoroughness all of the history of fiction that

is necessary for the understanding of the existing state of the art; can get a clear idea of the various methods of novel-writing, their possibilities and opportunities; and can get an intimate acquaintance with a dozen masterpieces. And ever afterward fiction will be reality to such students.

"William Makepeace Thackeray—a Biographical and Critical Estimate." Suggestions for Study: Thackeray as a man and as a man of letters; as the castigator of social shams. Compare with Dickens. The quality of his humor and pathos. Is he a great historical novelist? His boyhood and college days; life-story; artistic ambitions; first literary venture. His attractive and peculiar personality. Does he "put himself into his books"? In what way is he a moralist, or "week-day preacher"? Consider him as an artist, satirist, and poet. Did he attempt to reform society? Had he deep insight into the human heart, like Shakespeare? Was he a cynic? Does he attempt to describe men and women as they actually are?

Suggested Reading:

"Vanity Fair—A Novel of Social Satire." Suggestions for Study: Is "Vanity Fair" a realistic novel? Are the villains too villainous and the good people too "goody-goody"? Make a brief character sketch of Amelia, Becky, and Crawley. Which is the most powerful scene in the novel? Becky seems thoroughly bad; can anything be said in her defense? Are all the minor characters consistently and completely depicted? Is this a book of which every word should be read? In what way is this a story of social satire? Is there any authentic history in the novel? Is it a story without a hero? Has it a heroine? Is the magnificent Becky immoral or only unmoral? Note her skill as a player of the "bluff" game. Does Thackeray correctly describe the foibles and shams of fashionable life? Does he picture the pathos of human life? Does he not seem to forget that some women are tender, true, and intellectual as well; and that some men are brave and upright? Define idealism; realism. Is Thackeray an idealist or a realist? How does he display supreme art in the treatment of Becky?

Required Reading: "Vanity Fair."

Suggested Reading: Trevyllian's Life of Thackeray.

The three following studies are selected from the list given by Dr. Richard G. Moulton, in his "Four Years of Novel Reading," an account of the systematic study of fiction by an English circle.

"Martin Chuzzlewit." Points to be noted (suggested by Professor R. G. Moulton)—(1) Four different types of selfishness—Old Martin, Young Martin, Antony, and Pecksniff. (2) Four different types of unselfishness—Mary, Mark Tapley, Old Chuffey, and Tom Pinch.

Debate: That the two swindles in the story (Scadder's Land Office and the English Insurance Company) are inconceivable.

Essays: (1) Is Mark Tapley's character overdrawn? (2) Changes in the characters of the book from Selfishness to Unselfishness.

Difficulty Raised: How could Tom Pinch go so long undeceived in Pecksniff?

"Elsie Venner." Points to be noted (suggested by T. L. Brunton)—(1) Note the effect of inherited tendencies on the actions of individuals. (2) The effect of accidental circumstances (e.g., disease affecting a parent) on the character of the offspring.

Debate: How far was Bernard Langdon justified in punishing Abner Briggs and his dog, considering that they were both acting according to their natures, which they had partly inherited from their ancestors, and which were partly developed by the circumstances in which they were brought up?

Essay: How far is the character of Elsie Venner to be regarded as a description of fact? and how far as a parable?

"Jane Eyre." Points to be noted (suggested by Dr. A. S. Percival)—(1) The book is neither artistic nor realistic, yet it possesses an engrossing interest. On what does the interest depend? (2) The characters: Jane Eyre, a woman of little human sympathy, upright by rule rather than from any impulsive love of right. Note the vulgarity of her distrust of Rochester during her engagement. Rochester, a

woman's false type of manliness. He has a certain nobility, though his roughness and coarseness detract from the strength of his character. St. John Rivers, a selfish prig; his uprightness based purely on hope of future reward.

Debate: Can Rochester's conduct to Jane Eyre be justified?

Essay: The character of the author as revealed in the book.

HOW TO STUDY

The Essay as Literature

By FRANCIS N. ZABRISKIE

AS ordinarily understood the essay is simply a comparatively short prose composition on a single theme. The essay is what the word implies, as set forth by, perhaps, the greatest master of the art: "To write just treaties," says Lord Bacon, "requireth time in the writer and leisure in the reader, which is the cause that hath made me choose to write certain brief notes, set down rather significantly than curiously, which I have called essays; the word is late, but the thing is ancient."

The essay is properly a collection of notes, indicating certain aspects of a subject, or suggesting thought concerning it, rather than the orderly or exhaustive treatment of it. Not that the true essay is a careless performance, the slouch or sloven of the literary sisterhood. On the contrary, no form of prose composition requires a more exquisite precision and felicity of expression. A genius for words is one of the essentials of the art. Hence it was the essayist, more than any others, who perfected prose style in England and France. "Point" is more absolutely essential than in any other kind of composition. Though leisurely and discursive in the general treatment, it must be sententious and exact in the expression of particular thoughts.

In short, it may be said that the style is the essay—so far, at least, as quality is concerned. It is not so much what is written about—all things are the essayist's spoil—as

the way of saying it. While the most flexible and unfettered of literary products, it is one of the most distinctive. The mere outward semblance does not constitute it, nor can another literary form disguise it.

The first feature in the characteristics of the essay is its informality and unconventionality of treatment. It is the child of freedom, and is shaped and guided simply by the self-hood of the writer. There must, however, be an essential unity of subject. Informality is a different thing from formlessness or chaos. The essayist may tack, and even drift, as much as he pleases, but it must be about the central buoy.

It is sometimes taken for granted that the essay must be brief and this is one of the snares into which classifiers have fallen. But the nature of an essay is not a question of the yardstick. And yet it will transcend the limits of decided brevity at its peril.

The essay is spoiled if it gives us the feeling of going to school. Underneath all its sparkle, and even seeming persiflage, the essay is reflective. The essayist is the man who meditates, as distinct from the "thinker." He is the literary angler. We might almost speak of the essay as a literary mood. Not that the essay has any affinity with dullness or prosiness. Of all forms of composition it can least afford that. An article whose design is information or investigation needs only to be clear, in respect to style. The essay must be coruscant. Brightness and point are the breath of its life. A "labored" essay forfeits its claim to recognition.

The essay is marked by its scope and freedom of allusion. The essay mind does not run to abstractions, but tends constantly to the concrete in the way of examples and illustrations.

Matthew Arnold has puzzled us all with his definition of poetry as a "criticism of life." It would be a far better definition of the essay. The essayist is the man who observes. But, of course, the observation of nature is only a small part of the criticism of life.

A characteristic of the essay is a certain *naïveté* of self-expression. The essayist is not necessarily egotistical. He takes everybody into his confidence, and it does not occur to him that others are not as artless, or as interested in himself and his thoughts, as he is; or, if he admits it theoretically, or finds it out by harsh experience, he cannot remember it when the fit is on him. He is far from being a defier of critics or of canons. But he is born with a natural armor of ingenuousness, which protects the tender tissues of his genius from a rude and unsympathetic world.

[See "The Essay," in Section V, and "Forming a Study Circle," in this Section.]

HOW TO STUDY

Study of History

By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

WRITERS of large acquirements and strong intelligence have tried to bring history under laws, and have treated the evolution of humanity as the evolution of species has been treated by Mr. Darwin. The scientific theory of things, the conviction that every movement in the universe, organic and inorganic, is the result of definite and measurable forces, has taken strong hold of the modern mind, and is modifying the opinions of all of us on all subjects. Countless phenomena long attributed to chance or to an arbitrary external will have been traced to simple causes which all can understand. That the thoughts and actions of human beings can be similarly explained is a not unnatural inference. If this be so, there is, of course, no such thing as "the freedom of the will." If man acts under a law, he can be no more "free" than an acorn is free to grow into an elm, or a Satellite is free to leave Jupiter and attach itself to Mars. I need not enter into so intricate a labyrinth. I merely say that if we are to have a science of history, we must first have the *facts* of which the science is to be the analysis, and until the facts are clearly ascertained the philosopher will be merely guessing. The test of a science is whether it can foretell the future. The astronomer who knows his business predicts with certainty the transit of an inferior planet. If he fails he does not know his business.

What is History?

History is the summary of all the actions which have been done by men in all past times, and these are necessarily less accessible to us than the actions of any single man now alive in the midst of us. Let the philosopher, before he goes to history, try what he can do with any one such man. If he knows him intimately, he can foresee his conduct in situations which he also knows. Can he pretend that he knows him, or even can know him, so well as to foresee what he will do in new situations? And yet life is made up of new situations, and the closest friends are a perpetual surprise to one another. In studying past times we have not the men themselves before us. We have not even their actions before us, but only such imperfect account of their actions as comes down to us from persons who might or might not have had opportunities of knowing the truth; who might or might not have chosen to tell it; while besides the actions, there are the motives and the surrounding circumstances, every fiber of which we ought to have before us also, if our judgment is to be worth anything at all.

The scientific historian sees for himself that as far as detailed facts or the acts of individuals go, his case is hopeless. He abandons details as unattainable, and individuals as unimportant. His laws he thinks to find in the broad stream of events, and the movements of large masses of men. He will not pretend to know the condition of any given square yard on the surface of Jupiter, but he can tell the time in which the planet revolves on its axis, and the periods of the eclipses of its satellites. So he thinks that he can tell exactly the how and why of the great events in the past fortunes of mankind. Of the past he pretends he can give a complete explanation; of the future he can make a reasonable forecast. It is not so. The past, as Goethe says, is "a book with seven seals." He cannot know it. He can know only what this and that writer has said about it. But if he could, it would help him nothing toward a science.

We can have a science only when phenomena occur in

a constant order—and the circumstances are perpetually changing. New factors are constantly being introduced which cannot be measured or calculated on. A new art is discovered, like the printing-press or the use of fire-arms; a new continent is discovered or opened; a new man of genius is born, a fresh thinker let loose, a St. Paul or a Luther, and the whole equation is disarranged. Christianity shook into ruins all existing forms of thought, and reorganized humanity on a new principle. No one could foresee Christianity. If the keenest Greek or Roman philosopher had been told what was coming, he would have laughed at it as the dreaming of a maniac. The vital forces of humanity lie beyond the reach of philosophers, ancient or modern. We can see the phenomena of them imperfectly; of their nature we know nothing. The scientific theory may be taken up as a faith, but it is a faith only, which will give way in time to some other faith.

The Use of History

What, then, after all, is the use of history? It teaches on a large scale what the experience of life teaches to each of ourselves, that life must not be played with, that there are moral laws, which we must learn and understand, as universal and as inexorable as physical laws; and that on the large scale as on the small, the sure avenger waits on the transgression of them. Nations and individuals alike thrive and are healthy and strong when they are righteous, temperate, pure, and brave; when they think first of duty, and only afterward of power or pleasure. Nations and individuals alike fall to ruin when they "forget God," and go into vain idolatries of self and self-gratification. The best histories which have come down to us have been written by men who felt profoundly this conviction. For one thing (and a rather important one in such a matter), they are afraid to tell lies. The thing they hated was moral evil; the thing they loved was moral good. They represented human life as they saw it, and interpreted it by these canons,

with a serious reverence for facts and a wholesome indifference to theory, except this moral one, which experience seemed to confirm. Herodotus is one fine instance of a historian of this kind. Thucydides is another. The Roman, Tacitus, a third. In the modern world I can find one only, but that one is perhaps the greatest of all, Thomas Carlyle. There are no other historians that I know of equal to these; not any in whom intellect is so completely controlled by moral conviction. In Gibbon, perhaps, there is an equal respect for facts, but there is an entire absence of serious feeling. He is contemptuously indifferent to shallow speculation and enthusiasm; but he has no proper enthusiasm of his own, nor any certainty that life has any important meaning. To him the world is but a stage where the players are knaves or fools, and the knaves have the best of the game.

How to Teach History

How, then, should a teacher of history proceed? First of all, he must understand that it is his duty to tell the truth, neither more nor less, and that he must use his utmost effort to discover it. Next, if he is to explain the actions of men, he must be a true man himself, loyal and honest and brave, and therefore capable of recognizing these qualities in others and properly estimating them. These are the chief qualifications; but if he is to be a great teacher he must add to them an imagination capable of throwing itself into different positions, sympathizing in turn with the different parties and persons of whom he has to speak, seeing each at its best, as it saw itself. He will not try to make nature into a schoolmistress, who is to impress this lesson or that; for nature is not a schoolmistress, but a mother with many children and no partialities. The novel with a conscious lesson in it is always a failure, and the history with a conscious lesson in it is an artificial legend—and not even a beautiful one. Events should as far as possible tell their own story, and the reader or listener should be left to make his own reflections.

Let me illustrate what I mean. The story of King Lear is found in the old chronicles, and is as much the property of the historian as of the dramatist. A historian of the common popular sort undertaking to deal with it, would probably do something of this kind: he would describe the king as a vain, silly, self-indulgent old man. He would give us a few words on filial ingratitude, qualifying his censure with a remark that it was not unnatural, under the circumstances, and that the children had probably been very ill educated. He would say some civil things about Cordelia, but would add that she had brought her misfortunes on herself by language studiously offensive. And there would be a half-contemptuous approval of the fidelity of the Earl of Kent. But there would infallibly be a comment also on the wretched conditions of a society in which such a man could be subject to such a master; as certainly there would be a severe condemnation of a state of things in which a kingdom and its inhabitants could be portioned out by a foolish sovereign between two worthless daughters, to the ruin of himself and them and his innocent subjects. An instructive contrast would be drawn between a barbarous age and our own more favored time, when Lear might have abdicated with a pension, a decent household, a pack of hounds and a moor to shoot over, while his successors would have been controlled by responsible ministers and protected against their own vices.

This, or something like this, is what a constitutional historian would make of the story, and it would be a meager exchange for what we have from Shakespeare. As Shakespeare treats it, so a perfect historian would tell it if he could, being careful only to keep to what he knew to be true. The tragedy, however it happened, was wrought out amidst storms of passion and temptation, if not identical with those described by Shakespeare yet like them; and the truth, if we knew it, would not be less terrible than Shakespeare's version of it, but more so. Dreadful actions, if told at all, should be so told as to suggest something deeper than shallow political commonplaces; but the wise teacher will prefer

generally to leave such subjects to poets, who know better how to deal with them. Human history contains large tracts of barren wilderness, with ugly monsters making their dens among the rocks and thickets; but there are bright and beautiful oases scattered here and there in the records of all nations and all times—noble actions done and sufferings nobly borne; peaceful and innocent domestic idyls which have mirrored themselves in the minds of gifted and genial persons, who were present and wrote them down; and to these a wise teacher will try most to direct his pupils. He will not flatter their vanity by encouraging them in thoughts of their own superiority, but will set examples before them which they may admire and try imperfectly to imitate.

Not all things are worth relating, or all historical figures worth describing; but some things and some persons deserve to be commemorated eternally. Stories like those of Thermopylæ and Salamis in Herodotus; the stories of the patriarchs; the Gospel story, which, of all records, has cut the deepest into the hearts of mankind; these and all other narratives of admirable deeds, faithfully told by loyal and honest men, are the true jewels of history, the diamonds in the general gravel-heap. We can leave the gravel where it lies, sifting the gems from the middle of it. The base and mean may be forgotten; the good and the beautiful alone deserve to survive. Each age will have its creeds and its philosophies, despising all that went before, and in its turn to be despised by the next. Each age will have its political panaceas for all human ills; and the ills will not be cured by them, and fresh theories will be twined to the end of time, of sun and moonshine, which equally will not avail. But great actions live forever, and the wise "remnant" treasure up the memory of them; and in looking reverently at what men have done, gather heart and spirit for their own work.

HOW TO STUDY

The World's History

By FREDERICK ALLEN KING

IN beginning the study of history it is well to get a broad view, to see the life of mankind, as it were, in panorama. It is the way that an artist works when he begins to make a picture. He first makes a sketch in very simple outline, feeling all round his subject, determining its proportions, then he begins to develop it in the mass, noting the position of the high lights and their relation to the shadows. So the work progresses step by step until the figure or collection of figures is filled out in subtly modeled planes. No better way can be adopted for studying history, which is the record of the continuous existence of the human race, and as such, broadly speaking, is a unity whose parts bear a vital relation to each other. Consequently history should be viewed as a unity, as a vital organism, not as a collection of disjointed parts. It should be regarded in some sense as an immense picture spread out through past time instead of over vast space, having outline and salient points, mountain peaks of less or greater height.

Study first the history of the world. Get a picture in your mind of the various nations of the past, their geographical position, their position in the world's chronology, the leading events of their history from their rise to their decline. Think of the nation as an individual playing a part, and note the figure it makes upon the stage, whether its rôle is that of tragedy or comedy, or perhaps even melodrama;

but do not spend too long a time on any one nation until you have a general view of the whole.

Begin with the most ancient nations first. An excessive patriotism may perhaps suggest the necessity of knowing the history of your own land first. It never can be known in any other than the most superficial way without a knowledge of the other and older nations. We must know something of the ancient home of our Germanic ancestors before the Aryan migration. We must especially follow these people in their wanderings into Northern Europe, thence to Britain after a long sojourn, and finally after many centuries to America. The same people, indeed, but radically changed by contact with the finer civilization that grew up in the South. In order to understand this you must study Egypt, Greece, Rome and the mediæval Frankish nation.

In the course of the survey you will doubtless find some people or period that more especially attracts your interest and urges you to linger longer. Do not be beguiled into eddies or side-currents until you have explored the whole course of the stream. Having persisted in this course you can then go back better equipped for the investigation of whatever period best suits your fancy.

Take some good general history and read it through. Ridpath's "History of the World" is perhaps the best for this purpose. Its style is attractive and the work is suited rather to the general reader than to use as a text-book. There are some others that are arranged upon the text-book order—Fisher's "Outlines of Universal History," for instance, will answer the purpose if Ridpath is not available. If neither of these is at hand you can consult histories of individual nations; but select the briefer ones, for the purpose first is to fly over the records of the past as the bird flies over the land, taking cognizance of the larger features.

China, being the nation of the oldest civilization should first demand attention. Its history before the nineteenth century has not much to interest the Western mind. Alone and in isolation from others it pursued its uneventful course for centuries; but it, first of nations, began to print with

wooden blocks; it used gunpowder and the compass; it manufactured silk, porcelain, carved ivory and wood. It had a civilization when Europe was an unpeopled waste.

India, as the cradle of the Western nations, as the birthplace of a religion that counts more than a third of the human race among its professed adherents, should demand a little longer attention.

Egypt is the land of imposing monuments and better than any other assists the imagination in picturing "the dark backward and abysm of Time." Old as may be the pyramids and the sphinxes, they point to a yet remoter anterior period, when the building faculty of man was maturing to the accomplishment of such monuments. To study these in photographs will bring more vividly to mind the genius of these people, and will mean more than the memorizing of dates and names.

The intimate claim of the Bible upon all minds will awaken interest in the kingdoms of Assyria and Babylon; while the Phœnicians will next be studied as the great merchants and navigators of ancient times, the first to break their boundaries and push out into foreign parts. As the founders of Carthage they establish themselves in rivalry with Rome and come to the test in the wars of Hannibal.

Persia seems to be the next nation to notice, since she it was who taught the nations to go a-conquering. Study the character of the monarchs who led the invasion of Greece and determine why they failed, or what enabled the Greeks to overcome. It would be an interesting speculation to try and arrive at some idea of the character of Europe had the Persians been successful.

In the history of Greece should be sought the earliest forms of a republic. Note carefully the characteristics of their state, in order to compare them with the modern forms that will be observed hereafter in your study of modern history. Greece gave to the world the broadest and purest culture that it has yet received. It created much for itself; absorbed somewhat from the East and from Egypt, and sent its stream of influence westward. Why, during the conquer-

ing career of Alexander, did it not send a stream flowing eastward too? A question like this, even though not satisfactorily answered at the first or second or third asking, yet takes you out of a narrow confine and gives you something of a world view. The Greeks not only created a great literature and a great art but were innovators in the more active pursuits of life. Finding their native land too limited they pushed out beyond the narrow boundaries and planted colonies. Why were they less effective in this than the Romans or the modern English?

Westward of the Greeks grew up another nation, less gifted in the arts but more effective in action. The Romans developed a Constitution, perfected a language, struck within one of the modern forms of republican government, failing only to seize the modern idea of representation, settled their own affairs, and then set forth to absorb their neighbors. From the simple form of a primitive kingdom they passed to a republic, then to an empire, whose extent embraced the known world. This is the brief history of Rome, punctuated by such sign-posts as: Patrician, Plebeian, Samnite Wars, Punic Wars, the Gracchi, Marius and Sulla, First and Second Triumvirate, Julius Cæsar, the Augustans, the Flavians, and the Antonines. The mention of any connotes a whole period of energetic endeavor in a hundred ways of human activity.

With the uprising and inflowing of barbarian hordes toward the end of the fourth century the Roman Empire seated on the Tiber, rapidly declined. With this date begins the period of mediæval history. The Roman Empire changes its seat to Byzantium and there passes through a period of brilliant though gradual decline until finally overcome by the Turks in 1453. In the West arose the Carlovingian Empire that grew for three or more centuries and dissolved after the death of Charlemagne into the three kingdoms of France, Germany, and Italy. The establishment of the Holy Roman Empire, the development of feudalism, and the history of the Crusades are the important things to be noted in the period of the Middle Ages. When this

period is brought to a close by the fall of Constantinople in 1453, Europe received a great stimulus from the fugitive scholars who hastily abandoned their Eastern home, and settled in Italy, inaugurating the revival of learning which marks the dawn of modern history.

The study of modern history will last for a lifetime. Nothing is unimportant. The object of the student's first survey should be to fix definitely in mind the place and significance of events symbolized by such terms as Renaissance, Reformation, Discovery of the New World, the Elizabethan Age, the Thirty Years' War, the Revolution and the Commonwealth, War of the Spanish Succession, War of the Austrian Succession, French Revolution, War of American Independence, the career of Napoleon, the Reform Bill of 1832, the American Civil War, the Franco-Prussian War, and the more recent military events in China. Here is a rather warlike array. The dramatic event is the one most readily caught up by the imagination, but the thought behind the act, the principle for which the struggle occurred, is the thing of most importance to the student.

The events mentioned in this brief survey are only the mountain peaks of history. There are vast stretches that may be known only by long and arduous study. Little has been said of dates. They are hard to remember by the majority. But if one begins by learning a few facts and their proper dates, future acquisition of facts will assoicate themselves around the old date and memory will be assisted by this habit of correlation.

After possessing a mental picture of general history the future work of the student will be of the nature of filling in, of broadening and deepening his knowledge. He may safely go to the study of any period that stirs his interest with an equipment of facts and principle to be used as a constant fund for reference and comparison.

How to Study History

By ALBERT BUSHNELL HART*

"GOOD wine needs no bush," and if there were no need to urge the reading of history it would be a proof that history is too dull and unattractive to be read. We read history all the time, not only in text-books and formal histories, but in the magazines and the newspapers; history is philologically almost exactly the same word as story, and the world is determined now as it was in the time of the Athenians "to hear and tell some new thing."

History in a more formal sense has been introduced into many schools of every grade throughout the Union, and there has sprung up a literature of advice, suggestion, and illustration on proper ways of teaching the subject. Hence, wherever there is a good school and a good teacher, history is sure to be taught.

Nevertheless reading history and teaching history are neither of them necessarily studying history. What we learn from the atmosphere of newspaper gossip in which we are all enveloped, even what we gain in the school-room, lacks the essential quality of study, because it usually means the acceptance of whatever reaches us from the first comer, the first book, or the first teacher. Learning by heart tables of dynasties, presidents, or battles is not studying history. The study of history means the attempt to form for one's

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self an independent judgment upon historical events, a judgment based upon the most trustworthy accounts within reach.

In the study of history the first essential is that we should have before us not general history but some definite subject. Well does the writer remember his struggle to learn Freeman's Outlines, and ill does he remember any of those Outlines, except the distinction between orthodox Christianity and Arianism—and just what that distinction was has escaped him at this moment. Such a book as Lavisse's "Political History of Europe" is interesting, suggestive, and broadening, but it only attempts to describe tendencies and general results. For purposes of study a general history is no more possible than a general textbook on science, or a general treatise on mathematics, or a general history of all literature.

What subjects shall we choose, especially if we have no guiding teacher or sagacious friend to lay out a course for us? There used to be a current idea that any book answered the purpose; that Rollin's "Ancient History" and Josephus were intellectual instruments even for boys and girls. There is a malicious Italian story about a condemned criminal who was reprieved on condition that he should read all of Guicciardini's "Wars of the Italian Republics"; at the end of the eighth volume he returned to the executioner and asked to have the original sentence completed. Many things that have happened even to Italian republics are not worth studying. On the other hand, the world has been full of great crises when men came forward and performed splendid deeds, made new civilizations, and built up commonwealths. Let us choose such great periods.

What are the criteria of selection? In the first place, since the field is so enormous, both in the period of time covered and in the number of nations which have had interesting history, we surely may find a few countries which by their central situation, their importance as leading powers, their influence on later civilization deserve the attention of all ages. Let us choose, therefore, countries which

have nurtured striking, strong, characteristic, and original men such as Themistocles, Sulla, Charlemagne, Luther, Richelieu, Cromwell, Bismarck, and Andrew Jackson. Let us especially choose countries which have raised men who summed up in themselves for the time being the nation's life, men such as Pericles, Augustus, Hildebrand, William of Orange, William Pitt, and Abraham Lincoln. Let us choose out of universal history the nebulæ of human events in which sparkle the stars of human character.

In the next place, let us avoid wars and rumors of wars. Of all subjects upon which the human intellect can be employed military history is one of the least profitable. To follow campaigns on the map teaches military science, but it does not teach history. To know the names of battles and of commanders and the number of their troops is to follow the method of a worthy but wrong-headed teacher of art in a young ladies' seminary in Massachusetts.

"What is this picture?" she asked at an examination.

"It is a picture of Apollo Belvidere."

"Where is that statue?"

"In Rome."

"In what part of Rome?"

"In the Vatican."

"In what part of the Vatican?"

"In the Cortile del Belvedere, second corner cabinet."

"That will do."

Yet a knowledge of the ground plan of a museum is no more useless to the ordinary student than an acquaintanceship with the evolutions of a battle; both are for experts only, except in so far as either puts us in the place of artists, or of the commanders of troops, and enables us to share their spirit and to sympathize with their purpose. Hence let us choose no period simply because it is studded with wars.

Yet, on the other hand, it is the plea of historical writers that times of peace are so dull and uneventful that the chronicle of a happy, contented, and advancing people has little to attract the attention; while wars mark the conflict of

great moral principles, the establishment of a new order of things. Some of them do so; but what of the interminable annals of blood in India, wars in which one bad throne or dynasty simply succeeds another? The victories of Marius over the Cimbri and Teutoni were decisive because they beat back the tide of barbarian immigration for four hundred years; the battle of Tours was decisive because the great organization of Christendom stopped the advance of the great Moslem organization; and Waterloo was decisive simply because it permitted the nations of Europe each to work out its own salvation without the interference of France. The interest of the student is not in the day of battle, but in the days after, when the effect of the military struggle becomes evident.

The next essential is that we should study the history of people who thought. The ancient Germans were such good military men that they finally beat the Romans, but their history is of less account to the student than that of long-peaceful Switzerland. Above all, let us study the history of nations that thought about government and law, because those nations have contributed to that stock of political ideas out of which our own government is built.

Perhaps we may now choose the history of half a dozen nations during limited periods when the minds of men were most active. First of these in time, purpose, and importance is the history of Greece during the splendor of Athens. The struggle of the Greeks against Persia is one of the noblest of all assertions of freedom against despotism, and has inspired hundreds of armies to stand resolute against great numbers. It is a period abounding in great as well as in despicable characters, a period full of romantic inspiration, prolific in political inventions, glowing with literature and art; a period which has had something to teach to every western nation. Then comes the counter epoch of Rome the conqueror—that is, Rome from the beginning of the Punic Wars to the widest extension of the Empire. It is a time full of the overmastering power of organization, of combination, of the repression of excesses, of well-knit admin-

istrative discipline, of experiments in government, successful and unsuccessful. Next, chronologically, comes the period of the Crusades; though the military result was the defeat and almost the disgrace of the Christians, they restored to Europe an interest in literature and science, and began for the second time to unite the histories of Europe and Asia.

The next era especially worthy of study is the movement known in Italy as the Renaissance—the rebirth of literature, art, and philosophy. No period in the world's history more abounds in magnificent characters, such as Dante, Petrarch, Cosimo di Medici, and Can Grande della Scala. Of equal importance as a study of human character, and more interesting to Americans on account of its immediate effect on our forefathers, was the Reformation, the counterpart of the Renaissance. It was the reassertion of the idea that people's thoughts are not to be cut and dried for them by earthly rulers or by spiritual potentates. While the English Reformation is to us the most interesting episode in that epoch, perhaps the most instructive single period of English history is the struggle with the Stuarts during the whole of the seventeenth century. Here began to take form those mighty ideas of free representative government which are the great political force of the present age. In this century sparkle many of the greatest names in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race; it is the time of Shakespeare and Bacon, of Milton and Cromwell, and of William the Third. French history is of particular interest because France has ever since the time of Charlemagne been a sort of nucleus of European politics and constitutional development. Out of that long, rich history the most absorbing period is that of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, from 1789 to 1815, during which the French experienced almost every form of government known to man, from the despotism of a tyrant to the worse despotism of a convention.

Since the end of that crisis there have been two remarkable episodes in modern history. The first is the reconstitution of Europe, grouped about the unification of Germany.

We do not realize that in ages to come the gathering together of three hundred mutually repellent German states into one nation, and of half a dozen Italian principalities into another, will be looked upon as one of the marvels of history; nor that it has been accomplished by two of the greatest men of the last four centuries, Bismarck and Cavour. The other episode comes closer home to us; it is the establishment of a free republic in America, the long, slow-burning struggle against slavery, leaping into the flame of the Civil War, out of which a new nation has arisen with renewed power.

Having selected the period, the next step is to find the material. First of all some brief books are necessary to cover the whole ground in a summary fashion. There is now such a supply of "series" and "eras" and "epochs," of little books systematically taking up the history of particular countries, that on any interesting period a good "eye-opener" is readily to be found. It should be read, read carefully, and read more than once, so that the student may have in his mind the dimensions of his subject; but it is never to be memorized. Such a book corresponds to the architect's preliminary sketch. Then comes the process of broadening, the working out of the ground plan of the historical edifice. For this purpose the general student should choose such standard works as are recommended by teachers, or by such guides to historical study as W. F. Allen's "History Topics," C. K. Adams' "Manual of Historical Literature"; Gordy and Twitchell's "Manual," and B. A. Hinsdale's "How to Study and Teach History." William E. Foster's "References to the History of Presidential Administrations," Edward Channing's "Guide to the Study of American History," and R. R. Bowker's "Reader's Guide" give lists of books on American history, with some criticism of their relative value. In the better brief books on any period will be found lists of classified authorities. One may read history in one author; one can study history only by a comparison of various authors.

Just here comes in the value to the student of owning his

books. There is no more useful adjunct to the study of history than a good sharp lead-pencil, or red-ink pen with which to annotate the margins of the volume that one is using. Very few books have a convenient apparatus of running headings and dates, and there is no better way of fixing the attention than to put in over the page-headings the missing guide to the contents. An exercise still better, but which does not interfere with that just described, is to make out in one's own mind a logical analysis of the book as one goes on, and to write the headings of that analysis, point by point, in the margin. A third convenient method is to indicate the author's thought by underlining the significant words in each paragraph. These three processes consistently combined accustom the mind to search for the essential thought of the pages before it, and to put into brief and significant terms an abstract of that thought. Whenever the student has occasion to use the same volume again, he will be surprised to find how the argument comes back to him through his own abstract. Again, one may enjoy in his own books that which would be a crime if committed on the book of another; he may write down his reasons for agreement or disagreement with his author. In the Harvard College library are the volumes which Carlyle used in preparing his "Life of Cromwell," and nothing could be more humorously characteristic of the writer than some of the comments which he has scribbled on the margins of his pompous authorities: "It was long after 'this.' "—"Stuff!" "Error." —"Never above 6." If you must use borrowed books, then let your attempt be to return them as clean as they came, and to take whatever abstracts you can in a notebook of your own. The point of all this system is that by seeing, or trying to see, what is in the author's mind, you furnish yourself with that condensed outline around which historical knowledge must be built.

To keep such an outline in view is an easy task provided one uses only one or two parallel authorities; but as the student proceeds, he begins to find that one book effaces another. The methods, the order, the proportions of one

writer do not agree with those of the next; and the knowledge of men and events so laboriously acquired begins to dissolve in the very multiplicity of facts. This is the time for the historical student to make up some sort of written topical arrangement, if necessary, as one proceeds from book to book.

Of course much may be done by subdivision of labor; in a class of bright people, all studying the same general subject together, one person may take up one phase of the subject and another a different phase. For instance, on the French Revolution the first may take the revolutionary statesmen; a second, the Convention; a third, the army; a fourth, the navy; and still another, the revolutionary societies. This means that an assignment is to be made as soon as all the co-workers have the general period in their minds; then it becomes the duty of each member of the class to use all the available material upon his topic, and, so to speak, to subanalyze that material until it becomes clear to him.

Long before the work has reached this stage, however, the necessity of taking written notes of some kind will become apparent. A very eminent American historian is accustomed to take his notes in a note-book just as they come. When the note-book is filled he indexes it and begins a new one; when a sufficient number accumulate he indexes them all; and at last account he had more than eight hundred such note-books in his collection. His is, after all, a cumbersome system; it is quite as easy to take notes upon the most complicated subject in such a form that they will index themselves. Suppose that this eminent author in collecting material for his next volume—let us say on the War of 1812—should use separate half-sheets of paper of uniform size and ruling. Upon this first half-sheet he notes an account of Hull's surrender, upon the second of Commander Rogers' first cruise, upon the next of the departure of Pinckney from England. Thus he goes on taking a fresh sheet for every fresh topic until he finally strikes a second reference upon Hull's surrender; the note on this point may

be put upon the original sheet for that topic; and thus the recurring accounts will each fall into their logical place, where they may be compared. When one half-sheet is full another may be begun; when a sufficient number of half-sheets have accumulated to make it worth while to keep them separate, they may be laid together loosely within a whole sheet of the same size, upon the outside of which the general subject is stated. With a little practice it is not difficult when one meets a subject to find the sheet upon which that subject has been previously noted. As topics accumulate, a subdivision of each will suggest itself, and the sheets may be sorted and stowed away accordingly. Thus in the end the student has a bundle, not of disorganized memoranda but of consecutive material. It is almost a book in itself; it is divided into chapters, sections, and even paragraphs; and when the material for any literary work is collected the work is already half done.

The question of note-taking is perplexing at the best. Students usually take too many. They copy out long, exact quotations from books which are perfectly accessible and which they could reach a second time if necessary. They do not know how to digest the author's statements and to reduce them to a brief form. If you are trying to get simply a good general idea of a period from the use of a small number of works, take notes in very brief form, with a view simply to comparing the statements and opinions of one writer with those of another, and at the same time of so arranging your notes that you may have a general view of the subject.

Shall the student use sources? Yes, if he has sources and has judgment. One may often get a more vivid and exact picture of an epoch by reading a few extracts from contemporaries than by going over a series of later writers. After one has digested a brief account of the Puritan revolution and then has gone through Gardiner's careful and scholarly treatise, one would better read some of Oliver Cromwell's letters, a poem of Milton's, and Sir Harry Vane's opinions on government. It is very easy to overdo the

comparison of standard writers; but no historical study is complete without the experience and flavor of original material which come from using sources; and no ordinary student need expect to study such material carefully enough to disagree seriously with historians like Gardiner, who have used all available sources.

In a word, the object of the historical student is to bring before his mind a picture of the main events and the spirit of the times which he studies. The first step is to get a general view from a brief book; the second step is to enlarge it from more elaborate works, reading more than one, and to use some system of written notes logically arranged; the final step is to read some of the contemporary writers. Having done these three things carefully the historical student carries away an impression of his period which will never be effaced.

Teaching by Correspondence

By RUSSELL DOUBLEDAY

THE great majority of the world's workers are equipped with scarcely more than a common-school education, and are often totally ignorant of the theoretical workings of their own business. Many a trolley motorman knows little more than the workings of his own car, and would find difficulty in explaining how the electricity that propels it is generated, transformed, transmitted, and measured. The mines are full of workmen who are absolutely ignorant of the systems of ventilation and water control that keep the underground passages fit for existence.

The crying need for bread for the family has put many a youngster at labor when he should be still working at the three R's. The youngster also lacks perspective and cannot see how necessary early education is, and he gladly avails himself of the first opportunity to go to work.

Public illustrated lectures have done much to supply these partly educated or totally uneducated people with general information, but there is little in them that is specific.

Instruction by correspondence has succeeded better in rounding out the education of those imperfectly equipped and in developing trained workers in special lines.

Education by correspondence can never supplant personal instruction, but it has made it possible to educate great numbers of people who would otherwise be always ignorant of things they would really like to know. The new method

of instruction (it is hardly fifteen years old) has become a recognized factor in the business world, and has given an uplift to the whole body of wage-earners. If a workman is studying by correspondence a subject which helps to make him more valuable to his employer, the interest of the latter is aroused and the man's chances for advancement are greatly increased. In fact many firms employing skilled labor encourage their men by offering correspondence-school scholarships at reduced rates and by promising them advancement, to take up courses that will enable them to do a higher grade of work or fit them for superintending positions. The growing business (for instruction by correspondence is a commercial enterprise and unlike most educational institutions is a matter of investment, not endowment) is due to the demand of working people for instruction to fit them for higher positions in the work in which they are at present engaged, or to give them an opportunity to get into a more congenial occupation. One of the most important schools, which has the largest number of students on its roll, began through the demand of miners for a fuller knowledge of the working of mines; from a series of practical instruction articles in a mining periodical has grown a series of correspondence courses that includes almost every branch of knowledge. Almost without exception, however, the courses interest only those who are seeking an aid to better positions.

The student of a correspondence course requires great determination, and perhaps even more application than is shown by one who works under a personal instructor.

All the help of personal supervision and class stimulus is denied to the pupil of the correspondence courses. He studies as a rule alone, has to draw on his own enthusiasm and depend on his own determination and perseverance. The vague impersonal "school" which sends him his instruction papers and corrects his written recitations inspires scant enthusiasm. A great majority of those getting an education through the mail are workers in mines, in railroads, in manufacturing shops and offices.

It requires great persistence to study alone at a lesson after a hard day's work and without the aid of personal encouragement.

A man a little beyond the enthusiasm of youth has spent his days shoveling coal into an all-devouring furnace; his working hours are from 6.30 A.M. to 5.30 P.M.; the day's work is hard and tiring and the end of it leaves him weary and sleepy. He lacks education and his whole life has been a struggle for existence. Nevertheless he has the determination, the intelligence, the ambition to make something of himself. He subscribes to a correspondence course and after his day's work is done, in his none too attractive home, in spite of much interruption and a weary body, he studies his instruction papers, works out his increasingly difficult mathematical problems, traces out the mechanical charts sent him for his guidance and applies them to whatever machinery he may have chances to examine. He sends in his examination papers when he can, notes the corrections and files them away for reference. By the time he has finished his course and received his certificate from the school, the very appearance of the man has changed; he has the dignity and the confidence of one who knows, and knows that he knows, and he has the equipment of knowledge that makes him much too valuable a man to work at the mere mechanical labor of firing. He soon gets a better position —work with better pay. This is an actual case. Motormen on trolley lines have become electrical engineers; coal-passers, a grade of labor lower than a fireman, have become engineers of standing through the education gained by home study directed through correspondence. Often an entirely new line of work has been entered; dry goods clerks have become consulting chemists; stenographers have become linguists and translators; messenger boys have learned to keep books and conduct cashiers' desks—all through self-education directed by correspondence. Many hundreds of thousands have already completed courses and several hundreds of thousands are now at work.

The subjects taught by correspondence have grown to

meet the needs of the students. Languages and drawing, engineering and stenography, business methods and law—all these and the multitude of branches of special knowledge are taught; several schools teach many different subjects, ranging from electrical engineering to languages, while others confine themselves to but one or two. The schools that conduct many different courses are practically several separate schools under one general management; each branch has its own principal and staff of assistants and examiners; thus all courses have the advantage of individual supervision.

The methods of the various schools are much the same, or are as near alike as the subjects taught will admit.

The student specifies which course he wishes to take, and states his knowledge of the chosen subject. In general he is advised to begin at the beginning, because he may be deficient in the rudiments, though, if something is known of the subject, the elementary part may be passed over quickly. The student buys what is called a scholarship, cash down or on the instalment plan (the cost for the course varies greatly, ranging from $15 to $75), which entitles him to a complete course of instruction in the subject chosen. The first instruction paper is sent him and a blank with printed questions for written recitations, and in some cases text-books; many schools issue instruction papers in the form of pamphlets which may be easily carried about. They contain lessons in the form of rules or condensed information or mathematical problems, which must be studied or memorized. When the student has reached the end of the section or lesson he is expected to forward his recitation to the school; the questions answered in the examination papers are so arranged that the student must apply the knowledge acquired by studying the lesson preceding it. There is no way to compel the student to recite, but the fact is emphasized that only by examinations and correction can the full value of the course be secured, and as the majority of the students take the course for a specific purpose they are glad to get all the benefit possible.

The "recitation" is sent to the instructor of the school

under whose particular branch it comes, is corrected by him not only from the technical stand-point but also for general style, grammar, penmanship, and composition, so that the work of the student is kept up to a high standard in every direction. This is especially valuable to the student who has not had the advantages of a thorough common-school education. The recitation papers are returned with the corrections plainly marked and whatever suggestions and special instructions may be necessary for the study of the next lesson. Some schools send the second instruction paper only after the first has been mastered, completing one task before another is taken up, thus insuring a high standard of scholarship.

The directors of correspondence schools claim that everything teachable can be taught by correspondence with the aid of modern ingenuity and modern devices. Provided the student is earnest in his desire to learn, and has the determination to finish the course conscientiously, the instructors guarantee a thorough education in almost any line the student may choose. The determination required to study by one's self is the first requisite; the whole system is based on that. The instruction papers, convenient in form, clearly written, contain the very gist of the information needed and are so arranged that the student is carried onward by easy stages; the written recitations help greatly to fix the essential points in mind and aid the student in writing, composition, and punctuation (the examination papers are corrected on every point, whether the subject of the lesson be steam engineering or pedagogy); the instruction papers are always on hand for reference, and the examination papers being returned to the student may also be used for reference and point the moral of his former mistakes. All these advantages approach, it is said, the benefits of a personal instructor and the incentive of rivalry; certainly the results obtained seem to bear this out.

Very ingenious are the methods employed to teach some of the subjects through the mails. It would seem to be impossible to teach languages satisfactorily, yet the writer

heard, at one school, the reproduction of the voice of a student in California who had been studying but two months. The accent, as far as the hearer could judge, was well-nigh perfect, the teacher could make but two corrections; this student had had no personal instruction whatever, he got his knowledge of the language (German) sound, construction, and accent entirely from the instruction books and the phonographic lessons of the correspondence school. A complete phonographic outfit is furnished each student, phonograph with receiver and recorder and lesson and blank record cylinders. With each lesson-book which teaches the student to read the language is sent a lesson-record which, when put on the phonograph, gives a distinct reproduction of the sounds which the student is at the same time learning by sight from the book. By a clever device any letter or word may be repeated till the hearer is perfectly familiar with the whole lesson. When the pupil thinks he understands the part well enough he talks his exercise into the phonograph; this record is sent on to the school where it is listened to by the principal there and corrected by him. The mistakes are pointed out and he is referred back to the instruction paper or to the corresponding record where the mistake is made very evident. Beside the phonograph recitation a written exercise is sent at the same time, so that the student's knowledge of the language, both through sight and sound, may be correct.

Designing is taught by means of plates of historic ornaments, which are copied until the student is familiar with them and his technique is fairly good; then he is required to use his own ideas in the combining of these designs. In each case, whether mechanical or freehand drawing, bookkeeping, stenography, or civil engineering, the recitations sent by mail are the means by which the schools are kept informed of the student's progress, and the interest and the quality of his work are kept up.

It can be truthfully said that education by correspondence, whether for the beginner, for the worker, or for the collegian who wishes to take a post-graduate course, is but

just beginning. That it will take the place of schools and colleges is not to be thought of, but there is no doubt that it helps great numbers of people, and especially people who work. Almost every branch of study is taught by the Chicago University's department of correspondence, and other institutions are doing the same work.

Reading Clubs for Women

By CHARLES F. RICHARDSON

SOME helpful hints on social literary work for women—hints which apply, for the most part, equally well to men, or to the literary clubs composed of both sexes—may well be reprinted here, from "The Christian Union," in lieu of further words of my own. "In every community," says that journal, "there are intelligent women, with considerable leisure at their command, who have a desire to be helpful, and in the same community there is a class of young women who need intellectual stimulus and guidance. How shall the two be brought together so that the supply shall meet the demand? Newspapers, magazines, and public libraries all serve an admirable purpose in the intellectual life of the community, but they are not sufficient. What is needed is personal influence and power, and this is just the element which intelligent women are able to supply. Almost every village, certainly every larger town, contains a number of recent graduates from high schools and seminaries, who are not able, for one reason or another, to complete their school education by a full college course. Now to girls of this class a woman of tact and intelligence can render the greatest possible service by helping them to preserve the habits of study they have already formed, to keep alive the intellectual interest and curiosity that have been awakened in them, and by giving them just that impulse which shall keep them drinking continually at the running

streams of knowledge. The training of the best schools fails unless it emphasizes the importance of continual and systematic study as the habit of a lifetime, but it is just this which large numbers of bright and promising graduates from the higher schools fail to carry away with them. They go home from their last term with a latent desire for fuller knowledge, but that desire is not strong enough to carry them through the interruptions home life brings to a regular course of study, and what they need is an impulse from without, and the guidance of some mature and trained mind. Any intelligent woman can find a noble work for herself by opening her doors to girls of this class, and providing in her home a kind of post-graduate course for them. No study and no teaching is so delightful as that which is full of the element of personality, in which teacher and scholars meet on a social basis, and as friends mutually interested in the same work, in which the methods are entirely informal and conversational, and the result the largest and freest discussion of the subject. An experiment of this kind need not be a heavy task on the teacher either in time or effort. A class may be formed which shall meet for an hour once or twice a week, taking any subject for study that has vital connection with life. Nothing could be more stimulating and interesting, for instance, than a study of the age of Pericles in Greek history, taking Curtius as a historical basis, and reading in connection an account of the Greek poets of that period, . . . to which may be profitably added discussions on the Grecian art of the day, and chapters from such books as Mahaffy's "Social Life among the Greeks." Half a dozen other historical epochs are quite as interesting and fruitful; that of Louis XIV., for instance, in French history; that of Elizabeth in English history, the richest and most fascinating epoch in the development of the English race. No subject will be more entertaining in itself or open up so many paths of private reading and study as English literature. An excellent plan would be to take Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature" as a connecting thread of study, and with it as a

guide to make the grand tour of English literature, taking each great author in his turn and making such study of his life and work as would be within the power of an ordinarily intelligent person. Different authors may be assigned to different members of the class, who shall specially study up and give account of them, so that the principal facts of their lives, the special qualities of their work, and the particular impulse which they imparted to their age may be made the possession of the whole class. Then there is the great field of art, which by the aid of the admirable text-books now being published may be intelligently and profitably traversed by those who have no opportunities for technical knowledge, but who desire to know art in its historical aspects, and to be able by knowledge of its historical development to understand the school of the present day. These hints will suggest a multiplicity of topics that might with the utmost profit be studied in this way. Every woman who desires to make the experiment can easily settle the question of what subject she shall take, by consulting her own culture, her own tastes, and the needs of those whom she wishes to help. The special knowledge to be imparted is not of so much value as the habit of study, which is to be strengthened and made continuous in the life of the student."

In the formation of classes like those indicated above—in which reading aloud must of course play a large part—or of Shakespeare clubs, or social literary organizations in general, two things should never be forgotten; that almost any kind of a beginning is better than none; and that the constitution and by-laws of the society, if it is deemed necessary to have any, should be of the simplest character possible.

Edward Everett Hale says that, in his experience as a parish minister, he looks back on the work which the reading-classes have done with him, with more satisfaction than on any other organized effort in which he has shared for the education of the young. His most important hints for the management of such classes are as follows:

"It seems desirable that a class shall be of such a size that

free conversation may be easy. If the number exceeds thirty, the members hardly become intimate with each other, and there is a certain shyness about speaking out in meeting. The size of the room has some effect in this matter.

"I think that in the choice of the subject the range may easily be too large. It seems desirable that the members of the class shall know at the beginning what their winter's work is to be so specifically that they can adjust to it their general readings. Even the choice of novels for relaxation, or the selection of what they will read and what they will not, in newspapers, magazines, and reviews, depends on this first choice of subject. The leader of the class should give a good deal of time to preparation. The more he knows, the better of course; but all that is absolutely necessary is that he shall keep a little in advance of the class and shall be willing to work and read. A true man or woman will, of course, confess ignorance frankly. I should rather have in a leader good practical knowledge of books of reference and the way to use public libraries than large specific knowledge of the subject in hand. Of course it would be better to have both. And I think a class is wise in leaving to its leader the selection of the topic. Granting these preliminaries, I should urge, and almost insist, that no one should attend the class who would not promise to attend to the end. Nothing is so ruinous as the presence of the virgins who have no oil in their vessels, and are in the outer darkness before the course is half done. I think it is well to agree in the beginning on a small fee—a dollar, or half a dollar—which can be expended in books of reference, or supper, or charity, or anything else desirable. The real object of the fee is weeding out unreliable members.

"Every member should have a note-book and pencil, and those who do not take notes should be expelled. What is heard at such classes, with no memorandum to connect it with after work, goes in at one ear and out at the other.

"To make sure that each member takes notes, it is well to keep one class journal. At the end of each meeting assign the making up of this journal to some one of the class,

selected by accident. The length of this journal should be limited—say to a single page of a writing-book. Otherwise the ambitious members vie with each other in making them long, which is in no way desirable. All you want is the merest brief of the work done at each meeting. . . .

"The leader will very soon get a knowledge of what the different members of the class can and will do. Indeed, the consideration of what they want to do will become an important part of his arrangements. He should remember that they are all volunteers, that it is no business of his to drive up a particular laggard to his work, but rather to make the class as profitable as he can for all."

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOOK

The Materials First Used

THE beginnings of book-making are traceable far back in the history of the race. It is interesting to note the various materials that were used for recording whatever it was desired to preserve. These included, as will be seen, vegetable substances, such as wood, tree barks, leaves, papyrus, linen; metallic substances, such as lead, copper, and brass; and the skins of animals.

Inscriptions on wood are very ancient. Tablets of wood were very early in use and seem to have been generally employed much in the same way as slates among ourselves; that is, for temporary writing, sometimes several leaves being bound together. The Greeks and Romans usually coated the boards with wax, on which the letters were traced with a stylus, or pen, commonly of iron, but also of gold, silver, brass, and sometimes ivory or bone. These instruments had one end pointed, to trace the letters, and the other broad and smooth, for the purpose of obliterating what had been written, by spreading back the wax, so as to render it fit to receive other words. In such books there was in the middle of each leaf a sort of button, to prevent the pages from touching each other when closed. But the greater warmth of their climate prevented the Jews from generally using wax; they therefore wrote on tablets with a kind of ink, which could be easily sponged out when necessary. Such tablets of wood were used long before the time of Homer, who lived one hundred and fifty years before Isaiah.

They were not wholly disused in Europe until the fourteenth century; and are still employed in North Africa, Western Asia, and Greece. The leaves of these tablet-books, whether of wood, metal, or ivory, were connected together by rings at the back, through which a rod was passed, that served as a handle to carry them by.

The fine inner bark of such trees as the lime, ash, maple, or elm, was early used as a substance for writing on. As such was called in Latin *liber*, this name came to be applied permanently to all kinds of books, and has, in a similar connection, been adopted into most European languages. These books, like all others of flexible materials, were rolled up to render them portable and to preserve the writing. They were usually rolled round a stick or cylinder; and if they were long, round two cylinders. Hence the name volume (*volumen*)—a thing rolled up—which continues to be applied to books very different from rolls.

Pliny thinks that the most early substance for writing on was the leaf of the palm-tree; meaning, we presume, the first flexible substance. Be this as it may, the process is certainly of very remote antiquity. At this day books made with the leaves of different trees are common among the Indian nations, and specimens of them are numerous. The palmyra leaf is that which is most generally used; but others are preferred in some parts, as those of the talipot-tree, in Ceylon, on account of its superior breadth and thickness. The letters are written, or rather engraved, with a fine-pointed stylus or sort of bodkin; and the writing is afterwards rubbed over with a composition of oil and pulverized charcoal, which renders the characters distinct and permanent.

Papyrus was a vegetable tissue, the manufacture of which originated and was, in a great degree, peculiar to Egypt. It is obtained from a bulrush which grew in the swamps of the Nile to the height of ten or fifteen feet. The parts used in making the papyrus were the thin concentric coats or pellicles that surround the triangular stalk; those nearest the center being the best and finest. A layer of these was laid out

lengthwise on a board, and another layer pasted over it crosswise; and after being pressed and dried in the sun the sheet was completed by the surface being polished with a shell, or other hard and smooth substance. A number of these sheets were glued together, to form a roll of required dimensions. The breadth was determined by the length of the slips taken from the plant; but the length might of course be carried to almost any extent. The largest that has yet been found is thirty feet long. The writing, as in all rolls of whatever material, is not across the length or breadth of the roll, but in columns, extended in the direction of the roll's breadth, with a blank strip between them. Many such rolls have been found in Egypt, in mummy-cases and earthen vessels, and many also in the houses excavated at Herculaneum. The superiority of the papyrus to all other materials previously known, brought it speedily into general use.

The use of linen, as a substance for writing on, is allowed to have been long prior to the invention of papyrus. Indeed, it is evident that when men had invented linen cloth for dress, they soon found how to adapt their tissues for writing on by priming or painting them all over, the writing itself being also rather painted than written, for inks of antiquity were rather paints than ink, containing no mordant to give them durability; resembling, in this, the inks now used in the East. That such writing was known to ancient Egyptians we know from the written bandages sometimes found on mummies. Linen books were mentioned by Pliny and Vopiscus; and Livy speaks of such books that were found in the temple of Moneta.

Tablets, and sometimes several tablets formed into a book, like the wooden tablets, consisting of plates of lead, copper, brass, and other metals, were anciently used, either to form leaves on which the wax might be spread or else for the writing to be engraved upon them. The latter process is exceedingly ancient. Writing on lead is mentioned by Job. Pliny says, "at first men wrote on the leaves of the palm, and the bark of certain other trees; but afterwards

public documents were preserved on leaden plates or sheets, and those of a private nature on wax and linen."

Montfaucon purchased at Rome, in 1699, an ancient book entirely composed of lead. Brass, as more durable, was used for inscriptions designed to last the longest, such as treaties, laws, and alliances. The public documents were, however, usually written on large tablets. The style, for writing on brass and other hard substances, was sometimes tipped with a diamond.

The skins of animals were in use long before parchment was invented. Herodotus mentions the barbarians as writing or painting on the skins of goats and sheep; and Diodorus describes the ancient Persian records as being kept on the same substance. Even in America the Mexicans had books of skins, and the Indians had maps painted on skins. It was also certainly one of the most ancient, if not the most ancient, form of portable writing.

Parchment is but an improvement, although a very important one, on the process just mentioned. The improvement is said to have been invented by Pergamos, at a time when Ptolemy Philadelphus prohibited the exportation of papyrus from Egypt with the view of obstructing the formation of a grand library which Eumenes, king of Pergamos, was forming, and which he feared might eclipse his own great library at Alexandria.

Parchment came to be employed for legal, sacred, and other particular classes of works; but the cheapness of papyrus and its durability maintained it still for general use.

Tablets and tablet-books of ivory, on the same principle as those of wood and metals, were anciently in use, much as they continue to be so among ourselves. They were written on with that paint-like ink which might be washed off when necessary. The Burmese have beautiful books formed of ivory sheets, stained black, on which the characters are gilt or enameled, and the margins adorned with gilding.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOOK

Forms of Ancient Books

THE old form of a book was the roll, the Latin *volumen*. The Greeks do not appear to have had any parallel expression at an early date; but later there was a term applicable to a roll containing a portion of a collection or of a great work.

There can be no doubt that the convenience of subdividing the lengthy works of authors into rolls of moderate size must have been appreciated in the earliest period of the publication of Greek literature, and, although the authors themselves may not originally have divided their writings into separate portions to suit the ordinary length of a conveniently-sized roll, yet the practice of the scribe would eventually react on the author. Thus we find the works of Homer divided into books of a length which could be contained in an ordinary roll; and we know that in the course of time authors did regularly adapt the divisions of their work to the customary length.

The roll was rolled on a stick, to which the last sheet of the papyrus was attached. A knob or button, usually of bone or wood, was affixed to each end of the stick, or, instead of the simple knob or button there was a tip of ivory or some such ornamental material, which might be either plain or colored. The edges of the roll were cut down and smoothed with pumice, and sometimes colored. The wrapper of an ordinary roll might be of common papyrus, in case of a more valuable work a vellum cover, stained with color, was used as a protection. For preservation against moths,

etc., cedar oil was rubbed on the papyrus. A good poem was worthy of this protection.

The rolls were kept in a chest or box. To tie bundles or rolls together was a destructive process, as the papyrus was injured. Extensive works were arranged in their chests in decades, triads, or other sets, as we know from the examples of the works of Livy, Dio Cassius, Varro, and others.

For the convenience of reference when the roll was placed in a box or on a shelf, a vellum label was attached to the edge of the roll and inscribed with the title of the work, and, for distinction, was also colored.

The text was written in columns. The lines of the columns ran parallel with the length of the roll; and lead was used for drawing the ruled lines. Such ruling, however, was not always, and perhaps not generally, employed, for the horizontal fiber of the papyrus itself was a sufficient guide for the lines of writing; and the fact that the marginal line of the columns frequently trends out of the perpendicular proves that in such instances there were no ruled lines to bound the columns laterally. These were generally narrow, at least in the texts which were written by skilled scribes for the market; and occasionally we find the letters made smaller at the end of the line in order to accommodate words to the available space. An example of writing in wide columns is seen in the papyrus of Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens—a MS. which was written for private use and not for sale.

The title of the work was written at the end. The reader unrolled the book with the right hand; with the left hand he rolled up what he had read. The inconvenience of writing on the back of the roll is obvious, and this practice was probably very seldom, if ever, followed in the case of works intended for sale.

After the establishment of the book shape in general use the roll form was almost entirely abandoned for literary purposes in the Middle Ages. It survived, however, for some of the Greek liturgies, for mortuary rolls, for pedigrees, for certain brief chronicles in which historical genealogies form

a principal feature, and in a few other instances, as in the "Exultet" rolls of Italy, in which it was found convenient. But in all these the writing was parallel with the breadth, not with the length, of the roll. For records, however, the roll form has been continued throughout the Middle Ages to our own day, particularly in England, where not only public documents relating to the business of the country, but also proceedings of private manorial courts and bailiffs' accounts, were almost invariably entered on rolls.

The Codex or Book

The earliest form of the book existed, in the case of waxen tablets, when two or more were fastened together and made a "caudex" or "codex." Hence vellum books, following the same arrangement, were also called "codices."

The vellum codex came into general use when it was found how conveniently it could contain a large work in a much smaller space than could the papyrus roll.

That vellum MSS. existed in the classical period at Rome we know from Martial's *Apophoreta*. But these must have been few in number and articles of luxury. It was the requirements of the lawyers which necessitated the casting of the great law-books into a convenient form for reference; and the vellum MS., more durable than papyrus and adapted for receiving writing on both sides of the leaves, satisfied those requirements in the most perfect manner.

Gatherings or Quires

The earliest MSS. on vellum are usually of the broad quarto size, in which the width equals, or nearly equals, the height. The quires of which they are composed consist, in most instances, of eight leaves, that is, of four folded sheets, and this number continued in general favor for all sizes of volumes throughout the Middle Ages. Quires of three sheets or six leaves, of five sheets or ten leaves, and of six sheets or twelve leaves, are also met with.

In putting together the sheets for the quire, care was generally taken to lay them in such a way that hair-side

faced hair-side, and flesh- (or inner) side faced flesh-side. Thus, when the book was opened, the two pages before the reader had the same appearance, either the yellow tinge of the hair-side or the whiter surface of the flesh-side. In Greek MSS. the arrangement of the sheets was afterwards reduced to a system; the first or lowest sheet being laid with the flesh-side downwards so that when the sheets were folded that side always formed the first page of the quire. In Latin MSS. the hair-side appears to have generally begun the quire.

In the earlier centuries of the Middle Ages the ruled lines of the vellum MSS. were drawn with a hard-pointed instrument, a blunt bodkin or stylus, on one side of the leaf, the lines being impressed with sufficient force to cause them to stand out in relief on the other side. The ruling was almost invariably on the hair- (or outer) side of the skin. Marginal lines were drawn to bound the text laterally. The distance of the horizontal lines from one another were marked off with pricks of the compass in vertical order down the page. In earlier MSS. these prickings are often found near the middle of the leaf, or at least within the space occupied by the text, and the lines were drawn right across the sheet and not confined within the vertical boundaries. It was afterwards the custom to prick off the spaces close to the margin and to keep the ruled lines within limits; and eventually the prickings often disappeared when the edges were shorn by the binder. Each sheet should be ruled separately; but two or more sheets were not infrequently laid and ruled together, the lines being so deeply drawn on the upper sheet that the lower sheets also received the impressions. In rare instances lines are found ruled on both sides of the leaf, as in some parts of the "Codex Alexandrinus." Ruling with the lead point or plummet came into ordinary use in the twelfth century; colored ink was also used for ruled lines in the fifteenth century.

Arrangement of the Text

The text, which in early MSS. was written continuously without separation of words, might be written across the

face of the page; and in poetical works no other arrangement could well be followed. But the arrangement in columns was usual. The number of columns in a page was ordinarily two; but three and even four were also allowed. The practice of writing without separating the words continued as a rule down to about the ninth century. But even when the scribes had begun to break their lines up into words, it still continued to be the fashion to attach short words to those which immediately followed them. It was hardly before the eleventh century that a perfect system of separately-written words was established in Latin MSS.

The first lines of the main divisions of the text were often written in red ink for distinction. In order to save space the letters were often written smaller towards the end of the line, and sometimes two or more letters were linked or combined in a monogrammatic form.

At first there was no enlargement of letters in any part of the text to mark the beginnings of sections or chapters; yet, in some of the earliest examples, the first letter of the page, without regard to its position in relation to the text, is made larger than the rest.

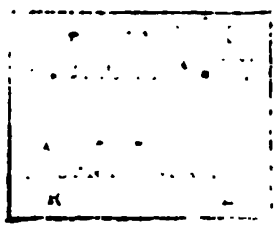
Rubrics and titles and colophons (that is, titles, etc., written at the end of the books) were at first written in the same characters as the text. Running titles, or head-lines, appear in even some of the earliest MSS., in the same characters as the text, but of smaller size.

The coupling stroke, or hyphen, to indicate connection of the two parts of the divided word, appears to have been unknown in the early centuries. A point performs this duty in early instances. In the eleventh century the hyphen at the end of the line shows itself on a few occasions; in the twelfth century it becomes more systematic, and is also repeated at the beginning of the next line.

Books of Clay

Recent excavations in Nineveh have brought to light whole libraries of the curious baked clay cylinders which were kept on shelves as modern books are. They go back

THE ENGRAVER



as far as six or seven thousand years, and are readily decipherable by Assyrian scholars. The Assyrians could write with a cut reed upon prepared skins, wooden tablets, and even upon the papyri brought from Egypt by the caravans. They used a cursive character derived from the Phœnician alphabet. The scribes used this writing for registering the booty taken during a war, the tributes, taxes, and the business of current administrations, which did not require the minutes to be preserved for a long time. When the subject of the work was history, literature, or official documents that must be deposited in the archives, they resorted to the old Chaldean characters and clay tablets. This system had some inconveniences and a great many advantages. The books of baked earth were inconvenient to handle, the characters were not clearly defined against the yellow color of the clay; but, on the other hand, a work cut upon brick and incorporated with it, incurred less danger than a work written in ink upon rolls of papyrus. Fire could not hurt it, water could not injure it for a long time, and if it was broken the pieces were still good; provided they were not reduced to powder, they could generally be readjusted and the text deciphered. The inscriptions found in the foundations of the most ancient temples, several of which are sixty or seventy centuries old, are, as a rule, clear and legible, as though they had just left the hands of the scribe who traced them and the potter who baked them. This certainly would not have been the case had their authors confided them to the papyrus, like the Egyptian scribes. The chief danger they encounter is to remain forgotten in the corner of a room, or buried beneath the ruins of an edifice; then they sleep, so to speak, for many years, or even centuries, until the day when a chance excavation, or the intelligent search of a learned man, discovers them and restores them to the light. The official records of King Assurbanipal are of remarkable range and interest.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOOK

The Earliest Printed Books and Libraries

IN an age like the present it is difficult to conceive the intellectual condition of our ancestors of the Middle Ages, who, living before the invention of printing, were almost wholly without books.

Less than five hundred years ago such books as there were belonged exclusively to scholars, or rather to the ecclesiastical corporations, which, under the name of abbeys, monasteries, and the like, included amongst their members, not only anybody that had any pretence to learning, but almost everybody that had the ability to read. An old writer, Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, who, in 1344, wrote a Latin treatise on the "love of books," avowedly prepared it solely for the clergy, and seems to have treated the notion of there being any other class of readers with a magnificent contempt. "Laymen," says he, "to whom it matters not whether they look at a book turned wrong side upwards, or spread before them in its natural order, are altogether unworthy of any communion with books." It is presumable that he would not have said this if laymen had then been at all in the habit of reading. It is indeed a fact that even many of the clergy, and men of the monastic orders, were very imperfect readers; and, according to the good bishop's views of their qualifications, some of them were hardly more fit to be intrusted with books than the despised and unlettered laity. In the treatise alluded to the bishop is not sparing of his reproach in regard to the fre-

quent misuse of books, which had come under his notice. He reprobates the unwashed hands, the dirty nails, the greasy elbows leaning upon the volume, the munching of fruit and cheese over the open leaves, which were the marks of careless and idle readers. With a solemn reverence for a book, at which we may now smile, but for which we can hardly help respecting him, he says: "Let there be a mature decorum in opening and closing volumes, that they may neither be unclasped with propitious haste, nor thrown aside after inspection without being duly closed"—an admonition still worthy of attention in certain quarters, though, of course, its observance is not of so much consequence as it was in the fourteenth century, before the invention of printing.

The good bishop's own collection of manuscript books was a somewhat considerable one for the time in which he lived; and he appears to have made a goodly use of it. He bestowed a number of volumes upon a company of scholars residing in one of the Halls at Oxford, and instituted "a provident arrangement" for lending books to strangers—meaning by strangers students of Oxford not belonging to that Hall. One curious item of the arrangement can be quoted: "Five of the scholars dwelling in the aforesaid Hall are to be appointed by the Master of the same Hall, to whom the custody of the books is to be deputed; of which five, three—and in no case fewer—shall be competent to lend any book for inspection and use only; but for copying or transcribing, we will not allow any books to pass without the walls of the house. Therefore, when any scholar, whether secular or religious, whom we have deemed qualified for the present favor, shall demand a loan of a book, the keepers must carefully consider whether they have a duplicate of that book; and if so, they may lend it to him, taking a security which, in their opinion, shall exceed in value the book delivered." Anthony Wood, who in the seventeenth century wrote the lives of the eminent Oxford men, speaks of his library as formerly containing more books than all the bishops of England at the same time possessed. He tells

us further that, "after they had been received, they were for many years kept in chests, under the custody of several students deputed for that purpose." In the time of Henry IV. a library was built in the college which is now called Trinity College, and then "the said books were put in pews, or studies, and chained to them." The statutes of St. Mary's College, Oxford, in the reign of Henry VI. are quoted as furnishing a remarkable instance of the inconveniences and impediments to study which must have been produced by a scarcity of books: "Let no scholar," says one of them, "occupy a book in the library above one hour, or two hours at the most, so that others shall be hindered from the use of the same." From this we learn at once the exceeding scarcity of books in those times, and the great care that was taken to preserve them. At an earlier period, however, the scarcity must have been still greater, and the process of reading of a slower operation, as we find that it was the custom of librarians in the monasteries to give out a book to each member of the fraternity at the beginning of Lent, to be read diligently during the year, and to be returned the Lent following. The original practice of keeping the books in chests would seem to indicate that they could not be very frequently changed by the readers; and the subsequent plan of chaining them to the desks suggests the notion that, like many other things tempting by their rarity, they could not be safely trusted to anybody's hands. It was a very common thing to write on the first leaf of a book: "Cursed be he who shall steal, or tear out the leaves, or in any way injure this book."

But notwithstanding this primitive difficulty of getting access to books there is abundant historical evidence to show that the ecclesiastics of those olden times did their utmost to multiply them for the uses of their particular establishments. In every great abbey there was a room called the scriptorium, or writing-room, where boys and novices were constantly employed in copying the service-books of the choir, and the less valuable books for the library; whilst the monks themselves labored in their cells in transcribing

missals and compendiums of the Bible. Equal pains were taken in providing books for those who received a liberal education in collegiate establishments. At the foundation of Winchester College one or more transcribers were hired and employed by the founder to make books for the library. They transcribed books and took their commons with the college, as appears by computations of expenses on their account now remaining. But there are several indications that even kings and nobles had not the advantages of scholars by profession, and, possessing few books of their own, had sometimes to borrow of their more favored subjects. The books that were to be found in the palaces of the great, a little while before the introduction of printing, were for the most part highly illuminated manuscripts, and bound in the most expensive style. In the wardrobe accounts of King Edward IV. it is stated that Piers Baudwyn is paid for "binding, gilding, and dressing of two books, twenty shillings each, and of four books, sixteen shillings each." It should be borne in mind that twenty shillings in those days would have bought an ox. But this cost of binding and garnishing did not include the whole expenses; for, we are informed, there were delivered to the binder no less than six yards of velvet, six yards of silk, laces ,tassels, copper and gilt clasps, and gilt nails. As the price of velvet and silk was then enormous we may conclude that these royal books were as much for show as use.

One of the books thus garnished by Edward IV.'s binder, is called "Le Bible Historiaux," a work of which several manuscript copies may still be seen in the British Museum. In one of them the following paragraph is written in French: "This book was taken from the King of France at the battle of Poitiers; and the good Count of Salisbury, William Mountague, bought it for a hundred marks and gave it to his lady, Elizabeth the good countess. . . . Which book the said countess assigned to her executors, to sell for forty livres." The rich not only procured books by purchase but employed transcribers expressly to make them for their own libraries. In the manuscript account of the expenses

of Sir John Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, it is stated that in 1467, Thomas Lympnor—that is, Thomas the Limner—of Bury, was paid the sum of fifty shillings and twopence for a book which he had transcribed and ornamented, including vellum and binding. The limner's bill is made up of a number of items—for whole vignettes and half-vignettes, capital letters, flourishings, and plain writing.

That books were in those days luxuries which few people could spare the money for, may be seen from a letter of Sir John Paston. Writing to his mother, in 1474, he says: "As for the books that were Sir James's [the priest's], if it like you that I may have them, I am not able to buy them, but somewhat would I give; and [as to] the remainder, with a good devout heart, by my troth, I will pray for his soul." Think of a man seriously proposing to pray for a person's soul by way of paying the balance of a valuation for books which he could not meet in cash! Sir John's offer reflects the simple piety of his time.

Bookselling in those days had not yet grown to be a separate or special business; but it nevertheless appears there was an actual trade in books, and that there were schemes and plans devised for making them, to some extent, of general use. In Paris, as early as the middle of the fourteenth century, people who dealt occasionally in books were commanded to keep a number of them for hire; and in a register of the University of Paris M. Chevillier found a list of books so circulated, and the price of reading each. Of course the circulation must have been limited to persons of rank and learning.

If the nobles, the higher gentry, and even the lawyers and ecclesiastics, were indifferently provided with books, we cannot suppose that the yeomen had any books at all. The merchants and citizens were probably somewhat better provided. The laborers, who were scarcely yet established in their freedom from bondage to one lord, were probably, as a class, wholly unable to use books at all. Shakespeare, in all likelihood, did not much exaggerate the feelings of ignorant men, who, at the same time, were oppressed men,

when he put these words in the mouth of Jack Cade, when addressing Lord Say: "Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of this realm, in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill." The poet has a little deranged the exact order of events, as poets are justified in doing, who look at history not with chronological accuracy, but with a broad view of the connection between events and principles. The insurrection of Cade preceded the introduction of printing and paper-mills into England.

LISTS OF BEST BOOKS

The Best Histories

THE following list comprises for the most part the books selected by Irving Putnam, as suited to the use of the general reader, not the special student. The books here noted are such as may be deemed essential to begin the study of history. The entire list is purchasable for a little over $400. The citations are made from original editions; but in many cases a cheaper form may be obtained. The descriptive notes are Mr. Putnam's selection, for the most part, from Adams' "Manual of Historical Literature" and Sonnenschein's "Best Books." The classification includes: General Works, Philosophy of History, History of Civilization, Primitive Society, Ancient History, Jews, Egypt, Greece, Rome, Mediæval, and Modern Italy, Mediæval and Modern Europe, France, Germany, Austria, Netherlands, Spain and Portugal, Switzerland, Scandinavia, Russia, China and Japan, Great Britain, United States, Mexico, South America, and West Indies.

GENERAL WORKS

EPITOME OF ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL, AND MODERN HISTORY. By Carl Ploetz.

OUTLINES OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY. By G. P. Fisher. 2 vols.

PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY

PHYSICS AND POLITICS. By Walter Bagehot.

WHAT DOES HISTORY TEACH? By J. S. Blackie.

METHODS OF HISTORICAL STUDY. By E. A. Freeman.

THE MEANING OF HISTORY. By F. Harrison.

HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION

HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE, SPAIN AND SCOTLAND. By H. T. Buckle. 3 vols.

HISTORY OF THE INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. By J W Draper 2 vols.

HISTORY OF EUROPEAN MORALS (Augustus to Charlemagne). By W. E. H. Lecky. 2 vols.

PRIMITIVE SOCIETY

CHILDHOOD OF THE WORLD: Man in Early Times. By Edward Clodd

THE DAWN OF HISTORY: An Introduction to Prehistoric Study. By C. F Keary.

PRIMITIVE CULTURE· Researches into Mythology. Philosophy Religion, Art, Customs, etc. By E B. Tyler. 2 vols

ANCIENT HISTORY

HISTORY OF ANCIENT PEOPLES. By W. Boughton.

THE STORY OF ASSYRIA: THE STORY OF CHALDEA. By Z. A. Ragozin. 2 vols.

JEWS

THE STORY OF THE JEWS. By J. K. Hosmer.

HISTORY OF THE JEWS. By Flavius Josephus. Translated by Whiston. 4 vols.

EGYPT

EGYPTIAN ARCHÆOLOGY. By G. Maspero. Translated by Amelia B. Edwards

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS. By J. G. Wilkinson. 3 vols.

THE STORY OF ANCIENT EGYPT By G. Rawlinson.

GREECE

WORKS OF HERODOTUS. Translated by Rawlinson and Wilkinson. 4 vols.

GENERAL HISTORY OF GREECE (to the death of Alexander). By G. W. Cox.

HISTORY OF GREECE, from Earliest Times to the Thirty Years' Peace, 445 B.C. By Evelyn Abbott. 2 vols.

HISTORY OF GREECE (to Alexander the Great). By George Grote. 10 vols.

SOCIAL LIFE IN GREECE (Homer to Menander). By J. P. Mahaffy.

NEW CHAPTERS IN GREEK HISTORY. An Account of the Historical Results of Recent Excavations in Greece and Asia Minor. By Percy Gardner.

ROME

ROMAN HISTORY (to A.D. 390). By Livy. 4 vols.

GENERAL HISTORY OF ROME (B.C 753–A.D. 476). By C. Merivale.

HISTORY OF ROME TO THE TIME OF AUGUSTUS (B.C. 46). By Theodor Mommsen. 4 vols.

HISTORY OF THE ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE (B.C. 60–A.D. 180). By C. Merivale. 8 vols.

ROME AND POMPEII: Archaeological Rambles. By Gaston Boissier.

HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By Edward Gibbon. 8 vols.

THE CHURCH IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE (A D 64–170). By W. M. Ramsay.

CICERO AND HIS FRIENDS. A Study of Roman Society in the Time of Caesar. By Gaston Boissier.

ROME OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY: The Pagan City. By John Dennis.

MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN ITALY

HISTORY OF ITALY (476–1870). By W. Hunt.
HISTORY OF THE ITALIAN REPUBLICS. By J. C L. De Sismondi.
VENICE: A Historical Sketch. By H. F. Brown.
ITALY, FROM THE FALL OF NAPOLEON TO THE DEATH OF VICTOR EMMANUEL (1815–1878). By J. W. Probyn.
THE STORY OF THE TUSCAN REPUBLICS. By Bella Duffy.
THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY. By J. A. Symonds. 7 vols.

MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN EUROPE

THE STORY OF THE CRUSADES. By T. A. Archer
THE STORY OF THE HANSA TOWNS. By Helen Zimmern.
THE BEGINNINGS OF THE MIDDLE AGES (500–1000 A.D.). By R. W. Church.
CHRONICLES OF ENGLAND FRANCE AND SPAIN (1326–1400). By J. Froissart. 2 vols.
THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE. By James Bryce.
HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By H C. Lea. 3 vols.
THE ERA OF THE PROTESTANT REVOLUTION. By Frederick Seebohm.
HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF EUROPE. Text IV. Atlas IV. By E. A. Freeman. 2 vols.
THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT OF 1848–49 (Italy Austria, Hungary and Germany). By C. E. Maurice.
THE HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN EUROPE (from the Congress of Vienna to the Present Time). By C. M. Andrews. 2 vols.

FRANCE

HISTORY OF FRANCE TO 1870. With Continuation to 1896. Translated. By Victor Duruy. 2 vols.
GUIZOT'S HISTORY OF FRANCE. Abridged by G. Masson
HISTORY OF FRANCE FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO 1848. By F. P. G. Guizot. Edited by Mme. De Witt. 8 vols.
THE STORY OF MEDIÆVAL FRANCE. By Gustave Masson
FRANCE UNDER RICHELIEU AND MAZARIN. By J. B. Perkins. 2 vols.
FRANCE UNDER THE REGENCY AND LOUIS XIV. By J. B. Perkins.
FRANCE UNDER LOUIS XV. By J. B. Perkins. 2 vols.
OLD COURT LIFE IN FRANCE. By Frances Elliot. 2 vols.
THE STORY OF THE FRANKS. By Lewis Sergeant.
THE ANCIENT RÉGIME. By H A. Taine.
TRAVELS IN FRANCE DURING THE YEARS 1787-8-9. By Arthur Young. 2 vols.
HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Thomas Carlyle. 3 vols.
THE REVOLUTION. By H. A. Taine. 3 vols.
HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION (1789–1814). By F. A. M. Mignet.
THE SOCIAL CONTRACT. By J. J. Rousseau.
THE MODERN RÉGIME: Contemporary France By H. A. Taine.
THE HISTORY OF A CRIME. By Victor Hugo.

GERMANY

THE STORY OF GERMANY. By S. Baring-Gould.
A HISTORY OF GERMANY FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES. By C. T. Lewis.
THE FOUNDING OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE. By Heinrich von Sybel. 7 vols.
HISTORY OF PRUSSIA (1134–1757). By Herbert Tuttle. 4 vols.
IMPERIAL GERMANY. By Sidney Whitman.
HISTORY OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR. By Anton Gindely. 2 vols.
THE REFOUNDING OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE. By G. B. Malleson.

AUSTRIA

THE STORY OF AUSTRIA. By Sidney Whitman.

HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF AUSTRIA (1218–1792). With Continuation to 1848. By William Coxe. 4 vols.

NETHERLANDS

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC. By J. L. Motley. 3 vols.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS (from the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce of 1609). By J L Motley. 4 vols.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL

THE STORY OF SPAIN. By E. E. and Susan Hale.

THE HISTORY OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL (to 1768). By A. Dunham. 5 vols.

THE STORY OF MODERN SPAIN. By M. A. S. Hume.

HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA, (1479–1516) By W. H. Prescott. 2 vols.

CHRONICLES OF THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA. By Washington Irving. 2 vols.

HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF PHILIP II., KING OF SPAIN (to 1580). By W. H. Prescott. 2 vols.

SWITZERLAND

THE STORY OF SWITZERLAND. By Mrs. A. Hug and R. Stead.

SCANDINAVIA

THE VIKINGS OF WESTERN CHRISTENDOM (789–888). By C. F. Keary.

THE STORY OF NORWAY. By H. H. Boyesen.

RUSSIA

THE STORY OF RUSSIA. By W. R. Morfell.

THE HISTORY OF RUSSIA FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO 1877. By Alfred Rambaud. 3 vols.

THE EMPIRE OF THE CZARS AND THE RUSSIANS: The Country and its Inhabitants; The Institutions; The Religion. By Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu. 3 vols.

CHINA AND JAPAN

THE STORY OF CHINA. By R. K. Douglas.

THE STORY OF JAPAN. By David Murray.

GREAT BRITAIN

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE (607–1873) By J. R. Green. 4 vols.

A STUDENT'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND (B.C. 55–A.D. 1885). By S. R. Gardiner. 3 vols.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE INVASION OF JULIUS CÆSAR TO THE REVOLUTION OF 1688. By David Hume. 6 vols.

SOCIAL ENGLAND. A Record of the Progress of the People in Religion, Laws, Learning, Arts, Science, Literature, Industry, Commerce, and Manners. From the Earliest Times to the Persent Day. By various writers. Edited by H. D. Traill 1. To the Accession of Edward I. 2. To the Death of Henry VII 3. To the Death of Elizabeth. 4 To the Death of

Anne. 5 To the Battle of Waterloo. 6. To the General Election of 1885. 6 vols.

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THE STORY OF EARLY BRITAIN. By A. J. Church.

THE HISTORY OF THE NORMAN CONQUEST OF ENGLAND. Its Causes and Its Results. By E. A. Freeman. 6 vols.

THE REIGN OF WILLIAM RUFUS AND THE ACCESSION OF HENRY I. By E. A. Freeman. 2 vols.

SIX CENTURIES OF WORK AND WAGES The History of English Labor, 1250–1883. By J. E. Thorold Rogers

THE INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By J. E. Thorold Rogers.

THE EARLY PLANTAGENETS. By W. Stubbs.

THE HOUSES OF LANCASTER AND YORK WITH THE CONQUEST AND LOSS OF FRANCE By James Gairdner.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE FALL OF WOLSEY TO THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH, (1529–1588). By J. A. Froude. 12 vols.

UTOPIA. By Sir Thomas More.

THE PURITAN REVOLUTION, (1603–60). By S. R. Gardiner.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE ACCESSION OF JAMES II. (1685–1702) By T. B. Macaulay. 5 vols.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (1700–1800). By W. E. H. Lecky. 8 vols.

A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES FROM THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA (1837–90). By Justin McCarthy. 5 vols.

UNITED STATES

AMERICA: A HISTORY. By Robert Mackenzie

THE UNITED STATES: An Outline of Political History (1492–1871). By Goldwin Smith.

THE HOUSEHOLD HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES AND ITS PEOPLE. By Edward Eggleston.

EPOCHS OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

THE COLONIES. 1492–1763. By R. G. Thwaites.

FORMATION OF THE UNION, 1763–1820. By A. B. Hart.

DIVISION AND REUNION, 1829–1889. By Woodrow Wilson. 3 vols

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HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA UNDER THE CON-

STITUTION, 1783-1865. By Henry Adams. Vol. 1–6.

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HISTORY OF AMERICAN POLITICS. By Alexander Johnston.

AMERICAN OPINIONS. From the Colonial Period to the Present Time. Selected with special reference to their value in throwing light upon the more important epochs and issues of American History. Edited by Alexander Johnston and J. A. Woodburn. 4 vols

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WAR OF SECESSION. By Rossiter Johnson.

THE STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR. A Concise Account of the War in the United States of America, 1861–65. By J. C. Ropes.

MEXICO, SOUTH AMERICA, AND WEST INDIES

HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO. By W. H. Prescott. 2 vols.

THE STORY OF MEXICO. By Susan Hale.

HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF PERU. By W. H. Prescott. 2 vols.

A HISTORY OF PERU. By C. R. Markham.

A HISTORY OF CHILE. By A. U. Hancock.

THE STORY OF THE WEST INDIES By A. U. Hancock.

LISTS OF BEST BOOKS

One Hundred Important Biographies

THE following list of one hundred works comprises sixty-one in historical and political biography and thirty-nine in literary and miscellaneous biography. The selection was made by Irving Putnam, and contributed to the New York "Times," Saturday Review.

AGASSIZ, LOUIS (1807–73)—Life and Work. By C. F Holder.

ALBERT, PRINCE CONSORT (1819–61)—Life. By Theodore Martin. 5 vols.

D'ARBLAY, MME. (Frances Burney, 1752–1840)—Diary and Letters. 4 vols.

AUDUBON, JOHN J. (1780–1851)—Life and Journals. Edited by his widow.

ALFRED THE GREAT, (848–901)—Life. By Thomas Hughes.

BACON, FRANCIS (1561–1626)—Life and Times. By Spedding. 2 vols.

BAYARD, CHEVALIER (1476–1524)—Story of. By G. de Berville. (Translated.)

BARNEVELD, JOHN OF (1542–1619)—Life and Death. By J. L. Motley. 2 vols.

BROUGHAM, HENRY (First Lord, 1779–1868)—Life and Times. By Himself. 3 vols.

BRUCE, ROBERT (1274–1329)—And the Struggle for Scottish Independence. By Sir Horace Maxwell.

BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, LORD (1779–1852)—Life and Letters. By Thomas Moore.

CÆSAR, JULIUS (B C. 100–144)—And the Foundation of the Roman Empire. By W. Warde Fowler.

CARLYLE, THOMAS (1795–1881)—Life. By J. A Froude. 4 vols.

CELLINI, BENVENUTO (1500–71)—Autobiography. Translated by J. Addington Symonds. 2 vols.

CHARLES THE BOLD (Duke of Burgundy, 1433–77)—Life. By J. F. Kirk. 3 vols.

CHAUCER, GEOFFREY (1328–1400)—Studies in Chaucer: His Life and Writings. By T. R. Lounsbury. 3 vols.

COMMINES, PHILIP DE (1445–1509)—Memoirs. Containing the Histories of Louis XI. and Charles VIII., and of Charles the Bold. 2 vols.

CICERO, MARCUS TULLIUS (B.C. 106–43)—And the Fall of the Roman Republic. By J. L. Strachan-Davidson.

CHARLES XII. (King of Sweden, 1682–1719)—And the Collapse of the Swedish Empire. By R. N. Bain.

CID CAMPEADOR (1040–90)—And the Waning of the Crescent in the West. By H. B. Clark.

CLAY, HENRY (1777–1852)—Life By Carl Schurz. 2 vols.

COLUMBUS, CHRISTOPHER (1435–1506)—Life and Voyages. To which are added those of his companions. By Washington Irving. 3 vols.

CROMWELL, OLIVER (1599–1658)—Letters and Speeches. By Thomas Carlyle. 4 vols.

CROMWELL, OLIVER—A History. Comprising a narrative of his life, with extracts from his letters and speeches, and an account of the Political, Religious, and Military Affairs of England during his time. By S. H. Church.

DARWIN, CHARLES (1809–1882)—His Life and Works. By C. F. Holder.

DICKENS, CHARLES (1812-70)—Life. By John Forster. 3 vols.

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO (1803–82)—Life By J. E. Cabot. 2 vols.

EVELYN, JOHN (1620–1706)—Diary and Correspondence. 4 vols.

FOX, CHARLES J. (1749–1806)—Early History. By G. O. Trevelyan.

FRANCIS I. (1494–1547)—Court and Reign. By Julia Pardoe. 3 vols.

FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN (1706–90)—Life. Based on his autobiography. By John Bigelow. 3 vols.

FULTON, ROBERT (1765–1815)—And the History of Steam Navigation. By T. W Knox.

GEORGE ELIOT (Mary Ann Evans Cross, 1819–80)—Life. By J. W. Cross.

GIBBON, EDWARD (1737–94)—Autobiography and Letters. 3 vols.

GOETHE, J. W. VON (1749–1832)—Life. By G. H. Lewes.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER (1728-74)—Life. By Washington Irving.

GRANT, ULYSSES S. (1822–84)—Personal Memoirs. 2 vols.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS (1594–1632)—And the Struggle of Protestantism for Existence. By C. R. Fletcher.

GUESCLIN, BERTRAND DU (1314–80)—His Life and Times. By E. V. Stoddard.

HAMILTON, ALEXANDER (1757–1804)—Life. By H. C. Lodge.

HAMPDEN, JOHN (1594–1643)—Memorials, etc., of His Times. By Lord Nugent.

HARE, A. J. C. (1834)—Memorials of a Quiet Life.

HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL (1804–64)—And His Wife. By Julian Hawthorne. 2 vols.

HENRY III. (1551–89)—His Court and Times. By M. W. Freer. 3 vols.

HOLMES, O. W. (1809–94)—Life and Letters. By J. T. Morse.

HANNIBAL (B.C. 247–183)—And the Crisis of the Struggle between Carthage and Rome. By W. O'Connor Morris.

HENRY IV. (of Navarre, 1553–1610)—And the Huguenots in France. By P. F. Willert.

IRVING, WASHINGTON (1783–1859)—Life and Letters. By Pierre M. Irving. 3 vols.

JEANNE D'ARC (1402–31)—Her Life and Death. By M. O. W. Oliphant.

JOHNSON, SAMUEL (1709–84)—Life. By James Boswell. Edited by T. Birkbeck Hill. 6 vols.

KINGSLEY, CHARLES (1819–75)—Life and Letters. By His Wife. 2 vols.

LINCOLN, ABRAHAM (1809–65)—A History. By Nicolay and Hay. 10 vols.

LINCOLN, ABRAHAM — Life. By Noah Brooks.

LONGFELLOW, H. W. (1807–82)—Life and Journals. By Samuel Longfellow. 3 vols.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL (1819–91)—Letters. Edited by C. E. Norton. 2 vols.

LOUIS XIV. (1638–1715)—And the Zenith of the French Monarchy. By Arthur Hassall.

MACHIAVELLI, NICCOLO DI (1469–1527)—Life and Times. By P. Villari. (Translated.) 2 vols.

MACAULAY, T. B. (1800–59)—Life and Letters. By G. O. Trevelyan. 2 vols.

MAHOMET (570–632)—And His Successors. By Washington Irving. 2 vols.

MEDICI, LORENZO DE' (1448–92)—Life. By Edward Armstrong.

MARIE ANTOINETTE (1755–93)—Private Life. By Mme. Campan.

MARTINEAU, HARRIET (1802–76)—Autobiography. 2 vols

MICHAEL ANGELO (1474–1564)—Life. By H. Grimm. (Translated.) 2 vols.

MILTON, JOHN (1608–74)—Life and Times. By David Masson. 6 vols.

MOTLEY, J. L. (1814–77)—Correspondence. Edited by G. W. Curtis. 2 vols.

NAPOLEON I. (1769–1821)—History of. By P. Lanfrey. 4 vols.

NAPOLEON, WARRIOR AND RULER—And the Military Supremacy of France. By W. O'Connor Morris.

NELSON, HORATIO, LORD (1758–1805)—And the Naval Supremacy of England. By W. Clark Russell.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. By William M. Sloane.

PAINE, THOMAS (1737–1809)—Life. By Moncure D. Conway. 2 vols.

PARE, AMBROISE (1510–90)—Life and Times. By Stephen Paget.

PETER THE GREAT (1672–1725)—A History. By Eugene Schuyler. 2 vols.

PEPYS, SAMUEL (1632–1703)—Diary, Correspondence, and Life. 10 vols.

PENN, WILLIAM (1644–1718)—Historical Biography By W. H. Dixon.

PERICLES, (B.C.–429)—And the Golden Ages of Athens. By Evelyn Abbott.

PITT, WILLAM, THE "GREAT COMMONER" (1759–1806)—Life. By Earl Stanhope. 3 vols.

PLUTARCH (First Century)—Lives of Illustrious Greeks and Romans. The translation called Dryden's. Edited by A. H. Clough. 5 vols.

ROUSSEAU, J. J. (1712–78)—Life. By John Morley. 2 vols.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER (1771–1832)—Life. By J. G Lockhart. 10 vols.

SELWYN, GEORGE (1719–91)—And His Contemporaries. By J. H. Jesse. 4 vols.

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM (1564–1616)—Life. By Sidney Lee.

SHELLEY, P. B. (1792–1822)—Life. By E. Dowden.

SHERIDAN, R. B. (1751–1816)—Memoirs. By Thomas Moore. 2 vols.

SMITH, SYDNEY (1771–1845)—Memorials By Lady Holland. 2 vols.

STEIN H. F K., BARON VON (1757–1831)—Life and Times; or Germany and Prussia in the Napoleonic Age. By J. R. Seeley. 3 vols.

STEPHEN, SIR J. F. (1829–94)—Life. By Leslie Stephen.

STERLING JOHN (1806–44)—Life. By Thomas Carlyle.

SALADIN (1137–93)—And the Fall of the Kingdom of Jerusalem. By Stanley Lane-Poole.

SAVONAROLA, GIROLAMO (1452–98)—Life and Times. By P. Villari. (Translated.) 2 vols.

SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP (1554–86)—Type of Chivalry in the Elizabethan Age By H. R. Fox-Bourne.

SULLY, DUKE OF, PRIME MINISTER OF HENRY IV. (1560–1641)—Memoirs. (Translated.) 4 vols.

TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD (1809–92)—Life and Letters. By His Son. 2 vols.

TENNYSON, HIS HOMES, HIS FRIENDS, AND HIS WORK. By E. L. Cary.

WALPOLE, HORACE (Earl of Orford, 1747–97)—Letters. Edited by Peter Cunningham 9 vols.

WASHINGTON GEORGE (1732–99)—Life. By Washington Irving. 5 vols

WOLSEY, THOMAS, CARDINAL (1471–1530)—Life. By George Cavendish.

WILLIAM THE SILENT (Prince of Orange 1533–84), the Moderate Man of the Sixteenth Century The Story of His Life. By Ruth Putnam. 2 vols.

VOLTAIRE, F. M. (1694–1778)—Life. By John Morley.

LISTS OF BEST BOOKS

Essays and Essayists

THE following list attempts to give a suggestive course in essay literature. It will be seen that some pieces of writing are included which are not usually called essays—a term not in use to define a literary form before Montaigne. A little thought will perhaps discover to the reader the propriety of the selection in that the works chosen bear a relationship through their similarity of treatment.

PLATO (c. 429–347 B.C.).
"Crito."
"Phaedo."
Deal with the imprisonment and death of Socrates.

PLUTARCH (c. 46 A.D.—?).
"Morals."

BURY, RICHARD DE (1281–1345).
"Philobiblon."
A celebrated essay of the Middle Ages on the love of books.

ASCHAM, ROGER (1515–1568).
"The Schoolmaster."
On the superiority of English education for an Englishman.

MONTAIGNE, MICHEL EYQUEM DE (1533–1592).
"Essays."

BACON, FRANCIS (1561–1626).
"Essays, or Counsels Civil and Moral."
"Wisdom of the Ancients."
"Apothegms."

OVERBURY, SIR THOMAS (1581–1613).
"Characters."
Compact and witty sketches of types.

SELDEN, JOHN (1584–1654).
"Table Talk."

WALTON, IZAAK (1593–1683).
"The Complete Angler."

BROWNE, SIR THOMAS (1605–1682).
"Religio Medici."
"Urn Burial."
An essay on the burial customs of the ancients.

FULLER, THOMAS (1608–1661).
"The Holy and Profane States."
Character-writing like that of Sir Thomas Overbury, moral essays, and short biographical sketches.

HYDE, EDWARD (Earl of Clarendon) (1608–1674).
See his sketches of the characters of Hampden and Cromwell in his "History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England."

COWLEY, ABRAHAM (1618–1667).
"Essays in Verse and Prose."

PASCAL, BLAISE (1623–1662).
"Thoughts."
English translation by C. Kegan Paul.

DRYDEN, JOHN (1631–1700).
"Essay on Dramatic Poesy."

SWIFT, JONATHAN (1667–1745).
"An Essay on Modern Education."

ADDISON, JOSEPH (1672–1719).
"Spectator" Papers, especially the De Coverley Papers.
STEELE, SIR RICHARD (1672–1729).
Papers from "The Tatler."
STANHOPE, PHILIP DORMER (Lord Chesterfield) (1694–1773).
"Letters to His Son."
JOHNSON, SAMUEL (1709–1784).
Essays from "The Idler."
"Lives of the Poets."
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER (1728–1774).
"The Citizen of the World."
"The Bee."
SMITH, SYDNEY (1771–1845).
See "Bon Mots of Smith and Sheridan."
LAMB, CHARLES (1775–1834).
"Essays of Elia."
LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE (1775–1864).
"Imaginary Conversations."
DIBDEN, THOMAS FROGNALL (1776–1847).
"The Bibliomania."
HAZLITT, WILLIAM (1778–1830).
"Lectures on the Literature of the Age of Elizabeth and Characters of Shakespeare's Plays."
"The Spirit of the Age."
IRVING, WASHINGTON (1783–1859).
"Sketch Book."
"Bracebridge Hall."
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"Table Talk."
"The Town."
DE QUINCEY, THOMAS (1785–1859).
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SCHOPENHAUER, ARTHUR (1788–1860).
"Shorter Essays." Published in 1857.
CARLYLE, THOMAS (1795–1881).
"Sartor Resartus."
"On Heroes and Hero Worship."
COLERIDGE, HARTLEY (1796–1849).
"Essays and Marginalia."
HEINE, HEINRICH (1799–1856).
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Edited by Havelock Ellis. (Camelot Series.)
MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON (1800–1859).
"Essays."
NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY, (Cardinal) (1801–1890).
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EMERSON, RALPH WALDO (1803–1882).
Essays. First and Second series.
HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL (1804–1864).
"French and Italian Note Books."
SAINTE-BEUVE, CHARLES AUGUSTIN (1804–1869).
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"Crown of Wild Olives."
Essays on work, traffic, war, and future of England.
ARNOLD, MATTHEW (1822–1888).
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"Essays from the Easy Chair."
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"On the Choice of Books."
STEPHEN, LESLIE (1832—).
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"About My House."
MORRIS, WILLIAM (1834–1896).
"Art and the Beauty of Earth"
LUBBOCK, SIR JOHN (1834—).
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"Shakspere: His Mind and Art."
LANG, ANDREW (1844—).
"Letters to Dead Authors."
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"The Story of My Heart."
BRUNETIÈRE, FERDINAND(1849—.)
"The Essential Characteristic of French Literature."
GOSSE, EDMUND (1849—).
"Questions at Issue."
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS (1850–1894).
"Familiar Studies of Men and Books."
"Virginibus Puerisque."
BIRRELL, AUGUSTINE (1850—).
"Obiter Dicta."

The following list of individual essays is selected for those whose time and access to the books of the larger list is limited. Herein are included some of especial excellence, all of which are to be found in "Prose Masterpieces from Modern Essayists," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. An excellent one volume edition by the same house is "Representative Essays."

HUNT, LEIGH.
"The World of Books."
DE QUINCEY, THOMAS.
"Conversation."
EMERSON, R. W.
"Compensation."
ARNOLD, MATTHEW.
"Sweetness and Light."
MORLEY, JOHN.
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HELPS, ARTHUR.
"On the Art of Living with Others."
CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM.
"Our Best Society."
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL.
"On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners."
CARLYLE, THOMAS.
"On History."
MACAULAY, T. B.
"History."
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NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY.
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THE FINE ARTS (Univ. Extension Manual.) By G B. Brown.
ART Article in Encyc. Brit., vol. 2. By S Colvin.
CONCISE HISTORY OF PAINTING. By Mrs. Charles Heaton. Edited by Cosmo Monkhouse.
HISTORY OF ART. 2 vols. By W. Lübke. Tr by F. E Bennett.
CONSIDERATIONS ON PAINTING. By John La Farge.
EUPHORION. Studies of Antique and Mediæval in Renaissance. By Vernon Lee.
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INORGANIC CHEMISTRY. By Ira Remsen. (New York, 1895).
THE PRINCIPLES OF CHEMISTRY. By Mendeléeff. Translated by Kamensky. (London, 1892.) 2 vols.
AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE COMPOUNDS OF CARBON. By Ira Remsen. (Boston, 1895.)

Theoretical and Physical Chemistry

MODERN THEORIES OF CHEMISTRY. By Meyer (Lothar). Translated by Bedson and Williams. (London, 1888; new German edition, Leipzig, 1899.)
OUTLINES OF GENERAL CHEMISTRY. By Ostwald. Translated by Walker. (London, 1890; new German edition, Leipzig 1899.)
THE ATOMIC THEORY. By Wurtz. Translated by Cleminshaw. (London, 1880.)

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A NEW VIEW OF THE ORIGIN OF DALTON'S ATOMIC THEORY. By Roscoe and Harden. (New York, 1896.)
PAPERS ON THE FOUNDATION OF THE MOLECULAR THEORY. By Dalton, Gay-Lussac, and Avogadro. (Reprinted, Edinburgh, 1893.)

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[illegible] By [illegible]
[illegible] By [illegible]
THE POWER OF MOVEMENT IN PLANTS By Chas. Darwin
PLANTS AND FLOWERS. LORE by [illegible]
THE WONDERS OF PLANTS AND ANIMALS By Victor Hehn
CURIOUS FACTS OF A NATURAL [illegible]
PLANTS AND THEIR CHILDREN [illegible] By Dr A Lefroy
PLANTS, THEIR USES AND ABUSES By [illegible]
THE FERTILISATION OF FLOWERS By [illegible]
LIFE HISTORIES OF PLANTS By [illegible]
PLANTS, THEIR ORIGIN AND [illegible] By J. E. Taylor
[illegible] IN OUR GREEN LANES By J. E. Taylor
THE SAGACITY AND MORALITY OF PLANTS By J. E. Taylor
SHADES By E. L. Thomas.

ZOOLOGY

THE BIRD WORLD By W. H. D. [illegible]
THE BEGINNINGS OF LIFE By Dr H. C. Bastian
EVOLUTION AND THE ORIGIN OF LIFE By Dr H. C. Bastian
BIRD LIFE By A. E. Brown
THE HIVE BEE By E. Bevan
MIND IN ANIMALS By L. Büchner
LIFE AND HER CHILDREN By Arabella B. Buckley
WINNERS IN LIFE'S RACE. By Arabella B. Buckley
THE FAIRYLAND OF SCIENCE. By Miss Buckley
CORAL AND CORAL ISLANDS. By J. D. Dana
THE DESCENT OF MAN. By Chas. Darwin
THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES. By Chas. Darwin
THE STRUCTURE AND HABITS OF A SPIDER By J. H. Emerton.
THE REPRODUCTIVE PROCESS By G. B. Ewetson.
REPTILES AND BIRDS By Louis Figuier
THE INSECT HUNTER'S COMPANION By Rev. J. Greene
HISTORY OF CREATION By Prof. E. Haeckel
HISTORY OF THE EVOLUTION OF MAN By Prof. E. Haeckel
THE BUTTERFLIES OF EUROPE By Dr H. C. Lang
THE SAGACITY AND CHARACTER OF ANIMALS. By Rev. F. O. Morris
THE STUDY OF BIOLOGY. By Prof. H. A. Nicholson
FOSSIL BUTTERFLIES. By S. H. Scudder
ISLAND LIFE By A. R. Wallace.
WILD ANIMALS AND BIRDS. By Dr Andrew Wilson
SHELLS AND FOSSILS. By B. B. Woodward.

LISTS OF BEST BOOKS

Fiction

THE following list is chiefly that made by Irving Putnam and called by him "a bookseller's list," aiming "to reflect the consensus of opinion of many thousand cultivated people, rather than the personal preference of one individual." In order to conform to the purposes of the present work some half dozen suggestions of the original list were eliminated and others were given their places.

ALCOTT.
"Little Women."
AUERBACH.
'On the Heights."
AUSTEN.
"Pride and Prejudice."
"Sense and Sensibility."
BALZAC.
"Père Goriot.'
"Eugénie Grandet."
BARRIE.
"Sentimental Tommy."
BLACKMORE.
"Lorna Doone."
BORROW.
"Lavengro."
BRONTË.
"Jane Eyre."
"Shirley."
BURNEY.
"Evelina."
CERVANTES.
"Don Quixote."
COOPER.
"Spy."
"Last of the Mohicans."
"Pilot."
CRAIK.
"John Halifax."
CURTIS.
"Prue and I."
DE LA RAMÉE.
"Under Two Flags."
DE FOE.
"Robinson Crusoe."
DE STAËL.
"Corinne.'
DICKENS.
"David Copperfield."
"Pickwick Papers."
"Tale of Two Cities."
DUMAS.
"Three Musketeers."
"Twenty Years After."
"Count of Monte Cristo."
EDGEWORTH.
"Belinda."
FIELDING.
"Tom Jones."
FOUQUÉ.
"Undine."
GASKELL.
"Cranford."
GOLDSMITH.
"Vicar of Wakefield."
GRAS.
"Reds of the Midi."

HUGHES.
"Tom Brown's School Days."
"Tom Brown at Oxford."
HARDY.
"The Woodlanders."
HAWTHORNE.
"Scarlet Letter."
"Marble Faun."
"House of the Seven Gables."
HOLMES.
"Guardian Angel."
"Elsie Venner."
"Hazard of New Fortunes."
HOWELLS.
"Their Wedding Journey."
HUGO.
"Les Misérables."
"Notre Dame."
IRVING.
"Knickerbocker's New York."
"Alhambra."
"Sketch Book."
JAMES.
"American."
JOHNSON.
"Rasselas."
KENNEDY.
"Horseshoe Robinson."
KINGSLEY.
"Hypatia"
"Westward Ho!"
KINGSLEY, H.
"Geoffrey Hamlyn."
LEVER
"Charles O'Malley."
"Harry Lorrequer."
ELIOT.
"Adam Bede."
"Mill on the Floss."
"Romola."
LYTTON.
"Caxtons."
"Last Days of Pompeii."
"Last of the Barons."
MANZONI.
"I Promessi Sposi."
MARRYAT
"Mr. Midshipman Easy."
MARLITT.
"Old Mam'selle's Secret."
MAYO.
"Kaloolah."
MEREDITH.
"Richard Feverel."
MITCHELL.
"Hugh Wynn, Quaker."
PORTER.
"Thaddeus of Warsaw."
MELVILLE.
"Typee."
"Omoo."
READE.
"Never Too Late to Mend."
"Foul Play."
"Cloister and Hearth."
RICHARDSON.
"Pamela."
RUSSELL.
"Wreck of the Grosvenor."
SMOLLETT.
"Roderick Random."
STEVENSON.
"Treasure Island."
"Kidnapped."
SUE.
"Wandering Jew"
STOWE.
"Uncle Tom's Cabin."
"Minister's Wooing."
SAND.
"Consuelo."
SCOTT.
"Ivanhoe"
"Kenilworth."
"Talisman."
SWIFT
"Gulliver's Travels."
TAUTPHOEUS
"Initials."
"Quits."
THACKERAY.
"Vanity Fair."
"Newcomes."
"Esmond."
TROLLOPE.
"Warden."
"Barchester Towers."
VERNE.
"Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."
WALLACE.
"Ben-Hur."
WARNER.
"Wide, Wide World."
WARE.
"Zenobia."
WARREN.
"Ten Thousand a Year."
WHITNEY.
"Faith Gartney's Girlhood."
YONGE
"Heir of Redclyffe."

LISTS OF BEST BOOKS

Historical Fiction

A CLASSIFIED list of historical and descriptive fiction prepared by Charles W. Plimpton of the New York State library and presented here with considerable addition.

AMERICA

Colonial Period, 1607–1763

RED ROVER. (Adventures at sea during the French and Indian War. Slave trade at Newport.) By J. F. Cooper.

LEATHER STOCKING TALES (5 vols.): 1. Deerslayer. (Pictures the desultory war between the settlers and the Iroquois in New York.) 2. Last of the Mohicans. (Located amidst the wildly beautiful scenery of what is now known as Watkins' Glen, during French and Indian War in 1757.) 3. Pathfinder. (Introduces Paul Jones.) 4. Pioneers. (Otsego County, N. Y., 1703.) 5. Prairie. (In the West.) By J. F. Cooper.

BETTY ALDEN. By Mrs. J. G. Austin.

SCARLET LETTER. (Massachusetts in Gov. Bellingham's time.) By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK. (Satire on the early Dutch rule.) By Washington Irving.

ROB OF THE BOWL. (Maryland, time of third Lord Baltimore, about 1680.) By John P. Kennedy.

VIRGINIANS. (Virginia and London, 1756–1780. Washington is introduced.) By Wm. M. Thackeray.

MINISTER'S WOOING. (Newport life. Introduces Dr. Samuel Hopkins.) By Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

Revolutionary War and Preceding Troubles

PILOT. (Paul Jones on the ocean.) By J. F. Cooper.

IN THE VALLEY. (Mohawk Valley and Albany. Battle of Oriskany.) By Harold Frederic.

QUAKER SOLDIER; OR, THE BRITISH IN PHILADELPHIA. By John R. Jones.

EDWIN BROTHERTOFT. By Theo. Winthrop.

Slavery Question and Southern Life

ON NEWFOUND RIVER. (Virginia life before the war.) By Thomas N. Page.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. By Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

Civil War, 1861–1865

DR. SEVIER. By George W. Cable.
WINNING HIS WAY. By Charles C. Coffin.
WITH LEE IN VIRGINIA. By G. A. Henty.
BETWEEN THE LINES. By Capt. Charles King.
AMONG THE CAMPS. By Thomas N. Page.
TWO LITTLE CONFEDERATES. By Thomas N. Page.

Reconstruction, 1865–1876

JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER. By G W. Cable.
RED ROCK. By T. N. Page.
POOL S ERRAND. (Describes the Ku-Klux Klan.) By Albion W. Tourgee.
BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW. By Albion W. Tourgee.

Social Studies

THE BREAD-WINNERS. (A social study, *Anon.*) By J. Hay.

American Life and Character. New England

AMERICAN POLITICIAN. (Boston political life.) By F. M. Crawford.
ANNIE KILBURN. By Wm. D. Howells.
DR. BREEN'S PRACTICE. By Wm. D. Howells.
TENTING AT STONY BEACH. (South Shore of Massachusetts Bay.) By Maria L. Pool.
NEWPORT. By George P. Lathrop.
MALBONE. An Oldport romance, (Newport, R. I.) By T. W. Higginson.
JACK THE FISHERMAN. By E. S. Phelps (now Mrs. Ward).
A HUMBLE ROMANCE. By Mary E. Wilkins.
DEEPHAVEN. By Sara Orne Jewett.

Middle States

POTIPHAR PAPERS. (Satire on New York City fashionable life.) By George W. Curtis.
JOHN GODFREY'S FORTUNES. (New York City literary life.) By Bayard Taylor.
IN THE VALLEY. By H. Frederic.
HOW JOHN NORTON KEPT CHRISTMAS. By W H. H. Murray.
DAVID HARUM. By Westcott.

Southern States

CHOIR INVISIBLE. By Jas. Lane Allen.
THE REIGN OF LAW. By Jas. Lane Allen.
DUKESBOROUGH TALES. By Richard Malcolm Johnson.
OGEECHEE CROSS-FIRINGS. By Richard Malcolm Johnson.
UNCLE REMUS, DADDY JAKE, ETC., ON THE PLANTATION. By Joel Chandler Harris.
IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS. By Mary N. Murfree.
PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS. (Both in Tennessee.) By Mary N. Murfree.
THE YEMASSEE; A ROMANCE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. By J. Gilmore Simms.

Western States

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. By Charles Dickens.
CIRCUIT RIDER. By Edw. Eggleston.
HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER. By Edw. Eggleston.
MAIN TRAVELLED ROADS. By Hamlin Garland.
SNOW-BOUND AT EAGLE'S. (California. Stage robbing.) By Bret Harte.
WARD OF THE GOLDEN GATE By Bret Harte.
A GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA. By Booth Tarkington.
STORY OF A COUNTRY VILLAGE By E. W. Howe.

Canada

JACK IN THE BUSH. (Life in the Canadian woods.) By Robert Grant.
SEATS OF THE MIGHTY. By Gilbert Parker.
THE RIGHT OF WAY. By Gilbert Parker.
THE FORGE IN THE FOREST. By C. G. D. Roberts.

Mexico

FAIR GOD. (Aztec Civilization.) By Lewis Wallace.

GREAT BRITAIN

HEREWARD. (1071, A.D.) By Charles Kingsley.
TALISMAN. (Third Crusade, Coeur-de-Lion and Saladin, 1193 A.D.) By Walter Scott.
IVANHOE (Coeur-de-Lion and Templars, 1194 A.D.) By Walter Scott.
ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND; A TALE OF CRESSY AND POICTIERS. (Edward III., 1327–1377.) By G. A. Henty.
MEN OF IRON. (Henry IV., 1399–1461.) By Howard Pyle.
KENILWORTH (Queen Elizabeth and Leicester, 1575.) By Walter Scott.
WESTWARD HO! OR, THE VOYAGES AND ADVENTURES OF SIR AMYAS LEIGH. (Maritime adventures in Elizabeth's time. Spanish Armada, 1588.) By Charles Kingsley.
JUDITH SHAKESPEARE. (Study in the life of Shakespeare's time, critically exact in the chronology of the events of his life.) By William Black.
FORTUNES OF NIGEL. In Waverley novels. (Time of James I., 1620.) By Walter Scott.
PEVERIL OF THE PEAK. (Ryehouse plot, 1678.) By Walter Scott.
LORNA DOONE. (Devonshire, time of James II., 1685–1688.) By Robert D. Blackmore.
HISTORY OF HENRY ESMOND. (Time of Queen Anne, 1702–1714.) By Wm. M. Thackeray.
SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS may be taken as the earliest novels of manners and society. (Time of Queen Anne, 1702–1714.) By Joseph Addison.
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS (Satire on contemporary politics. Time of George I., 1714–1727.) By Jonathan Swift.
VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. (Manners middle eighteenth century.) By Oliver Goldsmith.
BARNABY RUDGE. (Gordon riots 1780.) By Charles Dickens.
FELIX HOLT, THE RADICAL. (Toryism, 1830.) By George Eliot.
PEG WOFFINGTON. By Charles Reade.
ART; a dramatic tale. By Charles Reade.
CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE. (Theatrical life eighteenth century.) By Charles Reade.

English Life, First Half of Nineteenth Century

MANSFIELD PARK. (Pictures the life of the rural gentry.) By Jane Austen.
PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. (Pictures the life of the rural gentry.) By Jane Austen.
SENSE AND SENSIBILITY. (Pictures the life of the rural gentry.) By Jane Austen.
OUR VILLAGE. By Mary R. Mitford.
IN HER WORKS. (Rural life in Berkshire, England.) By Mary R. Mitford.
ADAM BEDE; a tale of Warwickshire. (1799–1807.) By George Eliot.
ST. RONAN'S WELL. (Manners of Scott's day, 1812.) By Walter Scott.
VANITY FAIR. (Vauxhall, etc.) By Wm. M. Thackeray.

Victorian Age, 1837

ALTON LOCKE. (Chartism, 1838–1848.) By Charles Kingsley.

RAVENSHOE. (Crimean War, 1854–1856.) By Henry Kingsley.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN. (Story of a young girl who goes to live among the poor of London and devotes her fortune to building them a people's palace.) By Walter Besant.

HAWORTH'S LIFE AMONG THE IRON WORKS OF LANCASHIRE. By Frances (H.) Burnett.

BLEAK HOUSE. (Delays in Courts of Chancery.) By Charles Dickens.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. (Abuses of Yorkshire schools.) By Charles Dickens.

HARD TIMES. (Social and political questions.) By Charles Dickens

OLIVER TWIST. (Work-house abuses and London thieves.) By Charles Dickens.

MIDDLEMARCH. (Life in a provincial town.) By George Eliot.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. (Prison abuses.) By Charles Reade.

English School and College Life

ERIC; A TALE OF ROSLYN SCHOOL. By Frederick W Farrar.

SCHOOLDAYS AT RUGBY. By Thomas Hughes.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD. By Thomas Hughes

PENDENNIS. By Wm. M. Thackeray.

Scotland

THE LITTLE MINISTER. By James Barrie.

SCOTTISH CHIEFS. (Resistance of Scots to Edward I., 1273–1307.) By Jane Porter.

CASTLE DANGEROUS. (Robert Bruce, 1306–1307.) By Walter Scott.

FAIR MAID OF PERTH. In Waverley novels. (The clans, Robert III., 1402.) By Walter Scott.

OLD MORTALITY. In Waverley novels. (Covenanters, 1679–1690.) By Walter Scott.

PIRATE. In Waverley novels. (Life in the Orkneys about 1700.) By Walter Scott.

DAVID BALFOUR. By R. L. Stevenson.

BLACK DWARF. In Waverley novels. (Jacobite conspiracies. 1708, border life and scenery.) By Walter Scott

KIDNAPPED; being the adventures of David Balfour in 1751 By R. L. Stevenson.

MASTER OF BALLANTRAE. By R. L Stevenson.

GUY MANNERING; OR, THE ASTROLOGER. In Waverley novels (South-western coast, smugglers and gypsies, 1760–1782.) By Walter Scott.

TWO DROVERS. In Waverley novels. (1765.) By Walter Scott.

ANTIQUARY. In Waverley novels. (Scotch manners, 1798.) By Walter Scott.

Scottish Life, Character, and Scenery

MARGARET MAITLAND. By Mrs. Margaret O. (W.) Oliphant.

CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE. By Charles Reade.

Wales

KNIGHTLY LEGENDS OF WALES; OR, THE BOY'S MABINOGION. By Sidney Lanier.

Ireland

KNIGHT OF GWYNN; a tale of the time of the Union. (1801.) By Charles J. Lever.

DAVENPORT DUNN. (Irish character.) By Charles J. Lever.

HARRY LORREQUER. (Irish character.) By Charles J. Lever.

TOM BURKE OF "OURS." (Irish character.) By Charles J. Lever.

WANDERING HEIR. (Irish character, 1726.) By Charles Reade.

NORTHERN EUROPE

Russia

IVAN DE BIRON; OR, THE RUSSIAN COURT IN THE MIDDLE OF LAST CENTURY. By Sir Arthur Helps.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. By Dostoevsky.

DEAD SOULS. By Gogol.

RALPH'S YEAR IN RUSSIA. By Robert Richardson.

WAR AND PEACE. By L. Tolstoi.

FATHERS AND CHILDREN. By Turgenief.

Poland

WITH FIRE AND SWORD. An Historical Novel of Poland and Russia. (Cossack rising, 1648.) By H. Sienkiewicz.

Scandinavia

ARNE; a Sketch of Norwegian Country Life. By B. Bjornson.

AGAINST HEAVY ODDS; a Tale of Norse Heroism. By H. H. Boyesen.

GUMAR. By H. H. Boyesen.

O. T.; a Danish Romance. (1829–1834.) By Hans C. Andersen.

Germany

ON THE HEIGHTS. By Auerbach.

CLYTIA: a Romance of the Sixteenth Century. (Story of Heidelberg Castle.) By A. Hausrath (Geo. Taylor).

CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY. (Luther and the Reformation, 1517, etc.) By Mrs. E (K.) Charles.

BLIND GIRL OF WITTENBERG. (First ten years of the Reformation. The very language of Luther skilfully woven into an attractive story.) By C. A. Wildenhahn.

BERLIN AND SANS-SOUCI; OR, FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS FRIENDS. By Clara Mundt (Louise Mülbach).

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS COURT (Seven Years War 1756–1763.) By Clara Mundt (Louise Mülbach).

PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE. (Life, character and scenery.) By Edward Bulwer-Lytton.

HYPERION. (Travels in Germany, etc.) By Henry W. Longfellow.

LEGEND OF THE RHINE. (Burlesque.) By Wm. M. Thackeray.

OLD MAM'SELLE'S SECRET. (Life and manners.) By Eugenie John (E.) Marlitt).

HAMMER AND ANVIL. By Spielhagen.

Netherlands

A WORD ONLY A WORD. (Reign of Phillip II., 1574. Battle of Lepanto, 1571, is introduced.) By Geo. M. Ebers.

HANS BRINKER; OR, THE SILVER SKATES. (Life in Holland.) By Mary E. (M.) Dodge.

GOD'S FOOL. By Maarten Maartens.

AN OLD MAID'S LOVE. By Maarten Maartens.

France

IN HIS NAME: a Story of the Waldenses Seven Hundred Years Ago. By Edward E. Hale.

QUENTIN DURWARD. (Louis XI. and Charles the Bold, 1470.) By Walter Scott.

EMMANUEL PHILIBERT: OR, THE EUROPEAN WARS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By Alexandre Dumas.

STATES GENERAL. (1789.) By Erckmann-Chatrian.

TALE OF TWO CITIES. (London and Paris, time of first French Revolution, 1789–1792.) By Charles Dickens.

COUNTRY IN DANGER. (1792.) By Erckmann-Chatrian.

YEAR ONE OF THE REPUBLIC. (1793.) By Erckmann-Chatrian.

MADEMOISELLE MATHILDE. (1793–1794.) By Henry Kingsley.

CITIZEN BONAPARTE. (Consulate, 1799–1804.) By Erckmann-Chatrian

LES MISERABLES. (Waterloo, 1815.) By Victor Hugo.

VANITY FAIR. (Waterloo, 1815.) By Wm. M. Thackeray.

SOUTHERN EUROPE

Spain

BIBLE IN SPAIN. By George Borrow.

MERCEDES OF CASTILE; OR, THE VOYAGE TO CATHAY. (Columbus, 1492.) By J. F. Cooper.

LADY PERFECTA. By Goldos.

MARIONELLA. By Goldos.

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA. (Satire on Spanish manners in the Middle Ages.) By M. de Cervantes-Saavedra.

LEILA; OR, THE SIEGE OF GRANADA. (Conquest of Granada, 1492.) By Edward Bulwer Lytton.

MARQUIS OF PENALTA. By A. P. Valdes.

MAXIMINA. By A. P. Valdes.

SISTER SAINT SULPICE. By A. P. Valdes.

COMMANDER MENDOZA. By Valera.

PEPITA XIMINEZ. By Valera.

Switzerland

ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN. In Waverley novels. (Union of Swiss with Louis XI. against Charles the Bold, 1474–1477, battle of Nancy.) By Walter Scott.

Ancient Rome

TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A ROMAN BOY IN THE LAST YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC. (First century B.C.) By Alfred J. Church.

DARKNESS AND DAWN; OR, SCENES IN THE DAYS OF NERO. (A.D. 54–68.) By Frederick W Farrar.

RIENZI, THE LAST OF THE TRIBUNES. (Middle fourteenth century.) By Edward Bulwer Lytton.

Italy

LION OF ST. MARK; a Tale of Venice. (Fourteenth century.) By G. A. Henty.

ROMOLA. (Florence, time of Savonarola, 1491–1498.) By George Eliot.

WING AND WING; OR, LE FEUFOLLET. (Mediterranean, during the Napoleonic wars.) By J. F. Cooper.

Italian Life, Character, and Landscape

CORINNE; OR, ITALY. By Madame De Stael.

MARBLE FAUN; OR, THE ROMANCE OF MONTE BENI. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

ASIA, AFRICA, THE OCEAN, ETC.

India

WITH CLIVE IN INDIA. (1746–1760.) By G. A. Henty.

SURGEON'S DAUGHTER. In Waverley novels. (Haidar Ali, 1770–1780.) By Walter Scott.

PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS. (Life and manners in India.) By Rudyard Kipling.

PLANT HUNTERS. OR, ADVENTURES AMONG THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS. By Mayne Reid.

Babylon

ZOROASTER. (Fifth century B.C.) By F. M. Crawford.

Judea

PRINCE OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID. (Letters relating the scenes and incidents in the life of Jesus, from His baptism to His crucifixion.) By J. H. Ingraham.

BEN-HUR a Tale of the Christ. By Lew Wallace.

Egypt

UARDA. By Georg Ebers.

EGYPTIAN PRINCESS. By Georg Ebers.

CAT OF BUBASTES. (Customs and religion of early Egyptians; time of Thotmes III., 1561–1505 B.C.) By G. A. Henty.

HYPATIA. (Story of the decay of Greek influence, fifth century A.D.) By Charles Kingsley

DASH FOR KHARTOUM; a Tale of the Nile Expedition. (Attempt to rescue Gen. Gordon, 1885.) By G. A. Henty.

Australia

HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS. (Life and manners.) By Henry Kingsley.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. (Mining and convict life.) By Charles Reade.

LISTS OF BEST BOOKS

Historical Verse (U. S.)

THE following list of books suggested for collateral reading in *the study of United States history*, was compiled by Miss Dorothy Taft of Montclair, N. J., and has been put to practical use in educational work:

I. PERIOD OF DISCOVERY

LONGFELLOW.
"Discoverer of North Cape."
"Skeleton in Armor."
"Sir Humphrey Gilbert."
LOWELL.
"Columbus"
TENNYSON.
"Columbus"
WHITTIER.
"The Norsemen."

II. COLONIZATION PERIOD

BRYANT.
"The Twenty-second of December."
HEMANS.
"Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers"
HOLMES
"Pilgrim's Vision."
LONGFELLOW
"Courtship of Miles Standish."
"Evangeline."
"Giles Corey of Salem: New England Tragedies."
"Hiawatha."
"Tales of a Wayside Inn."
PIERPONT.
"The Pilgrim Fathers."
PRESTON.
"Thanksgiving Day."
"The First Thanksgiving"
STEDMAN.
"Peter Stuyvesant's New Year's Call."
WHITTIER.
"Abraham Davenport."
"Cassandra Southwick."
"Pennsylvania Pilgrims"
"King's Mission."
"Witch of Wenham."

III. THE REVOLUTION

BRYANT
"Seventy-six"
"Marion's Men."
CAMPBELL
"Gertrude of Wyoming"
EGGLESTON
"American War Ballads"
HOLMES
"Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill

EMERSON.
"Concord Hymn at the Completion of the Battle Monument, April 19, 1836."
FINCH.
"Nathan Hale."
FREEMAN.
Poems.
HARTE.
"Caldwell of Springfield.'
HOPKINSON.
"Battle of the Kegs."
McCLELLAN.
"New England's Dead."
McMASTER.
"The Old Continentals."
LONGFELLOW.
"Paul Revere's Ride."
"Pulaski's Banner."
MOORE.
"Ballads of the Red."
PIERPONT.
"Warren's Address."
READ.
"The Rising in '76."
SARGENT.
"Loyalist Poetry."
WARREN.
"Song of Liberty."
"Independence Bell."
"Yankee Doodle."

IV. THE GROWTH OF THE NATION

BUTTERWORTH.
"Whitman's Ride for Oregon."
CURTIS.
"The American Flag.'
DRAKE.
"The American Flag.'
HOLMES.
"God Save the Flag."
"Ode for Washington's Birthday."
"Old Ironsides."
"Union and Liberty."
KEY.
"Star-Spangled Banner."

V. PERIOD OF SLAVERY AGITATION

BAKER.
"The Black Regiment."
BRYANT.
"Death of Slavery."
"African Chief."
COWPER.
"Negro's Complaint."
"Slavery."
HARRIS.
"Revival Hymn."
HOLMES.
"Brother Jonathan's Lament to Sister Caroline."
"Voice of the Loyal North."
"Our Country."
"Voyage of Good Ship Union."
LONGFELLOW.
"Slave's Dream."
"Slave in the Dismal Swamp."
"The Good Part That Shall Not Be Taken Away."
"The Quadroon Girl."
"The Slave Singing at Midnight."
"To W. E. Channing."
"Warning."
LOWELL.
"The Present Crisis."
"Biglow Papers."
"Ode to Garrison."
"Fugitive Slaves."
PIERPONT.
"Fugitive Slave's Apostrophe."
WHITTIER.
"Angels of Buena Vista."
"Arisen at Last."
"Astræa at the Capitol."
"Brown of Ossawatomie."
"Farewell to a Slave Mother."
"Hunters of Men."
"Jubilee Singers."
"Kansas Emigrants."
"Moloch in State Street."
"O Holy Father, Just and True."
"O Thou Whose Presence Went Before."
"Rendition."
"Slaves of Martinique."
"Slave Ship."
"Our Countrymen in Chains."
"Yankee Girl."
"Toussaint L'Ouverture."
"William L. Garrison"

VI. THE CIVIL WAR

ALDRICH.
"Pro Patria."
ANONYMOUS.
"The Confederate Flag."
"The Battle Cry of Freedom."
"Just Before the Battle, Mother."
"To the Tories of Virginia."
"The Stars and Bars."
BELL.
"The Alabama"
BIGNEY
"The Battle Field of Manassas."
CARY.
"Voice of the Northern Women."
"Soldier's Song."
CUMMINS.
"Song of the Privateer."
FIELDS.
"The Stars and Stripes."
FINCH.
"The Blue and the Gray."
GALLAGHER.
"Abraham Lincoln."
GIBBONS.
"We are Coming, Father Abraham."
GILMORE.
"When Johnny Comes Marching Home."
HARTE.
"John Burns of Gettysburg."
"How Are You, Sanitary?"
HAYNE.
"Beyond the Potomac."
"Heroes of the South."
HOWE.
"Battle Hymn of the Republic.
HOLMES.
"Union and Liberty."
JANVIER.
"An Incident of Gettysburg."
LATHROP.
"Keenan's Charge."
LANIER.
"The Tournament."
LOWELL.
"Biglow Papers," (second series)
"Commemoration Ode."
McGAFFEY.
"Dixie."
MARTIN.
"The South in Arms."
OVERALL.
"The Right Above the Wrong."
PIKE.
"Dixie."
PRESTON.
"Gone Forward"
"The Color Bearer."
RANDALL.
"Maryland, My Maryland."
READ.
"Sheridan's Ride."
"Flag of the Constellation."
SAWYER.
"When this Cruel War is Over.
SHANLY.
"Civil War."
SHEPHERD.
"The Roll Call."
STEDMAN.
"The Cavalry Charge."
THOMPSON.
"A Poem for the Times."
WHITTIER.
"Barbara Frietchie."
"The Proclamation."
WORK.
"Marching Through Georgia."
"Tenting."

VII. RECONSTRUCTION

COOK.
"Ode for Decoration Day."
DWIGHT.
"Columbia."
LONGFELLOW.
"Decoration Day."
STODDARD.
"Abraham Lincoln."
"Burial of Lincoln."
SMITH.
"My Country, 'Tis of Thee."
TIMROD.
Ode delivered at the dedication of the Confederate Cemetery at Charleston.
WHITMAN.
"Captain, My Captain."
WHITTIER.
"Democracy."

LISTS OF BEST BOOKS

Fifty Short Stories

MARJORIE DAW. By T. B. Aldrich.
CUPID AND PSYCHE (from the Golden Ass). By Apuleius.
THE HIDDEN MASTERPIECE. By H. de Balzac.
THE COURTING OF TNOWHEAD'S BELL. By J. M. Barrie.
RAB AND HIS FRIENDS. By Dr. John Brown.
LOVE IN OLD CLOATHES. By H. B. Bunner.
PETER SCHLEMIHL. By A. von Chamisso.
THE MILLION-DOLLAR BANK NOTE. By S. L. Clemens.
THE UPPER BERTH. By F. M. Crawford.
THE HEATHER LINTIE. By S. R. Crockett.
THE LIGHTHOUSE AT SAN GUINAIRES. By A. Daudet.
GALLEGHER. By R. H. Davis.
THE FLIGHT OF A TARTAR TRIBE. By T. De Quincey.
THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH. By C. Dickens.
MURAD THE UNLUCKY. By Maria Edgeworth.
THE MUMMY'S FOOT. By T. L. Gautier.
LONG ODDS. By H. R. Haggard.
THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY. By E. E. Hale.
THE BIRD ON ITS JOURNEY. By Beatrice Harraden.
CHITA, A MEMORY OF LOST ISLAND. By Lafcadio Hearne.
THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP. By Bret Harte.
RAPPACINI'S DAUGHTER. By N. Hawthorne.
THE SNOW IMAGE. By N. Hawethorne.
THE MAN IN THE RESERVOIR. By C. F. Hoffman.
THE CIRCLE IN THE WATER. By W. D. Howells.
THE PRIVATE LIFE. By H. James
THE LESSON OF THE MASTER. By H. James.
IN THE ST. PETER'S CIRCLE. By Janvier.
THE EMERGENCY MAN. By G. H. Jessop.
IN LOVE WITH THE CZARINA By M. Jokai.
THE DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AFT. By R. Kipling.
WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY. By R. Kipling.
THE WHITE SILENCE. By Jack London.
THE HOUSE AND THE BRAIN. By Bulwer Lytton.
THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS. By Maurice Maeterlinck.
A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL. By Ian Maclaren.
A PIECE OF STRING. By G. de Maupassant.
THE BELL TOWER. By H. Melville.
A CAPILLARY CRIME. By F. D. Millet.
THE FORTY-SEVEN RONINS. By A. B. Mitford.
THE WONDER SMITH. By Fitz James O'Brien.

THE DIAMOND LENS. By Fitz James O'Brien.
THE MASTER OF THE CHRYSOLITE. By G. B. O'Halloran.
A DOG OF FLANDERS. By Ouida.
MARSE CHAN. By T. N. Page.
THE GOLD BUG. By E. A. Poe.
THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER. By E. A. Poe.
THE PIT. By A. Parker.
THE PAVILION. By Quiller-Couch.
PEG WOFFINGTON. By Charles Reade.
A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT. By R. L. Stevenson.
SIRE DE MALETROIT'S DOOR. By R. L. Stevenson.
THE LADY OF THE TIGER. By F. R. Stockton.
THE BEDFORD ROW CONSPIRACY. By W. M. Thackeray.
A HUMBLE ROMANCE. By Mary E. Wilkins.
LOVE AND SKATES. By Theo. Winthrop.
A ROSE OF THE GHETTO. By I. Zangwill.
THE ATTACK ON THE MILL. By E. Zola.

LISTS OF BEST BOOKS

Pleasant Reading

THIS is a list of books for the recreating hours, suitable to be read aloud in a circle where liveliness and interest are the prime requisites.

KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK. By Irving.
SKETCHES BY BOZ. By Dickens.
THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS. By R. H. Barham.
ESSAYS OF ELIA. By Charles Lamb.
WHIMS AND ODDITIES. By Thomas Hood.
HOOD'S OWN. By Thomas Hood.
JEAMES'S DIARY. By Thackeray.
COX'S DIARY. By Thackeray.
BALLADS. By Thackeray.
BURLESQUES. By Thackeray.
HANDY ANDY. By Samuel Lover.
HARRY LORREQUER. By Charles Lever.
CRANFORD. By Mrs. Gaskell.
ALICE IN WONDERLAND. By Lewis Carroll.
THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS. By Lewis Carroll.
LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI. By Mark Twain.
A TRAMP ABROAD. By Mark Twain.
CONDENSED NOVELS. By Bret Harte.
RUDDER GRANGE. By Frank R. Stockton.
POMONA'S TRAVELS. By Frank R. Stockton.
HELEN'S BABIES. By John Habberton.
THE TRIBUNE PRIMER. By Eugene Field.
SHARPS AND FLATS. By Eugene Field.
BAB BALLADS AND SAVOY SONGS. By W. S. Gilbert.
MY LADY NICOTINE. By James M. Barrie.
PLAYTHINGS AND PARODIES. By Barry Pain.
SHORT SIXES. By H. C. Bunner.
THE RUNAWAY BROWNS. By H. C. Bunner.
BARRACK ROOM BALLADS. DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES. PRIVATE MULVANEY. (Stories.) By Rudyard Kipling.
THE BICYCLES AND OTHER FARCES. By John Kendrick Bangs.
THE LITERARY SHOP. By James L. Ford.
BOHEMIA INVADED, AND OTHER TALES. By James L. Ford.
THE DOLLY DIALOGUES. By Anthony Hope.
DAVID HARUM. By E. N. Westcott.
THE "MR. DOOLEY" BOOKS. By F. P. Dunne.
THE "FABLES IN SLANG" BOOKS. By George Ade.
THE FOUR-MASTED CAT BOAT AND OTHER TRUTHFUL TALES By Charles Battell Loomis.
TATTLE TALES OF CUPID. By P L Ford
THE IDIOT. By J. K. Bangs.

WANTED A MATCHMAKER. By P. L Ford.

THE HOUSEBOAT ON THE STYX. By J. K. Bangs.

IDLE THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE FELLOW By Jerome K Jerome.

SECOND THOUGHTS OF AN IDLE FELLOW. By Jerome K. Jerome.

ONE SUMMER. By Blanche Howard.

INNOCENTS ABROAD. By Mark Twain.

CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT. By Mark Twain.

BIGLOW PAPERS By J. R Lowell.

A JOURNEY TO NATURE. By J. P. Mowbray.

LUCID INTERVALS. By Edward S Martin.

ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN.

GALLAGHER AND OTHER STORIES. By Richard Harding Davis.

MEADOW GRASS. (Short stories.) By Emma Brown

GEOFFREY STRONG. By Laura Richards.

MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN. By Charles Dudley Warner.

WIDOW O'CALLAHAN'S BOYS.

BUD ZUNDT'S MAIL. By R. McE. Stuart.

A CHRISTMAS STORY. By R. McE. Stuart.

ASAPH. By Frank R. Stockton.

THE CASTING AWAY OF MRS. LEEKS AND MRS. ALESHINE. By Frank R. Stockton.

COMIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Gilbert à Becket.

AMONG THE MORMONS. By Artemus Ward.

MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S. By F. Anstey.

THE BACHELOR'S CLUB. By I. Zangwill.

LISTS OF BEST BOOKS

List of One Hundred Great Books

By SIR JOHN LUBBOCK

Works by Living Authors are omitted

THE BIBLE.
THE MEDITATIONS OF MARCUS AURELIUS
EPICTETUS.
ARISTOTLE'S ETHICS.
ANALECTS OF CONFUCIUS.
ST. HILAIRE'S LE BOUDDHA ET SA RELIGION.
WAKE'S APOSTOLIC FATHERS.
THOS. À KEMPIS' IMITATION OF CHRIST.
CONFESSIONS OF ST AUGUSTINE (Dr. Pusey.)
THE KORAN.
SPINOZA'S TRACTATUS THEOLOGICO-POLITICUS.
COMTE'S CATECHISM OF POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.
PASCAL'S PENSÉES.
BUTLER'S ANALOGY OF RELIGION.
TAYLOR'S HOLY LIVING AND DYING.
BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.
KEBLE'S CHRISTIAN YEAR.

PLATO'S DIALOGUES: at any rate, the Apology, Crito, and Phædo.

XENOPHON'S MEMORABILIA.
ARISTOTLE'S POLITICS.
DEMOSTHENES' DE CORONA.
CICERO'S DE OFFICIIS, DE AMICITIA, AND DE SENECTUTE.
PLUTARCH'S LIVES.
BERKELEY'S HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.
DESCARTES' DISCOURS SUR LA MÉTHODE.
LOCKE ON THE CONDUCT OF THE UNDERSTANDING.

HOMER.
HESIOD.
VIRGIL.
MAHABHARATA and RAMAYANA. (Epitomized in Talboy's Wheeler's History of India, vols. i. and ii.)
THE SHAHNAMEH.
THE NIBELUNGENLIED.
MALORY'S MORTE D'ARTHUR.

THE SHEKING.
KALIDASA'S SAKUNTALA, OR THE LOST RING.
ÆSCHYLUS' PROMETHEUS.
ÆSCHYLUS' TRILOGY OF ORESTES.
SOPHOCLES' ŒDIPUS.
EURIPIDES' MEDEA.
ARISTOPHANES' THE KNIGHTS AND CLOUDS.
HORACE.

CHAUCER'S CANTERBURY TALES.
SHAKESPEARE.
MILTON'S PARADISE LOST, LYCIDAS, COMUS, and the shorter poems.
DANTE'S DIVINA COMMEDIA.
SPENSER'S FAIRIE QUEEN.
DRYDEN'S POEMS

SCOTT'S POEMS.
WORDSWORTH.
POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM.
POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.
POPE'S RAPE OF THE LOCK.
BURNS.
BYRON'S CHILDE HAROLD.
GRAY.

HERODOTUS.
XENOPHON'S ANABASIS AND MEMORABILIA.
THUCYDIDES.
TACITUS' GERMANIA.
LIVY.
GIBBON'S DECLINE AND FALL.
HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.
GROTE'S HISTORY OF GREECE.
CARLYLE'S FRENCH REVOLUTION.
GREEN'S SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLAND.
LEWES' HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.

ARABIAN NIGHTS.
SWIFT'S GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.
DEFOE'S ROBINSON CRUSOE.
GOLDSMITH'S VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.
CERVANTES' DON QUIXOTE.
BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON.
MOLIÈRE.
SCHILLER'S WILLIAM TELL
SHERIDAN'S THE CRITIC, SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, and THE RIVALS.
CARLYLE'S PAST AND PRESENT.

BACON'S NOVUM ORGANUM.
SMITH'S WEALTH OF NATIONS.
MILL'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.
COOK'S VOYAGES.
HUMBOLDT'S TRAVELS.
WHITE'S NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE.
DARWIN'S ORIGIN OF SPECIES.
DARWIN'S NATURALIST'S VOYAGE.
MILL'S LOGIC.

BACON'S ESSAYS.
MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS.
HUME'S ESSAYS.
MACAULAY'S ESSAYS.
ADDISON'S ESSAYS.
EMERSON'S ESSAYS..
BURKE'S SELECT WORKS.
SMILES' SELF-HELP.

VOLTAIRE'S ZADIG and MICROMEGAS.
GOETHE'S FAUST and AUTOBIOGRAPHY.
THACKERAY'S VANITY FAIR.
THACKERAY'S PENDENNIS.
DICKENS' PICKWICK.
DICKENS' DAVID COPPERFIELD.
LYTTON'S LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.
GEORGE ELIOT'S ADAM BEDE.
KINGSLEY'S WESTWARD HO!
SCOTT'S NOVELS.

LISTS OF BEST BOOKS

Outdoor Books

GARDEN, FIELD, AND FOREST

THE ROSE. By H. B. Ellwanger.
IDEALISTS OF THE COUNTRY-SIDE. By G. H. Ellwanger.
UNDER THE TREES AND ELSE-WHERE. By H. W. Mabie.
SUCCESS WITH SMALL FRUITS. By E. P. Roe.
LANDSCAPE GARDENING. By Samuel Parsons.
THE TREES OF NORTHEASTERN AMERICA. By C. S. Newhall.
THE LEAF COLLECTOR'S HAND-BOOK AND HERBARIUM. By C. S. Newhall.
HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS. By W. H. Gibson.
WINDOW AND PARLOR GARDEN-ING. By N Jonson-Rose.
MY FARM AT EDGEWOOD. By D. G. Mitchell.
OUT OF TOWN PLACES. By D. G. Mitchell.
HOW TO KNOW WILD FLOWERS. By Mrs. W S. Dana.
ACCORDING TO THE SEASONS.
EYE SPY. By W. H. Gibson.
FAMILIAR FEATURES OF THE ROADSIDE. By F. S. Mathews.
ON THE FARM. By F. W. Parker and Nellie L. Helm.
FLOWERS AND THEIR PEDI-GREES. By Grant Allen.
WONDERS OF PLANT LIFE. By Mrs. S. P Herrick.
FERN COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK AND HERBARIUM. By S F. Price.
PLANT LIFE. By Edward Stet.
INMATES OF MY HOUSE AND GARDEN. By Mrs. Brightwen.

FUR, FIN, AND FEATHER

CITIZEN BIRD. By M. O. Wright and Elliott Coues.
THE LIFE OF A BUTTERFLY. By S. H. Scudder.
AMONG THE MOTHS AND BUT-TERFLIES. By Julia P. Ballard.
LITTLE FOLKS IN FEATHERS AND FUR, AND OTHERS IN NEITHER. By Olive Thorne Miller.
AMONG THE FOREST PEOPLE. By Clara D Pierson.
AMONG THE MEADOW PEOPLE. By Clara D. Pierson.
SONG BIRDS AND WATER FOWLS. By H. E. Parkhurst.
INSECT LIFE. By John Henry Comstock.
THE MOSQUITOES, GNATS, CRANE-FLIES, MIDGES, AND FLIES OF THE NORTHERN STATES. By Edward Nobel.
HANDBOOK OF BIRDS OF EAST-ERN NORTH AMERICA. By F. M. Chapman.
BIRD LIFE. By Frank M. Chapman.
STORY OF THE BIRDS. By James M. Baskett.
NEWS OF THE BIRDS. By L. S. Keyser.
THE STRUCTURE OF ANIMAL LIFE. By Louis Agassiz.
THE NATURAL HISTORY OF AQUATIC INSECTS. By L. C. Miall.

OUR COMMON BIRDS AND HOW TO KNOW THEM. By J. B. Grant.
THE AMERICAN SALMON FISHING. By Henry P. Wells.
AMERICAN GAME BIRDS. By Gurdon Trumbull.
HOW TO NAME BIRDS. By H. E. Parkhurst.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

CYCLING FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE. By Luther H. Porter.
GOLF IN AMERICA. By James P. Lee.
COMPLEAT ANGLER. By Izaak Walton.
GOLF. By G. T. Smith.
ON HORSEBACK. By Edward L. Anderson.
GOLF IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By Everard.
RULES OF GOLF. By J. N. Lockyer and W. Rutherford.
CYCLES AND CYCLING.
CAMP LIFE IN THE WOODS. By W. H. Gibson.
AMERICAN FOOTBALL. By Walter Camp.
POEMS OF GUN AND ROD. By Ernest McGaffey.
AMERICAN BOYS' BOOK OF SPORT. By D. C. Beard.
THE BOAT SAILOR'S MANUAL. By E. F. Qualtrough.
GETTING OUT THE FLY BOOKS. By Leroy M. Yale.
EPISODES OF MOUNTAINEERING BY A CASUAL AMATEUR. By Edwin Lord Weeks.
THE BADMINTON LIBRARY OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES. By Alfred E. T. Watson.

MISCELLANEOUS

NATURE STUDY FOR COMMON SCHOOLS. By W. S. Jackman.
THE LIFE OF THE BEE. By Maeterlinck.
YOUNG FOLKS' STORY OF NATURAL HISTORY. By C. F. Holder.
WILD NEIGHBORS. By Ernest Ingersoll.
OUR EDIBLE TOADSTOOLS AND MUSHROOMS. By W. H. Gibson.
THE AMERICAN HOME GARDEN.
CITY BOYS IN THE WOODS. By H. P. Wells.
ART OUT OF DOORS By Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer.
NEWPORT. By W. C. Brownell.
THE NORTH SHORE OF MASSACHUSETTS. By Robert Grant.
NATURE FOR ITS OWN SAKE. By John C. Van Dyke.
AGRICULTURE. By F. H. Storer.
AN ILLUSTRATED FLORA. By Prof. N. L. Britton and Addison Brown.
AUDUBON AND HIS JOURNALS. By Marie R. Audubon.
NATURAL HISTORY. By J. G. Wood.
COLD DISHES FOR HOT WEATHER. By Ysaquirre and La Marca.
ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN. Anon.
SUMMER HOLIDAYS. By Theodore Childs.

LISTS OF BEST BOOKS

Best Books for Young Folks

THE following list of one hundred books was published by the "St. Nicholas" magazine. It was compiled by the editors from the results of a book-list competition aiming to discover the best one hundred books that should form the nucleus of a library for children. The guiding principle has been to choose books for their literary quality; hence works of a religious or educational nature and all works of reference are excluded.

I. STANDARD BOOKS

ÆSOP.
"Fables."
ANDERSEN.
"Fairy Tales."
BROWN.
"Marjorie Fleming."
"Rab and his Friends."
BROWNING.
Poems: "Pied Piper of Hamelin"; "Ride from Ghent to Aix"; "Hervé Riel."
BULWER.
"Last Days of Pompeii."
BUNYAN.
"Pilgrim's Progress."
CARROLL.
"Alice in Wonderland."
"Through the Looking-Glass."
CERVANTES.
"Don Quixote."
COOPER.
"The Spy."
"The Pilot."
"Leather-stocking Tales."
DANA.
"Two Years before the Mast."
COTTIN.
"Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia."
DEFOE.
"Robinson Crusoe."
DICKENS.
"Christmas Stories."
"Old Curiosity Shop."
"Child's History of England."
EDGEWORTH.
"The Parent's Assistant."
FOUQUÉ.
"Undine."
GASKELL.
"Cranford."
HALE.
"The Man Without a Country."
"Ten Times One is Ten."
HAWTHORNE.
"Wonder Book."
"Tanglewood Tales."
"Grandfather's Chair."
"The Snow Image."
HUGHES.
"Tom Brown at Rugby."
"Tom Brown at Oxford."

IRVING.
"Alhambra."
"Sketch Book."
"Bracebridge Hall."
KINGSLEY.
"Water Babies."
"Greek Heroes."
"Westward Ho!"
"Madam How and Lady Why."
LABOULAYE.
"Fairy Tales."
LA FONTAINE.
"Fables."
LONGFELLOW.
Poems
LOWELL.
Poems.
MACAULAY.
"Lays of Ancient Rome."
MACDONALD.
"At the Back of the North Wind."
PLUTARCH.
"Lives."
POLO, MARCO.
"Voyages and Travels."
PORTER, JANE.
"Scottish Chiefs."
RASPE.
"Baron Munchausen."
RUSKIN.
"Sesame and Lilies."
"King of the Golden River."
"Ethics of the Dust."
SAINT-PIERRE.
"Paul and Virginia."
SCOTT.
Poems.
"Ivanhoe."
"The Talisman."
"Quentin Durward."
"The Abbot."
SHAKESPEARE.
Plays.
LAMB.
"Tales from Shakespeare."
SWIFT.
"Gulliver's Travels."
TENNYSON.
Poems.
SPENSER.
"Poems, or Story of the Red Cross Knight."
THACKERAY
"The Rose and the Ring"
WYSS.
"Swiss Family Robinson."
YONGE.
"Book of Golden Deeds."
"Heir of Redclyffe."
"Dove in the Eagle's Nest"
"The Daisy Chain."
GRIMM.
"Household Tales."
STORIES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.
FAIRY STORIES:
"Sleeping Beauty"; "Cinderella"; "Jack and the Beanstalk"; "Puss-in-Boots"; "Goody Two Shoes."
BULFINCH.
"Age of Fable."
"Age of Chivalry."
"Legends of Charlemagne."
BALDWIN.
"Story of Roland."
"Story of Siegfried."
FROST.
"Knights of the Round Table."
"Wagner Story Book."
CHURCH.
"Stories from the Iliad."
"Stories from the Odyssey."
HENLEY.
"Lyra Heroica."
LANIER.
"Boys' King Arthur.'
"Boys' Froissart."
PATMORE.
"Child's Garland of Verse."
THACHER.
"The Listening Child."
PALGRAVE.
"Golden Treasury" (for children).
SCUDDER.
"Children's Book."

II. BOOKS OF MORE RECENT FAME, OR BY LIVING AUTHORS

ALCOTT.
"Little Women."
ALDRICH.
"The Story of a Bad Boy."
ANDREWS.
"Ten Boys who Lived on the Way from Long Ago to Now."

DE AMICIS.
"Cuoré."
BENNETT.
"Master Skylark."
BURNETT.
"Little Lord Fauntleroy."
BURROUGHS.
"Wake-Robin."
"Pepacton."
COOLIDGE
"What Katy Did" (series).
DAVIS.
"Stories for Boys."
DODGE
"Hans Brinker."
DOYLE.
"The White Company."
EGGLESTON.
"The Hoosier Schoolboy."
EWING.
"Daddy Darwin's Dovecot."
"Mary's Meadow."
"Jackanapes."
"Story of a Short Life."
GRAHAME.
"The Golden Age."
HARRIS.
"Uncle Remus."
HOWELLS.
"A Boy's Town."
JAMISON.
"Lady Jane."
KIPLING.
"Jungle Book."
"Second Jungle Book."
OUIDA.
"Bimbi."
"A Dog of Flanders."
"Two Little Wooden Shoes."
PYLE.
"Merry Adventures of Robin Hood."
"Men of Iron."
RICHARDS.
"Captain January."
SEAWELL.
"Decatur and Somers."
SEWELL.
"Black Beauty."
STEVENSON.
"Child's Garden of Verses."
"Treasure Island."
"Kidnapped."
ROOSEVELT AND LODGE.
"Hero Tales from American History."
STOCKTON.
"Rudder Grange."
"The Floating Prince."
"Ting-a-Ling Tales."
STUART.
"Sonny."
THOMPSON.
"Wild Animals I Have Known."
"Trail of the Sand-hill Stag."
TWAIN.
"The Prince and the Pauper."
VERNE.
"Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."
"Around the World in Eighty Days."
"From the Earth to the Moon".
"A Journey to the Center of the Earth."
WARNER.
"Being a Boy."
WIGGIN.
"The Birds' Christmas Carol."
"The Story of Patsy."
TROWBRIDGE.
"Jack Hazard."
"His One Fault."
"The Scarlet Tanager."
PARKMAN.
"Oregon Trail."
SHAW
"Castle Blair."
MUNROE.
"Through Swamp and Glade."
DU CHAILLU.
"African Stories."
LEAR.
"The Book of Nonsense."
MARRYAT.
"Snarleyyow."
DE WITT
"A French Country Family."
HALE.
"The Peterkin Papers."
INGELOW.
"Mopsa the Fairy."
ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.
"Madame Thérèse."
WILKINS.
"Young Lucretia."

LISTS OF BEST BOOKS

Reading for Girls of Eighteen

NOVELS

STEVENSON.
- "Treasure Island."
- "Prince Otto."
- "Kidnapped."
- "David Balfour."

DICKENS.
- "David Copperfield."
- "Nicholas Nickleby."

THACKERAY.
- "Henry Esmond."
- "The Virginians."
- "Pendennis."
- "The Newcomes."

BLACKMORE.
- "Lorna Doone."
- "Dariel."

MRS. GASKELL.
- "Cranford."
- "Mary Barton."

COOPER.
- "The Spy."
- "The Pathfinder."
- "The Deerslayer."
- "The Last of the Mohicans."

STOWE MRS.
- "The Minister's Wooing."

CHURCHILL WINSTON.
- "Richard Carvel."

DAUDET.
- "La Belle Nivernaise."

ROBERTS, C. G. D.
- "The Forge in the Forest."
- "A Sister to Evangeline."

HALE, EDWARD EVERETT.
- "Philip Nolan's Friends."
- "The Man Without a Country."

SHERWOOD, MRS. M. E. W.
- "A Transplanted Rose."

HOWELLS.
- "Their Wedding Journey."
- "The Lady of the Aroostook."

YONGE.
- "The Heir of Redclyffe."

AUSTEN.
- "Mansfield Park."
- "Persuasion."
- "Pride and Prejudice."

FERRIER.
- "Marriage."
- "The Inheritance."
- "Destiny."

KIPLING.
- "Jungle Book," first and second series.
- "Wee Willie Winkie, and Other Stories."

HISTORICAL NOVELS

EBERS.
- "Uarda."
- "The Emperor."
- "Homo Sum."

WARE.
- "Zenobia."
- "Aurelian."
- "Julian."

WALLACE.
"The Fair God."
READE.
"The Cloister and the Hearth."
DOYLE, CONAN.
"The White Company."
KINGSLEY.
"Hypatia."
"Westward, Ho!"
YONGE, MISS.
"Chaplet of Pearls."
"Unknown to History."

POETRY

LONGFELLOW.
HOLMES.
WHITTIER.
STEDMAN.
"American Anthology,"
"Victorian Anthology."
REPLIER.
"A Book of Famous Verse."
TENNYSON.
BROWNING, MRS.
"Aurora Leigh,"
HENLEY.
"Lyra Heroica,"

MYTHOLOGY, HISTORY, ETC.

KINGSLEY.
"The Greek Heroes."
HAWTHORNE.
"The Wonder Book."
"Tanglewood Tales."
"Twice Told Tales."
CHURCH.
"Stories from Homer."
"Stories from Herodotus."
LANIER.
"The Boy's King Arthur."
CHENEY
"A Peep at the Pilgrims."
CHILD, MRS.
"The First Settlers of New England."
SPOFFORD.
"New England Legends."
IRVING.
"Knickerbocker's History of New York."
"Life of Washington"
BEACON BIOGRAPHIES.
Farragut, Webster, Lowell, Phillips Brooks, Robert E Lee.

LISTS OF BEST BOOKS

Books for Young Readers

THIS list was published in "The Pilgrim Teacher" of Boston, and was prepared by Herbert Putnam, now Librarian of Congress. It was given by him as the result of his observation and the test of experience by young readers.

THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE. By Miss Muloch.
THE TROTTY BOOK. By E. S. Phelps-Ward.
AT THE BACK OF THE NORTH WIND. By George Macdonald.
ALICE IN WONDERLAND. By Lewis Carroll.
THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS. By Lewis Carroll.
THE WONDER BOOK. By N. Hawthorne.
TANGLEWOOD TALES. By N Hawthorne.
WATER BABIES. By Charles Kingsley.
PATSY. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
PRINCE AND PAUPER. By Mark Twain.
HANS BRINKER. By Mary Mapes Dodge.
THE NONSENSE BOOKS. By Edward Lear.
THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.
THE LIGHT PRINCESS. By George Macdonald.
THE PETERKIN PAPERS. By Lucretia P. Hale.
A ROUGH SHAKING. By George Macdonald.
STORY OF SIEGFRIED. By James Baldwin.
STORY OF ROLAND. By James Baldwin.
STORY OF THE GOLDEN AGE. By James Baldwin.
THE WAGNER STORY BOOK. By William H. Frost.
THREE COLONIAL BOYS. By E. T. Tomlinson.
THREE YOUNG CONTINENTALS. By E. T. Tomlinson.
WASHINGTON'S YOUNG AIDS. By E. T. Tomlinson.
HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE. By T. B. Macaulay.
THE LITTLE DUKE. By Charlotte M. Yonge.
LANCES OF LINWOOD. By Charlotte M. Yonge.
SPINNING WHEEL STORIES. By Louisa M. Alcott.
NINE LITTLE GOSLINGS By Susan Coolidge.
LITTLE MEN. By Louisa M. Alcott.
WHAT KATY DID. By Susan Coolidge.
WHAT KATY DID AT SCHOOL By Susan Coolidge.

THE PIGEON PIE. By Charlotte M. Yonge.
GYPSY BREYNTON. By Elizabeth S. Phelps-Ward.
GYPSY'S COUSIN JOY. By Elizabeth S. Phelps-Ward
DOG OF FLANDERS. By Ouida.
THE DOVE IN THE EAGLE'S NEST. By Charlotte M. Yonge.
ARTFUL ANTICKS. By Oliver Herford.
GUDRUN AND OTHER STORIES. By Gibb.
THE JUNGLE BOOK. By Rudyard Kipling.
THE SECOND JUNGLE BOOK. By Rudyard Kipling
COURT OF KING ARTHUR. By William H. Frost.
KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE. By William H. Frost.
OTTO OF THE SILVER HAND. By Howard Pyle.
LULLABY-LAND. By Eugene Field.
THE FUR SEAL'S TOOTH and eleven others, including 'Flamingo Feathers" and the entire "Mate" series. By Kirke Munroe.
HEIDI. By Spyri.
MARMION. By Walter Scott.
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. By H. B. Stowe.
EVANGELINE. By H. W. Longfellow.
DAYS OF BRUCE. By Grace Aguilar.
A BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE. By Elbridge S. Brooks
YANKEE SHIPS AND YANKEE SAILORS. By Barnes.
UNDINE. By De La Motte Fouqué.
SINTRAM. By De La Motte Fouqué.
ASLANGIS KNIGHT: THE TWO CAPTAINS. By De La Motte Fouqué.
ROBIN HOOD. By Howard Pyle.
PALADIN AND SARACEN. By Hollway-Calthrop.

LISTS OF BEST BOOKS

Books for Children

THE following is a list made out at the Pratt Institute Free Library in Brooklyn. It has this advantage over a theoretical list that it has been tried and proved popular with children from eight to fifteen years of age.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By Bunyan.
STORIES FROM THE BIBLE (2 vols.) By Alfred J. Church.
THREE HUNDRED FABLES. By Æsop. (Translated by Townsend.)
FAIRY TALES. By Hans Andersen. (Translated by Paull.)
GODS AND HEROES. By Francillon.
FAIRY TALES AND HOUSEHOLD STORIES. By Brothers Grimm.
NIGHTS WITH UNCLE REMUS. By Joel Chandler Harris.
TANGLEWOOD TALES. By N. Hawthorne. (Illustrated by Crane.)
WONDER BOOK. By N. Hawthorne. (Illustrated by Crane.)
HEROES. By Kingsley.
WATER BABIES. By Kingsley.
BOYS' KING ARTHUR. By Sidney Lanier.
AT THE BACK OF THE NORTH WIND. By George Macdonald.
KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER. By Ruskin.
AMONG THE LAWMAKERS. By Alton.
CENTURY BOOK OF YOUNG AMERICANS. By Elbridge S. Brooks.
STORIES MOTHER NATURE TOLD HER CHILDREN. By Andrews.
BIRD NEIGHBORS. By Blanchan.
BIRDS AND BEES. By John Burroughs.
HOW TO KNOW THE WILD FLOWERS. By Mrs. Wm. Starr Dana.
PLANTS AND THEIR CHILDREN. By Mrs. Wm. Starr Dana.
FAIRYLAND OF SCIENCE. By Fisher.
AMONG THE STARS. By Giberne.
EYE SPY. By Hamilton W. Gibson.
ANIMAL STORY BOOK. By Lang.
CITIZEN BIRD. By Mabel Wright.
AMERICAN BOYS' HANDY BOOK. By Lina Beard.
AMERICAN GIRLS' HANDY BOOK. By Lina Beard.
STORY OF THE RHINEGOLD By Chapin.
STORY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. By Lillie.
BEING A BOY. By C. D. Warner.
STORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By White.
CHILD LIFE (in prose.) By Whittier.
OPEN SESAME. Edited by Bellamy and Goodwin. (3 vols.)
BLUE POETRY BOOK. Edited by Lang
CHILD LIFE (in verse). By Whittier.
LITTLE MEN. By Alcott.
LITTLE WOMEN. By Alcott.
STORY OF A BAD BOY. By Aldrich.

CUORÉ. (Translated by Hapgood.) By De Amicis.
ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT. Revised by Chapman.
FIFTY FAMOUS STORIES RETOLD. By James Baldwin.
LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY. By Mrs. Hodgson Burnett.
PRINCE AND THE PAUPER. By Mark Twain.
BOYS OF '76. By Coffin.
DEERSLAYER. By Cooper.
LAST OF THE MOHICANS. By Cooper.
ROBINSON CRUSOE. By De Foe. (Illustrated.)
CHRISTMAS CAROL. By Dickens.
HANS BRINKER. By Dodge.
ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND. By Dodgson.
JACKANAPES. By Mrs. Ewing.
DADDY DARWIN'S DOVECOT. By Mrs. Ewing.
STORY OF A SHORT LIFE. By Mrs. Ewing.
MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY. By E. E. Hale.
STORIES FROM HOMER (adapted by Church).
TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS. By Thomas Hughes
RIP VAN WINKLE. By Irving.
JUNGLE BOOK. By Kipling.
SECOND JUNGLE BOOK. By Kipling.
TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. By Charles and Mary Lamb.
MEN OF IRON. By Howard Pyle.
MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD. By Howard Pyle.
BEAUTIFUL JOE. By Saunders.
IVANHOE. By Scott. (Illustrated.)
BLACK BEAUTY. By Sewell.
TREASURE ISLAND By Steverson.
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. By Swift.
ELECTRICAL BOY. By Trowbridge.
SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON. By Wyss.
STORIED HOLIDAYS. By Brooks.
ALL AMONG THE LIGHTHOUSES. By Crowninshield.
SOME STRANGE CORNERS OF OUR COUNTRY. By Charles F. Lummis.
LITTLE PEOPLE OF ASIA. By Miller.
MAN-OF-WAR LIFE. By Nordhoff.
FARTHEST NORTH (cheaper edition). By Nansen.
TRAVELS (adapted by Knox). By Marco Polo.
CHILDREN OF THE COLD. By Schwatka.
PERSONALLY CONDUCTED. By Stockton.
DANIEL BOONE. By Abbott.
TEN BOYS WHO LIVED ON THE ROAD FROM LONG AGO TO NOW. By Andrews.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Elbridge S. Brooks.
BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE. (Napoleon.) By Elbridge S. Brooks.
HISTORIC BOYS. By Elbridge S. Brooks.
HISTORIC GIRLS. By Elbridge S. Brooks.
TRUE STORY OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. By Brooks.
SEA-KINGS AND NAVAL HEROES By Edgar.
BOYS' BOOK OF FAMOUS RULERS By Farmer.
GIRLS' BOOK OF FAMOUS QUEENS By Farmer.
TWO SPIES (Hale and André). By Lossing.
JOAN OF ARC. By de Monvel. (Illustrated by de Monvel.)
BOYS' AND GIRLS' PLUTARCH (Edited by White.) By Plutarch.
HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHY OF WASHINGTON. By Scudder.
CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND By Dickens.
HOUSEHOLD HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Eggleston.
STORIES OF AMERICAN LIFE AND ADVENTURE. By Eggleston.
SHORT HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Farmer.
HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Fiske.
HISTORY OF SPAIN. By Hale.
TRUE STORIES FROM NEW ENGLAND HISTORY. By Hawthorne.
STORIES OF HEROIC DEEDS. By Johonnot.
CHILD'S HISTORY OF ROME. By Laing. 2 vols.
TALES OF A GRANDFATHER. By Scott.
YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF GERMANY. By Yonge.
YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF GREECE. By Yonge.

LISTS OF BEST BOOKS

Books of Reference

SOME books of reference are necessary to every household—a dictionary, by which one may keep watch of his knowledge of his own language, and a cyclopedia, to answer the daily casual question. One cannot underestimate the educative value of these useful books, a judicious and constant use of which broadens the field of one's information. A few works are suggested below, with the addition of their approximate cost, except in the case of cyclopedias, of which as subscription works the prices will be quoted on application to the publishers.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.
JOHNSON'S UNIVERSAL CYCLOPÆDIA.
CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.
NEW PEOPLE'S CYCLOPÆDIA.
NEW INTERNATIONAL CYCLOPÆDIA.
RAND & McNALLY'S INDEXED LIBRARY ATLAS.
CENTURY DICTIONARY AND CYCLOPÆDIA.
CENTURY DICTIONARY OF NAMES.
LARNED'S HISTORY FOR READY REFERENCE.
STEDMAN'S LIBRARY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.
ENCYCLOPÆDIC DICTIONARY. $15.00.
WARNER'S LIBRARY OF THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE.
WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY. $10.00.
STANDARD DICTIONARY. $10.00.
AYER'S ORTHOEPIST. $1.50.
BULFINCH'S AGE OF FABLES. $1.25.
CHAMPLIN'S YOUNG FOLKS' CYCLOPÆDIA OF COMMON THINGS. $2.50.
CRABBE'S ENGLISH SYNONYMS. $1.25.
HEILPRIN'S HISTORICAL REFERENCE BOOK. $3.50.
INTERNATIONAL YEAR BOOK (yearly). $3.00.
PHYFFE'S SEVEN THOUSAND WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED. $1 co.
WRITER'S HANDBOOK, THE. $2.50.